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Looking Ahead With Roosevelt
By George Creel

September 7, 1935

Collier's

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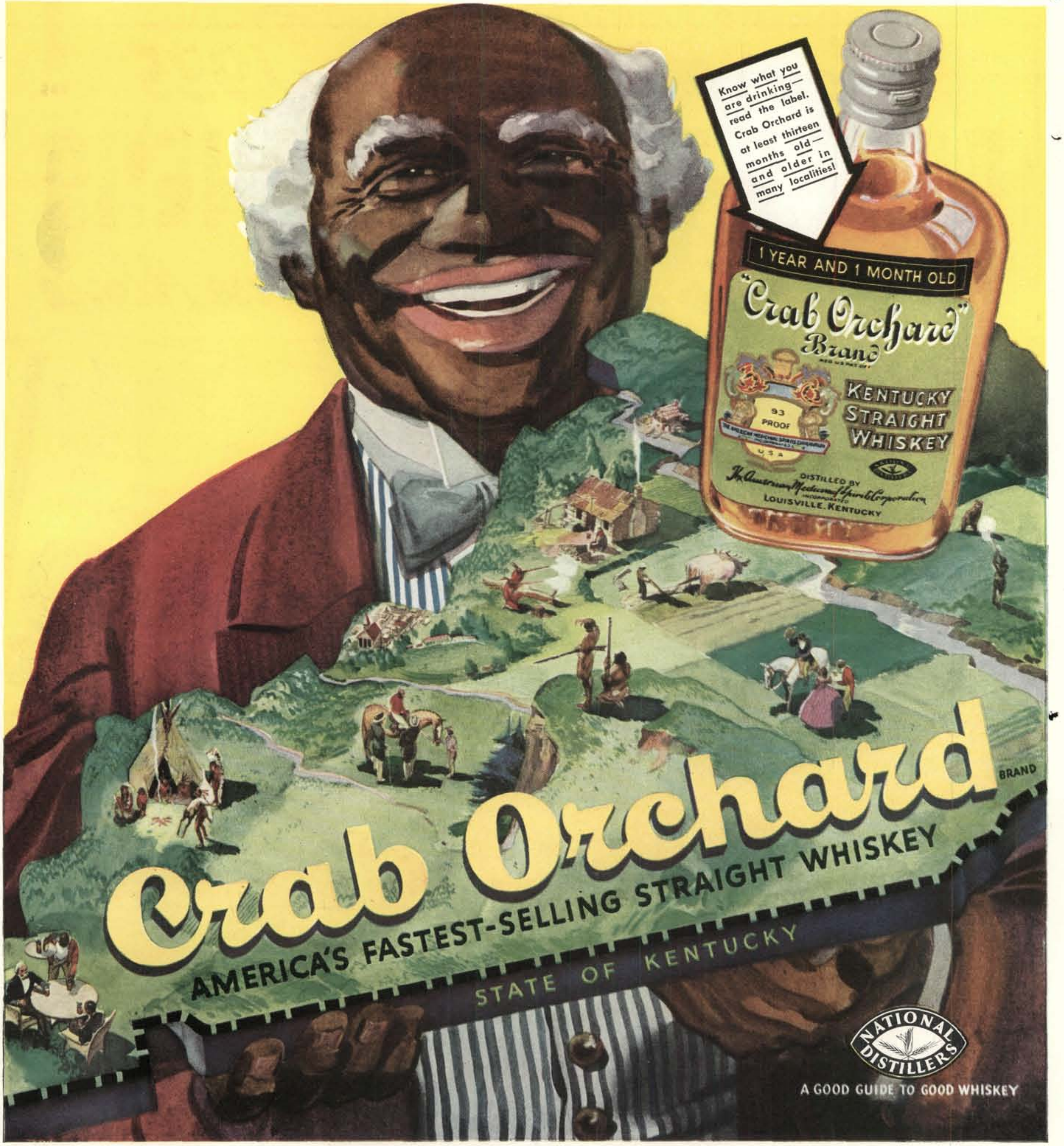
SEPT. 7, 1935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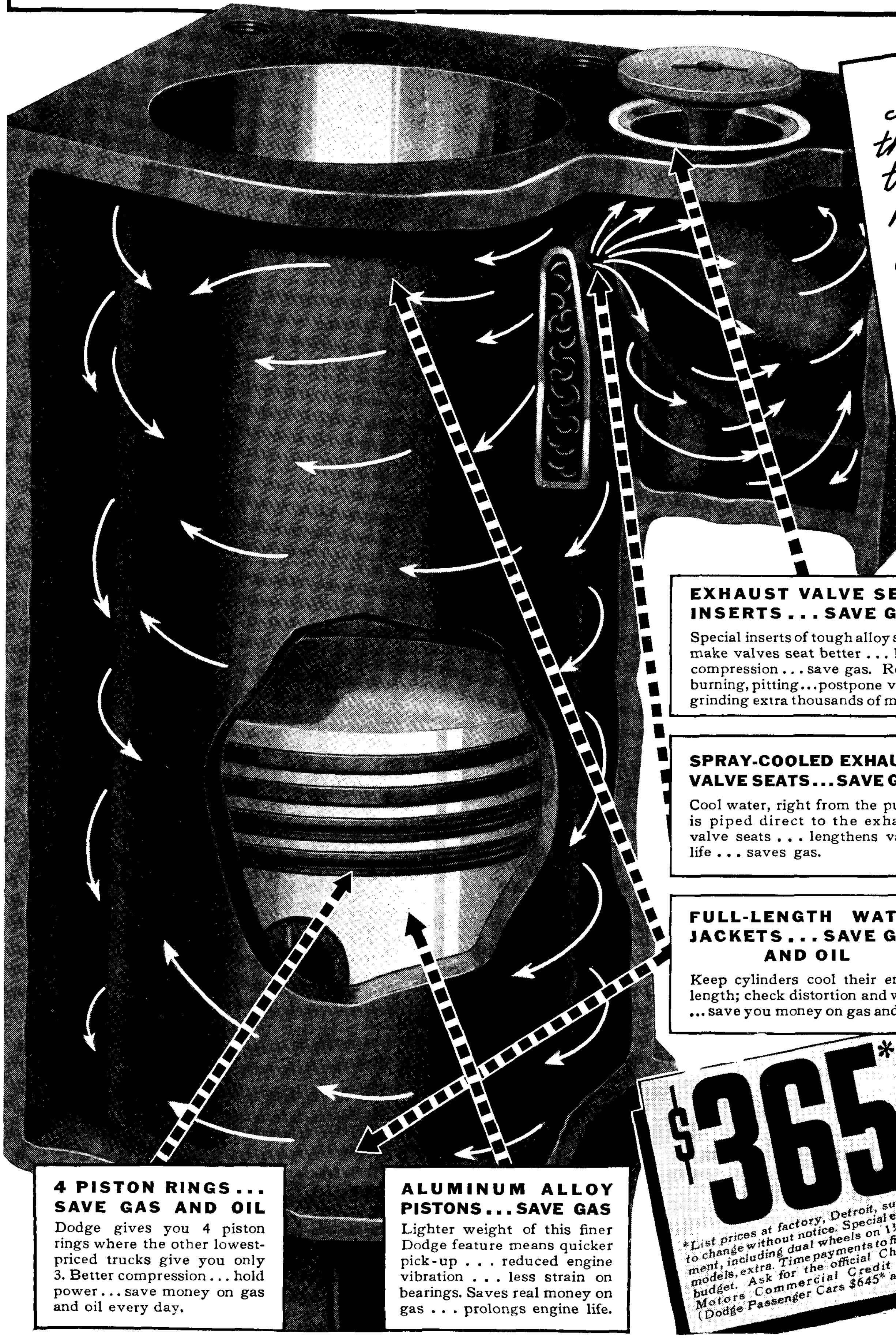

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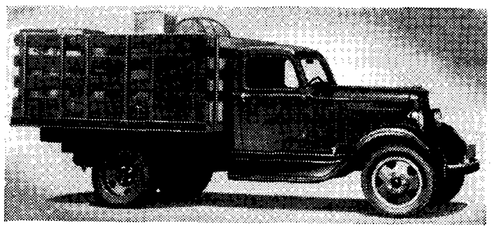

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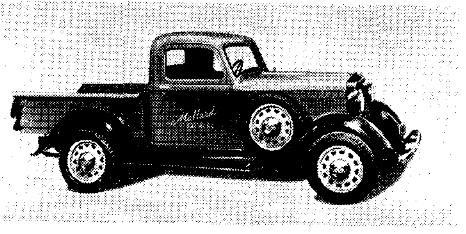

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHEN you first meet Mr. Dan Harley, chief officer of the Western Trader, you will find him hiding behind an impressively large and brilliant red beard. Think nothing of it: it's just a disguise and of no importance except as an indication of Mr. Harley's temperament.

You will come to relish the man when you find him in command of the ship with the owner's daughter, whom he loves, aboard and the owner, whom he hates, in the embarrassing position of having signed on as a freight clerk. Add to this one medium-sized tornado and you'll get an inkling of the entertainment that awaits you in "Daniel the Red," by Peter B. Kyne.

WHEN Uncle Sam, with polite firmness, purchased the Virgin Islands from Denmark in 1917, his mind was intent on the gathering clouds of war. It was not until later that he discovered he had acquired a perfect stage for comic opera and proceeded to live up to the setting by committing a series of well-intentioned blunders. As a climax, the islands came to life with surprising vigor and blew themselves right up to Washington as a national problem. Their improbable and colorful story is told in "Caribbean Headache," by Denver Lindley.

NO ONE knew better than Joe Crosby that something was wrong. The steady flow of air into his helmet had stopped abruptly. The thing to do was to get to the surface at once. On the way up he met Gloria Dillingham coming down, with a large bubble of air emerging from her lips. The upshot is told by Frank Leon Smith in "She Met a Diver."

THIS fall the girls won't have to wait for a fancy-dress ball to express their hidden ambitions. The style in hats gives you a full range from da Vinci saints to de' Medici sinners. Just make up your mind and "Picture Yourself." Ruth Seinfel shows you how.

WALLABY JIM, the straightest and fastest shot in the South Seas, the cool adventurer of a score of desperate undertakings, this almost legendary figure picked up and tossed overboard from his own vessel! It seems incredible. You will learn the circumstances in a story of swift and fierce revenge, "Trapped," by Albert Richard Wetjen.

KATHLEEN NORRIS, T. R. Ybarra, Freling Foster, Ernest Haycox, George Creel, Teresa Hyde Phillips, Quentin Reynolds, Hugh Wiley and others contribute articles and fiction. The pick of the world.

This Week

●

September 7, 1935

Cover by Jay Hyde Barnum

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FRELING FOSTER
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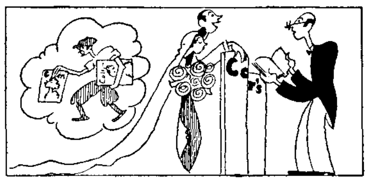
●

Any Week

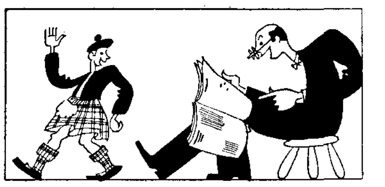
MR. EWALD HOLMES is back home in Chicago, Illinois. Moreover, he is going over himself pretty carefully. Mr. Holmes is in what some people would call a quandary —a state of embarrassing perplexity or uncertainty. "It's this way," explains Mr. Holmes. "I have just spent several weeks in Washington. Being a Republican by training and tradition, I spent quite a little time with Republican members of Congress. Two of them assured me that they had grave misgivings about the President. They assured me that he had delusions of grandeur, the implications being somewhat grim. But, then, I noticed that both these members were a bit off center, too, both being firmly of the opinion that they were statesmen. Not being so successful in Washington, I hurried home to consult my doctor, wondering whether there was something wrong with me— which, of course, there isn't. But my doctor, too, arouses my suspicions. He thinks he, too, knows how to run the government. I would like to meet somebody who will admit that he can't solve our national problems and who will concede that his neighbor isn't a dangerous maniac just because he doesn't agree with him."

WHILE Mr. W. W. Guth of New Orleans, Louisiana, is as fond of peace as the next man, local pride prompts him to wish "that the Honorable Huey P. Long would win at least one of those fights he gets into when socked or socked at while away from home. It is not," continues Mr. Guth, "that I yearn to see our great men resort to fisticuffs, thereby depriving us common people of their invaluable services for a while, but we down here would certainly like to see our great senator win one of those scraps. Or anyway stop taking it on the lam every time somebody socks him."



IRVING R. ZYSKIND of Hurtsboro, Alabama, says Collier's "was the best man at my wedding." Moreover, "I used to sell it on the streets. I was cradled in its pages, it has been my friend, it converted my wife." But we've pained Mr. Zyskind, too. "Now," sighs he, "I find a flaw. I like the work of Artist E. M. Jackson who drew a recent cover for you—of a gob eating a hot dog. Mr. Jackson is a good artist, but a lousy musician."

MR. MARCUS HELLER writes from Edinburgh, Scotland, that "after reading your magazine for seven years without missing an issue I must admit that you get more remarkable each week. Here I am in Scotland and behold, Collier's becomes not only the source of pleasure but also the medium through which I receive news in your column of my friend, Mr. Leonard Stevens of Kansas City, who, too lazy to write me, is inspired to write you."



HERE is Mr. A. R. Wilson of Salem, Oregon, slugging us all over the place for saying that while in Pendleton, Oregon, we noticed signs that the town was preparing to celebrate "something." Roars Mr. Wilson: "Something! Ye gods! Something? You poor dope, it was the Pendleton Round-up, the like of which there is none other. If it were possible for you to shrink in stature to the size of your mentality, you could don one of those Pendleton ten-gallon hats and skip blithely under an Oregon rattlesnake without disturbing a single breast feather. Moreover—"

MR. ALFRED YING of San Francisco insists that someone in this column has been "quite wrong with rice. Wash him well," writes Mr. Ying. "Much wash in cold water, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil already very fast. Throw him in, rice can't burn because water shake him too much. Boil quarter of hour or some. Put rice in collander, hot water run away. Pour cup cold water on him, put rice back in saucepan. Keep him covered near to fire, then rice all ready. Eat him up. Not for Japanese."

ALONG with several other regrets, Mrs. L. Monday of Atlanta, Georgia, sees the "disappearance of old-fashioned table manners." Says she: "I have observed lately a tinge of the lumber-camp in some of our best homes and restaurants. For instance I've seen folks, after having eaten several dollars' worth of well-prepared food, pile their dishes and cover their faces with a smug, dyspeptic look as though daring their hosts to try again. Maybe in this period of change, things like this are not important. Still and all, I'd like to see a little courtesy and politeness, for instance."

THANK you very much.

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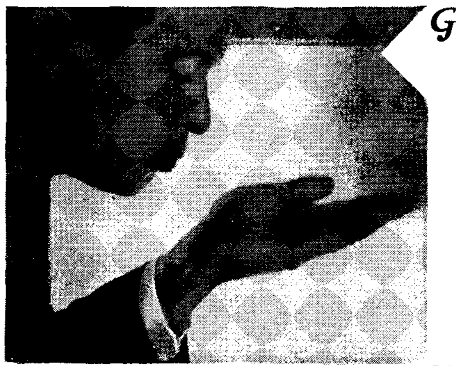

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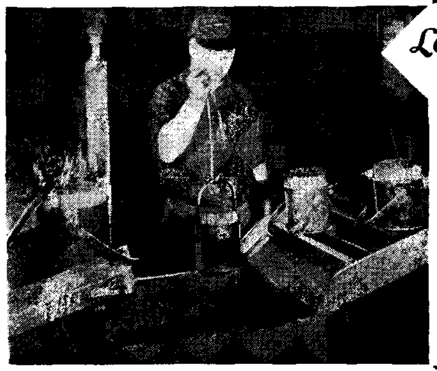

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Try the Match Test

See for yourself the shiny film which exudes when you hold a lighted match to the point of an Eagle MIKADO. This is visible proof of the lubricating waxes with which our chemists have impregnated the lead to smooth MIKADO's way and make writing with it as easy as a gesture of your hand.

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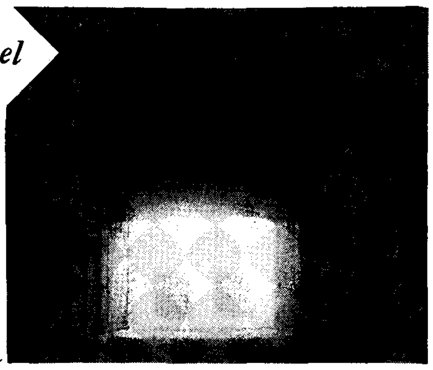
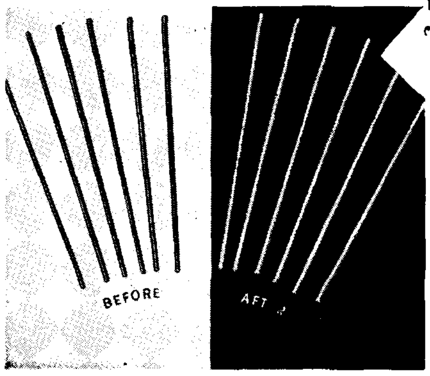


From these crucibles that glow at white heat in specially designed furnaces, MIKADO leads come out heat-toughened and so durable that every lead will make a line over 35 miles long. So ingenious is our exclusive tempering method that the fired leads are actually made *flexible* to a degree that greatly increases their resistance to breakage.



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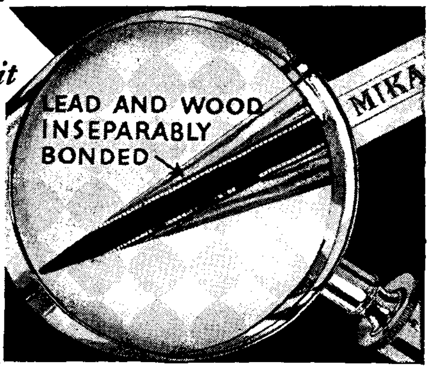
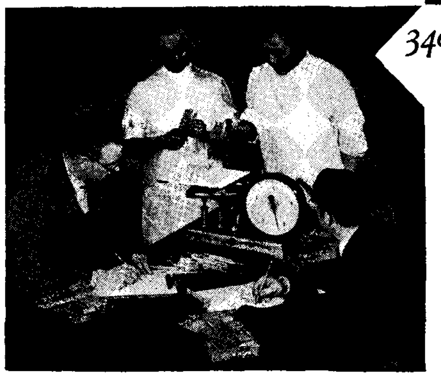


To make a still stronger pencil structure, the wood fibers surrounding the lead are impregnated with a resinous binder which locks them into a tough, non-splitting sheath. (U. S. Patent No. 1,854,905). In the finished MIKADO, lead and wood, *inseparably bonded*, combine their strength against breakage.



34% Stronger Points by Scientific Test

600 comparative tests by the New York Testing Laboratories proved the points of "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO pencils to be 34% to 47% stronger than those of the leading competitive pencils. For a smooth, speedy, long-lasting pencil that never breaks in normal use, buy Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO.

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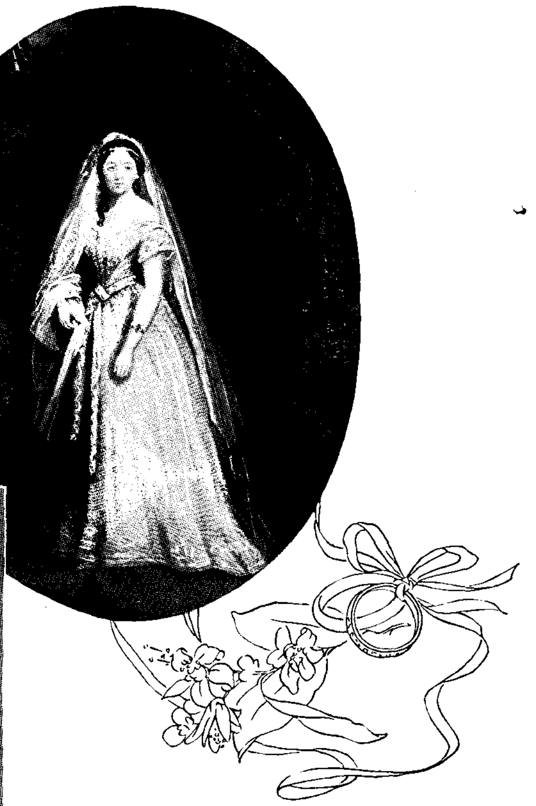
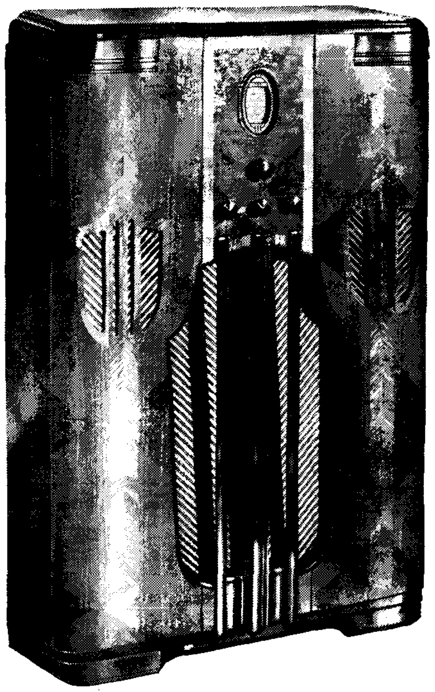
Radio has taught the World that he wrote other great music beside the "Wedding March"



(Miss Cooper as Helena in an early performance of "Midsummer's Night Dream". This illustration and the portrait of Mendelssohn are used by the courtesy of the New York Public Library.)

In 1809 at Hamburg, a child was born who was to astonish the world with his musical talent. Felix Mendelssohn was the son of wealthy parents. At the age of 9 he began composing music, and at 15 won wide fame by composing an opera that took a large audience by storm. At 17 Mendelssohn composed the "Midsummer's Night Dream" in which the celebrated "Wedding March" occurs. Mendelssohn's career was as brief as it was sensational. He died at 38. Only thousands heard his music then . . . but today through radio, millions can listen!



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Collier's
The National Weekly for September 7, 1935

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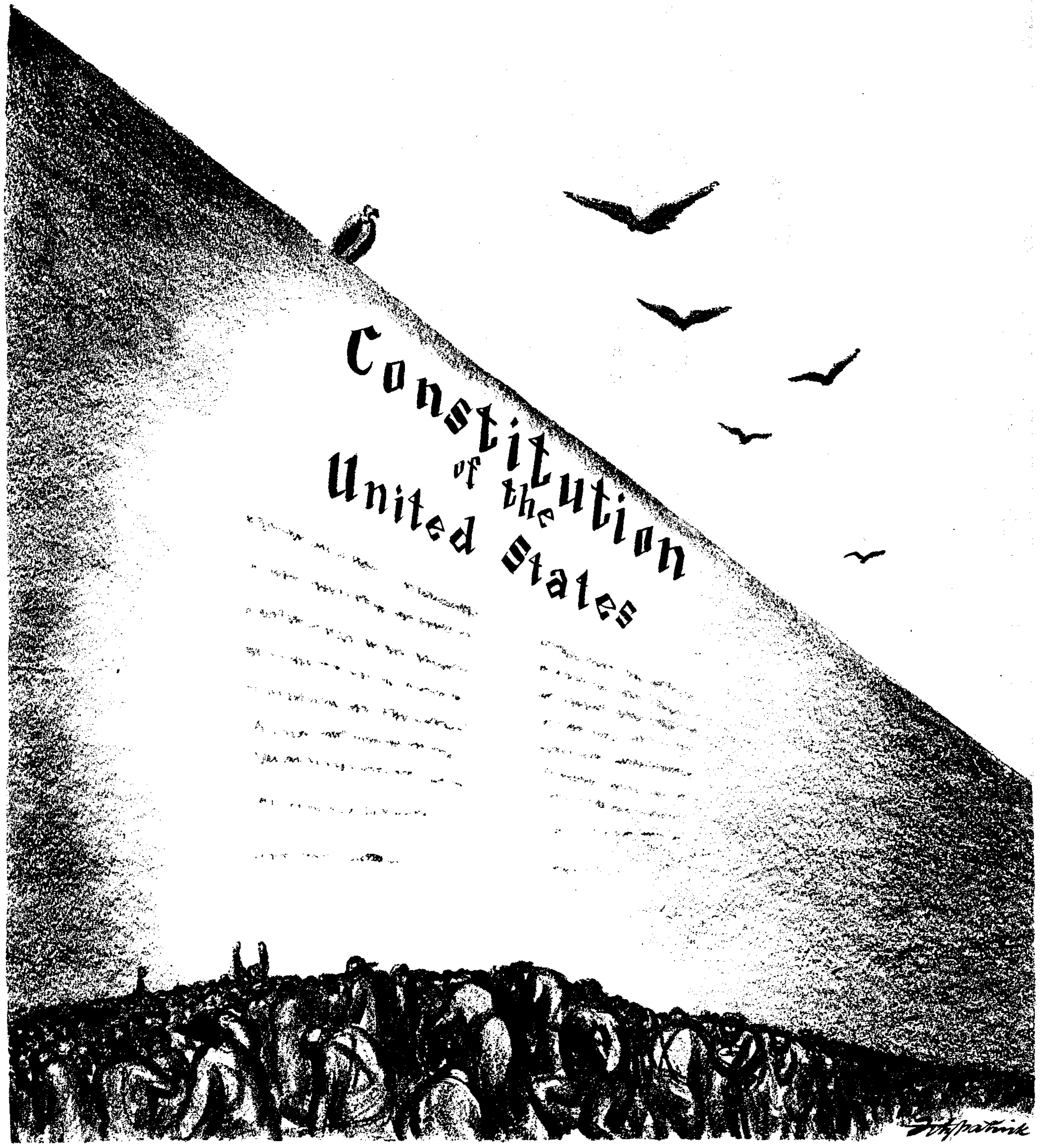
Looking Ahead With Roosevelt

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Few men are able to write more authoritatively of the President's purposes and the aims and hopes of the New Deal than George Creel. He was chairman of the NRA and the Regional Labor Board for the Pacific Coast during their strenuous first years, and the last six months in Washington have brought him into close contact with Administration leaders and New Deal heads. The association that began when he worked side by side with Franklin Roosevelt throughout the World War has been continued without break. Mr. Creel's forecast, "What Roosevelt Intends to Do," published in Collier's on March 3, 1933, was exact prophecy, and in the present article he gives another intimate and accurate forecast of things to come, a forecast equally important to advocates and opponents of the New Deal

CARTOONS BY
D. R. FITZPATRICK



The Constitution was not intended to stand as a barrier against social and spiritual progress

IT IS the deep conviction of Franklin D. Roosevelt that the Constitution of the United States was never meant to be a "dead hand," chilling human aspiration and blocking humanity's advance, but that the founding fathers conceived it as a living force for the expression of the national will with respect to national needs.

At the time that Washington rode from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia for the Constitutional Convention, the thirteen colonies did not hold as many people as the present population of New York City; Robert Fulton had not yet built his steamship; there were no railroads, and a purely agricultural civilization was without conception of slums, sweatshops, holding companies, stock exchanges, automobiles and airplanes. With a great continent open for settlement by the needy, dissatisfied or ambitious, how was it possible for the convention to imagine the March days of 1933, when ten million jobless men tramped the streets and highways, when hundreds of thousands faced homelessness through dispossession, and when half the people rested under the black fear of hunger?

The Essence of the Constitution

Sincerely, steadfastly, the President refuses to believe that the framers of the Constitution meant to tie the hands of posterity until the end of time, denying future generations freedom of action in meeting the problems presented by one hundred and fifty years of change. Like Abraham Lincoln, who put forth the Emancipation Proclamation in full faith that the great document was never designed to embalm evils and injustice, he rejects the theory that the Constitution was intended to stand as a barrier against social and spiritual progress.

He knows, as few seem to remember, that the founding fathers were not doddering octogenarians, fearful of change, but young and ardent men who had just thrown off the shackles of Old-World despotism. Even with Franklin's eighty-one and Washington's fifty-five, the average age came under forty. Madison, for example, was thirty-six and Hamilton only thirty.

The thing that has come to be called the New Deal is Franklin Roosevelt's

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conscientious, deliberated effort to continue the Constitution as a truth and a hope, not as a mere collection of obsolete phrases. Believing that the vast and bewildering changes in American life compel new objectives in human relations, the laws that he has proposed are frank attempts to gain those objectives, and nothing is more certain than that he will keep up the drive with all the force of his being and all the power of his office.

Against charges of precipitancy he places grim facts of record. The conditions that he inherited demanded immediate action. What faced him were terrifying emergencies, and to have parleyed and postponed would have invited chaos. Banks were crashing, factories shutting down, millions begged for work and food, mortgages were being foreclosed on homes and farms, and industry and agriculture alike rushed to ruin. In 1932 alone there were 31,822 failures with liabilities of $928,000,000, and the threatened bankruptcy of the railroads menaced savings banks and life insurance companies.

Two courses were open to him. Either he could have sat idle while Congress framed a constitutional amendment to be acted on by the legislatures or the special conventions of the forty-eight states, a process of months at best, or he could assume, as he did assume, *that it was never the thought of the founding fathers to deny those that followed them the right of self-preservation.*

Necessity Makes the Laws

The Farm Credit Administration saved farms and farmers; the Home Owners' Loan Corporation saved city and suburban homes; the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, galvanized into new and vigorous life, saved banks, railroads, industry, and came to the rescue of depositors in closed banks; the Federal Emergency Relief Administration cared for ten millions, and the Civilian Conservation Corps took a million American youngsters out of city streets, and gave them wholesome, useful occupation.

A Federal Housing Administration stimulated home modernization and new construction; a Public Works Administration swung into action with its millions for great and necessary projects, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration proceeded to double the purchasing power of the farmer, lifting wheat from 25 cents a bushel to 98 cents; corn from 10 cents to 80 cents; oats from 8 to 50; rye from 25 to 60; alfalfa from $5 a ton to $25; cattle from $6 a hundredweight to $13.50, and hogs from $2.50 to $9.50.

The worst drought in history presented the Administration with another emergency that did not permit of backing and filling. Millions were rushed to the devastated areas, and in addition to other aid, three hundred thousand stockmen were granted feed loans for the maintenance of foundation herds, and some 445,000 individual seed loans were made.

Where was there specific warrant in the Constitution for these expenditures? Ten million jobless, hungry men were as remote from the consciousness of the founding fathers as airplanes. What did they know of city plague spots where men and women lived miserably, breeding hates and rebellions? Or a million boys, doomed to idleness and despair? Or wholesale dispossession? The President acted under the compulsion of terrific necessities, and never at any time was there a doubt in his mind that such swift action would have had the approval of those great men who put such stress on life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The clamor against him for his failure to have the constitutionality of New Deal measures "guaranteed" has moved him not at all, and will continue to leave him unmoved. Doubt as to the attitude of some court will *not* be permitted to delay legislation imperatively needed for the relief of human misery and the cure of obvious evils. He holds that any other course is an invitation to frustration and defeat, for where is there any authority able to pass on the constitutionality of a law in advance of enactment? Federal district judges? No two can agree, and scarce a week passes by but an appellate court overrules them, and is overruled in turn by a higher tribunal. The Supreme Court itself divides five to four in important decisions.

With respect to the future, his mind is equally calm and his purpose equally clear. In the next few months, the Supreme Court will hand down fresh pronouncements with respect to New Deal laws, and it is possible that the President will get "another licking."

If so, much will depend on the language of the "licking." In event that unconstitutionality is found, perhaps the decisions will point the way to statutory amendments. This is the hope. If, however, the Constitution is construed technically; if it is held that one hundred and fifty years of change have no bearing on the case, and that the present generation is powerless to meet social and economic problems that were not within the knowledge of the founding fathers, and therefore not made the subject of their specific consideration, then the President will have no other alternative than to go to the country with a Constitutional amendment that will lift the Dead Hand, giving the people of today the right to deal with today's vital issues.

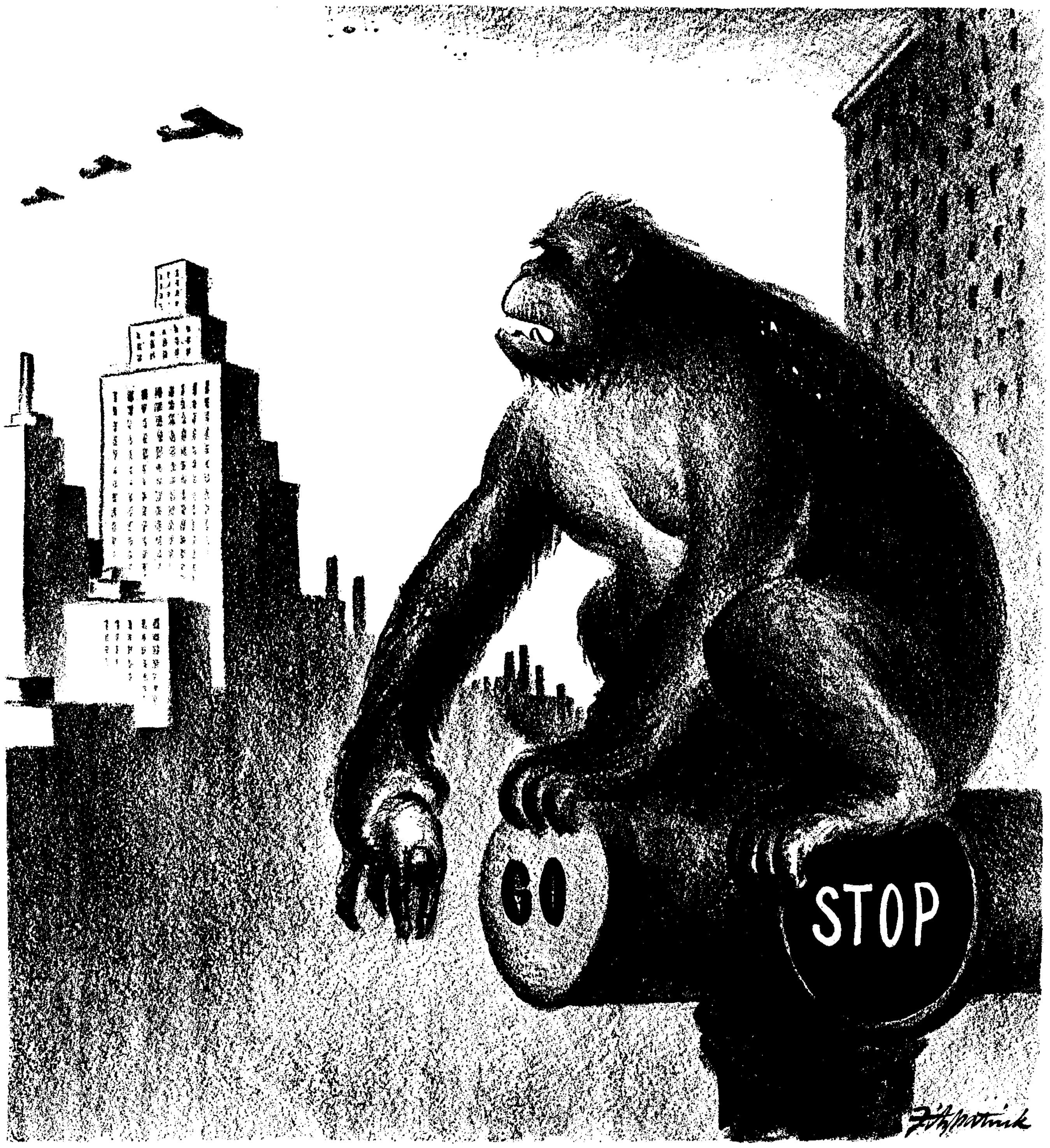
A Search for the Best Way Out

Nothing bothers Franklin Roosevelt less than charges of inconsistency. As does every other seeing man, he knows that the rush of science and invention left America's economic and social thinking far behind, and as a consequence, the Great Crash found us absolutely unprepared. With the national mind confused, and the unanimous demand for instant remedial action unaccompanied by any agreement as to the nature of that action, there was bound to be a large amount of groping. If it be inconsistency to search for the best way out, refusing to cling to preconceptions when new conditions force their abandonment, then he welcomes the accusation.

While he lays no claim to supreme wisdom, and freely admits that blunders have been made and will continue to be made, in all probability, *objectives* stand clear in his mind, and he is without doubt as to ultimate goals. What he wants is not a meager American life, but a full, rich existence for every citizen, and to this end all effort will be made to raise consumption to a level with our very highest production. Restrictive controls are temporary expedients compelled by lack of a modernized system of distribution.

Refusing to dodge realities, he stands like iron in his belief that we have come to a stage in the republic's development when unlimited, unrestricted competition must give way to coöperation, and a planned economy substituted for the haphazard, helter-skelter, dog-eat-dog system under which America has been living. The purpose of a social order, as he sees it, is to supply those who live under it with the necessities of existence in abundance, to provide work for the strong and willing, to rob old age of its terrors and involuntary unemployment of its despairs, and, above all, to give such guarantees of social security that

(Continued on page 45)



The President believes that the right of private ownership cannot be permitted to operate against the general welfare

Conquering Heroine

By Stanley Paul

What can be done to save young men like Skipe Albro who have tennis on the brain? Pinky Batchelder will endeavor to show you

THE telegram for which she was signing was Pinky Batchelder's first. She was to be excused, therefore, if her slim, brown hand did tremble slightly. She wondered, rather frantically, if she should tip the messenger; then remembered that her allowance for the week was entirely spent.

She simply would not ask Sue, her older sister, for a dime. Not in front of the boy, anyway, even though she recognized him as the somewhat simple-looking lad who had served the summer colony for years.

So she smiled instead, and said: "Thank you!"

The smile seemed to do as well as a dime. Pinky could cast quite a smile on occasion; one which seemed to cloak, somehow, her seventeen years—eighteen, if you asked her—in a bright nineteenish aura.

At any rate, the boy said: "Yes, ma'am"—which was flattering in itself—and, open-mouthed, backed down the veranda steps toward his recumbent bike, against which he presently stumbled—and sprawled.

That was the effect, Pinky mused, that she had on men whenever she stepped up the voltage. Ah, well . . . She sighed and turned toward Sue.

She sensed at once, by the way in which Sue was regarding her, that the receipt of the telegram had made her a person of importance—temporarily, at least. Pinky made the most of it: she yawned and tapped its yellow corner against her white little teeth.

"Wonder who it's from?" she said idly; oh, very idly.

Sue smiled slowly from the glider.

"Open it and see," she suggested, with amused patience.

Pinky did so.

"It's from Skipe Albro," she announced, and one might have detected a slight change in her voice. She went on, reading aloud: "New York: Driving up with Sid. Bringing Jo Parmenter along. Dinner at your house, then to Beach Club ball. Sid says love to Sue. Skipe."

PINKY lowered the message with an expression of infinite disgust upon her fresh, young face.

"Of all the—" she began. "Look: a boy who's supposed to be interested in me spends a dollar on a telegram saying that Sid Lombard wants me to give his love to you. Just a mail box; that's me."

Sue laughed.

"A very nice little mail box," she amended, "with snapping eyes and angry cheeks. Don't be upset, Pinky. Sid probably asked Skipe to send it while they were packing. You should be glad they're making it. You've been counting on the Beach Club ball, you know."

"Perhaps I have," Pinky admitted truculently. "But that doesn't alter the fact that Skipe Albro gives me a very definite pain. He could at least have said something significant to *me*."

"Oh, now!" chided Sue. "You wouldn't have Skipe signing his messages 'love,' would you? His blush would turn his hair red."

"Who said anything about love?" Pinky demanded indignantly. "What I mean is, that he could have said: 'And *I* will be seeing *you*.' Or something like that, and it wouldn't have cost him more than an extra quarter. And who is Jo Parmenter, anyway?"

Sue was accustomed to these abrupt shifts in Pinky's conversational habits. She said, easily: "Someone nice, if *they're* bringing him."

"Listen," said Pinky. "You don't know Skipe. Anyone who comes along—no matter whether they're smoggy or bony, or nearsighted, or any of the things that some men are—if they have a good serve, or a backhand that counts, or even just know how to spell the word racket, why, they're a bosom pal of Skipe's right off the bat. He was born with a tennis ball in his mouth, and he hasn't got it out yet, as far as I'm concerned."

"BUT, Pinky," Sue protested, in a voice that seemed slightly hurt in tone, "Skipe brought Sid Lombard here the first of the summer."

Pinky was instantly contrite.

"You know I didn't mean Sid, Sue. He's nice." She tossed her bright little head defiantly. "That takes care of *your* emotional life," she added, "but it doesn't help mine any."

"Pinky!"

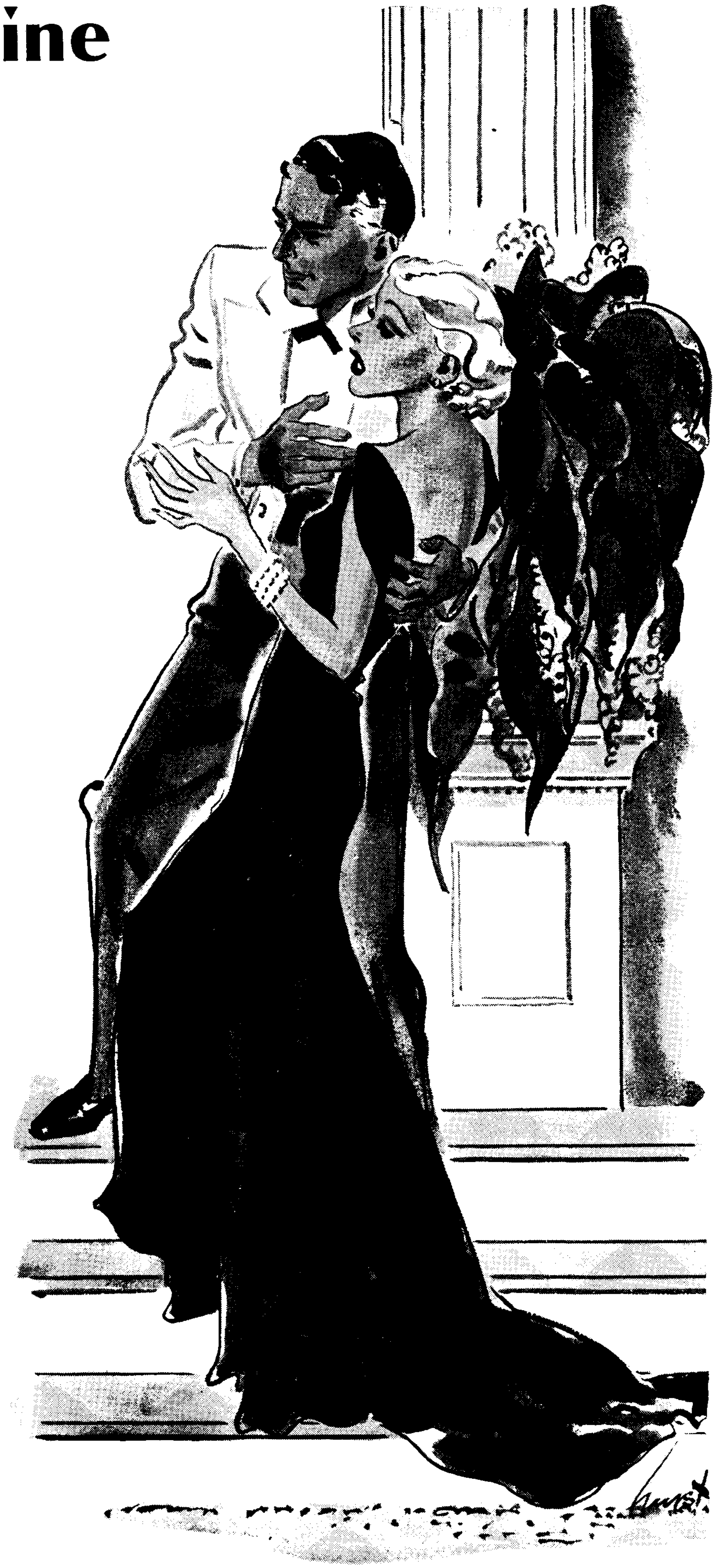
"Go ahead. Be shocked. But it's true. I'm tired to death of Skipe's obsession with tennis. I've played it with him, and listened to him talk it to a fare-thee-well. I think it's time that a man who'll be a junior at Yale in September thought about something else besides bringing mooching tennis players home with him."

"But, Pinky, the Parmenter man may be tall and nice, for all you know. Did you read anything about him in the papers?"

"No. I just read that Sid and Skipe won the doubles. And I said to myself: 'Well, you're in for it.' I mean, I just know that tonight at the dance Skipe will review the whole match for my benefit. He'll tell me how he and Sid broke up the other men's work at the net. And all the time the band will be playing Love Me Tonight, or something. Good night! Sue, do you really suppose the Parmenter man might click?"

"Quite possibly," said Sue. "Which reminds me: had we ought to get a girl for him? He'll be odd."

Pinky's mind raced ahead a few hours: supposing Jo Parmenter *was* nice? Tall and dark, say; or short with a Fred Astaire style to his dancing? Pinky trusted herself to take him over—if she liked him. And then she'd have two men—yes, two men; count 'em!—to dance attendance upon her. Skipe wouldn't sense competition. He never did. The picture was quite, quite alluring. Too alluring, in fact, for Pinky said: "No. I think we should let him go stag. If he sees someone he likes—and knows his dueling—he can take care of his own evening. Besides, if we *do* get a girl, and he *should* be a blank it wouldn't be fair to have him on any-one else's hands."



Pinky wheeled toward the clubhouse and gasped; it was Skipe

"Meaning, no doubt," smiled Sue, "that if he isn't that way he'll do very well on yours."

Pinky flashed danger signals.

"Now, wait," said Sue hastily. "I was only fooling."

"All right. But, Sue, don't forget the promise you made me."

"Promise? What promise?"

"Oh, my Lord!" said Pinky, beginning to give off emotional sparks. "Oh, my good, dear Lord! Promise! As if you'd forgotten! It seems to me that what with everything planned: Mother and Daddy away for the week end, and they letting us have a buffet on the veranda with Maggie to act as a chaperon, sort of, and everything practically set, it seems to me that the least, the very *least* you could do would be to remember a promise you made to your own—"

"Pinky! Darling, don't storm so! Come to the point."

"Your black net dress," cried Pinky, now on the verge of a wail. "You said you'd let me wear it the first time the folks were away."

"Oh! Good heavens; that! Of course you may wear it, Pinky. I'm sure that Skipe will be overcome. And as for the Parmenter man, he'll succumb on sight."

"THIS is the second time," said Pinky, by now on the verge of a conflagration, "that you have implied I am heartless, or a trifler, or whatever it is you think I am. And I want you to know I resent it. When all I simply and merely try to do is arrange things so everyone will feel at ease, when all I want is for everyone to have a good time, it seems to me that it's pretty horrid of you to suggest that I might have ideas about this Parmenter person. Is there anything significant about wanting a man to enjoy himself, for Heaven's sake?"

"Gracious, no!" said Sue, anxious, no doubt, to keep peace. She waited a moment; then added: "I was just thinking of Skipe. You gave him some rather rough moments earlier this summer. Remember the night you went out with Billy Conover, and Skipe brought you home? There's only one Skipe."

"Look, Sue," said Pinky, "you hold *your* men and I'll hold mine. Just because you've grown up with a boy doesn't mean anything significant. Besides, just as Winslow Pierce, the greatest living American poet, says, a girl has got to have div—diversification."

"Where does he say that?" asked Sue.

Pinky regarded her sister with profound astonishment.

"Where does he say that! My goodness! Here you are living in the same township with him—summers, anyway—and you don't know where he said that. Why, here he is just less than a mile away in his shack on the dunes, and you don't know where he said that!"

"Well," Sue persisted, seemingly unirritated by this mention of her lack of erudition, "where does he?"

"Good Lord! Why, right in his most famous work: Ode to a Lady in Velvet, he wrote:

"*'She who gives her heart but once*
May never give it twice;
But she who—' "

Sue shook her head gently.

"No, dear; it doesn't go like that, and that isn't quite what it means."

"It does so," Pinky contradicted. "I know it does, because when Winslow Pierce spoke to me I could tell that that was what it meant."

Sue sat up abruptly.

"Winslow Pierce spoke to *you!*" she exclaimed, in tones suggestive of awe.

"Yes. He did." Pinky was alive at once to the sensation she had occasioned: her eyes positively shone.

"Where?" asked Sue.

"IN THE grocery store," said Pinky, and immediately regretted that she had told the truth: it hardly made a very glamorous background.

"What did he say?" asked Sue, still wonder-stricken.

"You mean . . . first?" Pinky parried.

"Yes."

"Well . . . he said, 'Excuse me.' "

"Was that all?"

"No."

"What else, then?"

"Well . . . he said, 'Thank you.' "

"What a peculiar conversation. But then, he's a little eccentric."

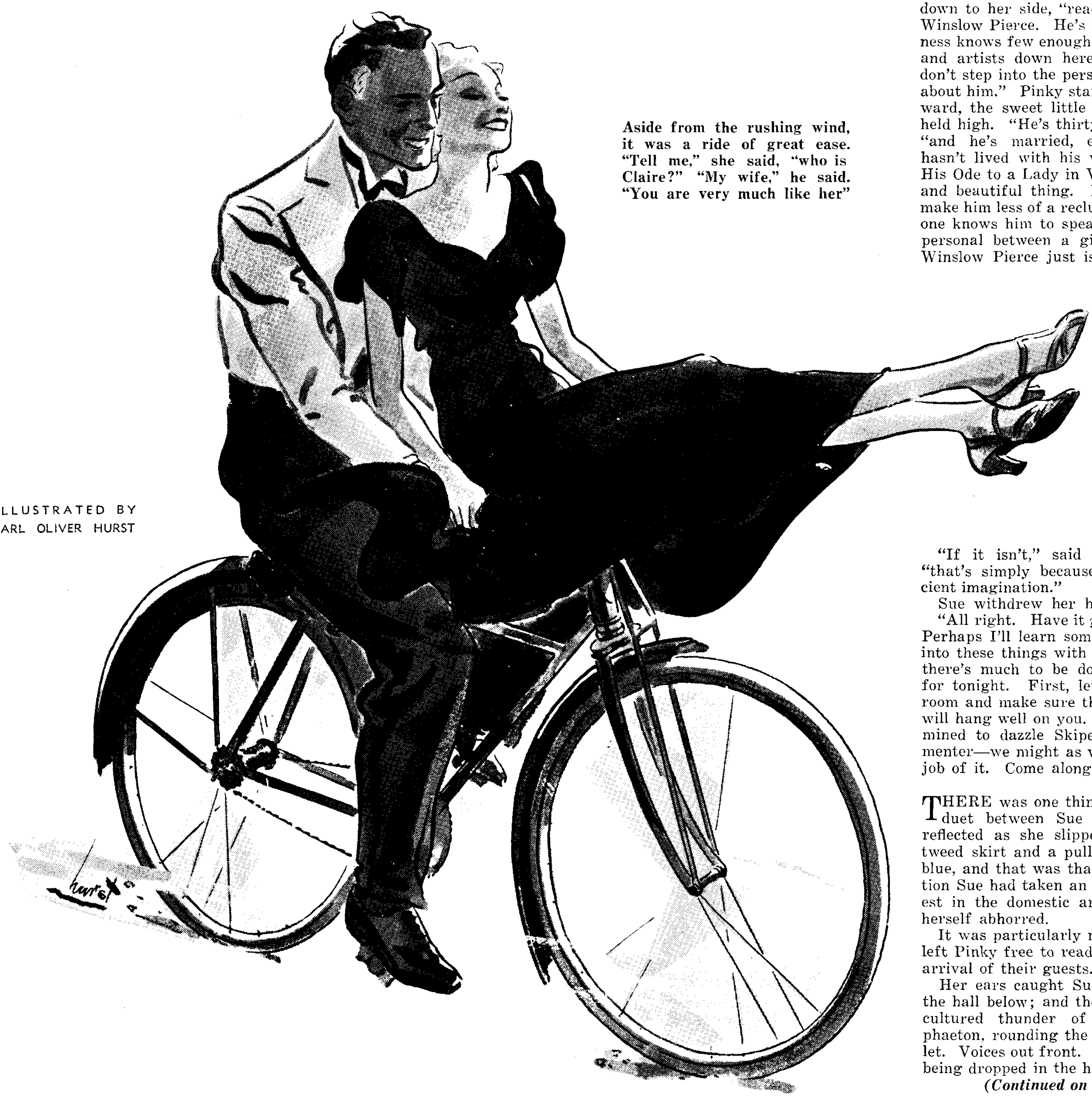
"It was *not* a peculiar conversation. And he *isn't* eccentric. It was *very* normal, and most significant. The reason he said 'Excuse me' was because he had stepped on my foot; and the reason he said 'Thank you' was because I told him it was quite all right. Good Lord, Sue! Do you have to have *everything* explained to you?"

Sue's lovely countenance resumed its expression of guarded amusement.

"What was significant—as you call it—about that?" she asked.

"Sometimes," said Pinky scornfully, "I think the family's been fooling me all these years. I'll bet that I was the one who was born first. You're so *young*, Sue. Look: if a man says 'Excuse me,' that means one thing; but if he says 'Excuse *me!*' that means something entirely different. That's what Winslow Pierce did, and I know something very significant passed between us. It—"

"Listen, Pinky," Sue interrupted kindly, taking her sister's slim, brown arm in her hand, and pulling her gently down to her side, "read all you can of Winslow Pierce. He's real. And goodness knows few enough of these writers and artists down here *are* real. But don't step into the personal department about him." Pinky stared obtusely seaward, the sweet little line of her chin held high. "He's thirty," Sue went on, "and he's married, even though he hasn't lived with his wife for a year. His Ode to a Lady in Velvet is a lovely and beautiful thing. But that doesn't make him less of a recluse. Hardly anyone knows him to speak to. Anything personal between a girl like you and Winslow Pierce just isn't imaginable."



Aside from the rushing wind, it was a ride of great ease. "Tell me," she said, "who is Claire?" "My wife," he said. "You are very much like her"

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL OLIVER HURST

"If it isn't," said Pinky defiantly, "that's simply because you lack sufficient imagination."

Sue withdrew her hand and sighed. "All right. Have it *your* way, Pinky. Perhaps I'll learn some day not to get into these things with you. Meantime, there's much to be done to get ready for tonight. First, let's go up to my room and make sure that the black net will hang well on you. If you're determined to dazzle Skipe—and Mr. Parmenter—we might as well make a good job of it. Come along."

THERE was one thing nice about the duet between Sue and Sid, Pinky reflected as she slipped into a rough tweed skirt and a pull-over of Holland blue, and that was that since its inception Sue had taken an inordinate interest in the domestic arts, which Pinky herself abhorred.

It was particularly nice now, since it left Pinky free to ready herself for the arrival of their guests.

Her ears caught Sue's quick step in the hall below; and then picked up the cultured thunder of Sid Lombard's phaeton, rounding the curve by the inlet. Voices out front. Laughter. Bags being dropped in the hall below.

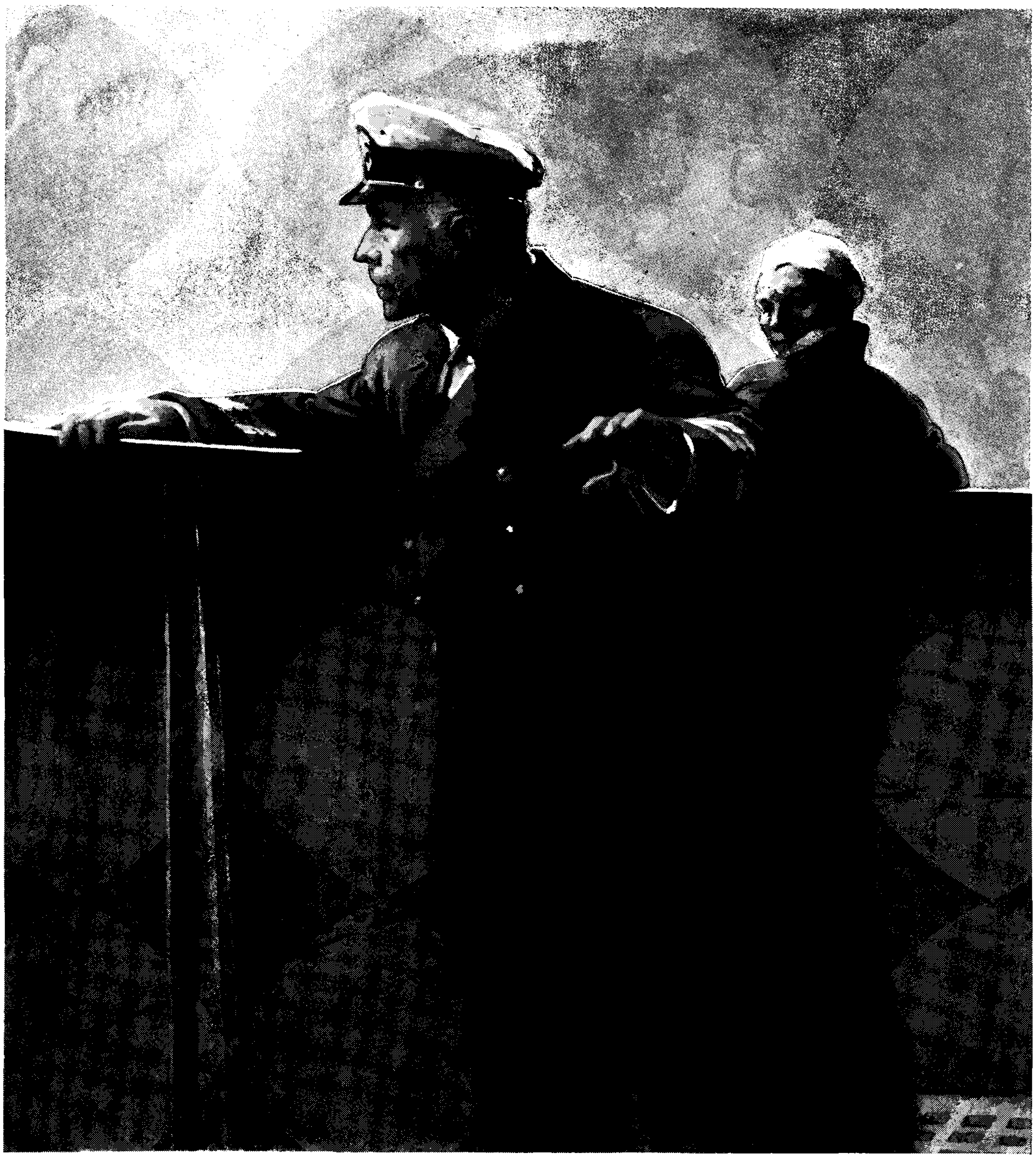
(Continued on page 28)

The Phantom Ship

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



"Slow speed to eight knots," Birkett said. He watched the destroyer's bow point steadily at the spot

A KNOCK on his cabin door awakened him from wretched dreams. "Five o'clock, sir!" He called out, "Thank you," and slid off his bunk. A foggy dawn, still smelling of night, spilled through the half-open port above his desk.

The captain of the U. S. Destroyer Sturgis shuddered, not from the cold air, but to shake off his nightmare. He listened to the sounds of his ship—the pounding of stern plates that meant a rough sea; the fog siren's pregnant, laconic message; a subdued drone of engines which bespoke slackened speed.

Well, here it was, he told himself. They'd be running past the Point in half an hour or so. That ghastly graveyard Point—the old fear sickened him. He began to dress in a frenzy to escape his memories. But his dreams were too fresh, too vivid.

He had been Junior Lieutenant Birkett when it happened. Gunnery officer of the old Dabney. The Dabney had followed three sister ships of her division to the rocks of that Point. Junior Lieutenant Birkett had fallen from his chair in the wardroom when the crash came. Darkness . . . the shrieks of steam-scalded sailors in the firerooms . . . the horrible, fumbling struggle to lower boats. . . .

Lieutenant Commander Birkett shrugged on his uniform coat. Three times he had dodged command when the Sturgis was due to pass that Point. None of his subordinates suspected his fear—his dreams. He had merely allowed the watch officer who happened to be on the bridge to keep charge of the ship. Twice in daylight and once at night, but every time in fair weather, the Sturgis had run by the scene of great disaster.

The fog signal sounded again. Birkett squared his shoulders. This time there would be no dodging. Tommy Lesham, the Sturgis' first lieutenant, had the watch. Undoubtedly the ship was on her course, well to westward of the Point; undoubtedly nothing would happen, as nothing had happened before. But this time—

He climbed the ladder to the well deck, his knees shaking. Would he see the jagged rocks again? The steaming wrecks? The faces of his dead friends?

Fog wet his face. It was quite heavy and a nasty sea was running. Wind dead onshore. Just the sort of weather—

"Good morning, sir!"

"Good morning, Mr. Lesham."

He was on the darkened bridge. He saw the helmsman at the wheel, the lookouts in either wing, Quartermaster Svendrup checking the chart. Young Lesham's face startled him. It was so young, so untroubled.

"Little nasty, sir," said Junior Lieutenant Lesham, "but the fog is breaking."

"I'll take over," he said, wondering if his voice betrayed him.

It did not. Lesham began reciting the routine data . . . course . . . speed . . . drift . . . messages. The youngster's tone was respectful and only a little disappointed. He mentioned that Lieutenant Herndon, the executive officer, had just turned in.

"NO BEARINGS?" Birkett asked sharply.

"Not since 1:45, sir— Mr. Herndon had a star-sight and got a bearing from the Calavaccas Light—we were right on it, sir."

Speed twelve knots. Course 027 degrees true. Fog breaking. Still—it was too thick for bearings—and an onshore wind . . . and the drift. . . . Nonsense. No danger. They would clear the Point by seven miles . . . standard course and right on it. . . .

"You may turn in, Lesham."

"Thank you, sir."

Quartermaster Svendrup was chatty. Birkett listened abstractedly. He looked at the chart and the night order book. He moved to the starboard wing and peered out at the sea. Daylight was seeping through big patches of fog. Visibility less than half a mile. Dirty weather. Just this sort of weather. . . .

What was that sound? Breakers? He half turned, then conquered his panic. He tried not to look to starboard, to keep his eyes straight ahead. But an irresistible force, born of long years of secret dread, forced his head around. He swayed a little with the choppy motion of the ship. Huge rolling banks of cloud steamed from the gray ocean—they broke occasionally and his eager, straining eyes could see low rollers, spume-topped and threatening.

"We're off the Point, sir!"

He tried to answer and could not. The salt wind through the open bridge seared his staring eyes. He blinked. . . . What was that? Out there? The fog banks had parted. A ship! A ship! It *was* a ship . . . wait . . . weren't there more ships . . . one, two . . . three . . . on the rocks. . . .

"Ship off the starboard bow!" he heard his voice, hoarse and unreal.

They were there. The dead ships . . . the dead men!

"Ship, sir?" a lookout spoke. "Where, sir?"

Quartermaster Svendrup ran over.

"I don't see nothing, sir!"

Lieutenant Commander Birkett straightened. It was now or never. He was seven miles off that Point. There were no ships over there—two miles to starboard. He would prove it to himself; he would kill his fear.

"Right ten degrees rudder!" he ordered, his voice ringing.

"Right ten degrees rudder, sir," the helmsman repeated.

The Sturgis heeled over slightly as she responded. Lookouts and quartermaster peered into the fog. They saw nothing; looked questioningly at Birkett.

"Slow speed to eight knots," Birkett said.

He watched the destroyer's sharp bow point steadily at the spot where the phantom—

"It *is* a ship, sir!"

"Small yacht in distress, sir! There goes a rocket!"

Birkett spoke again.

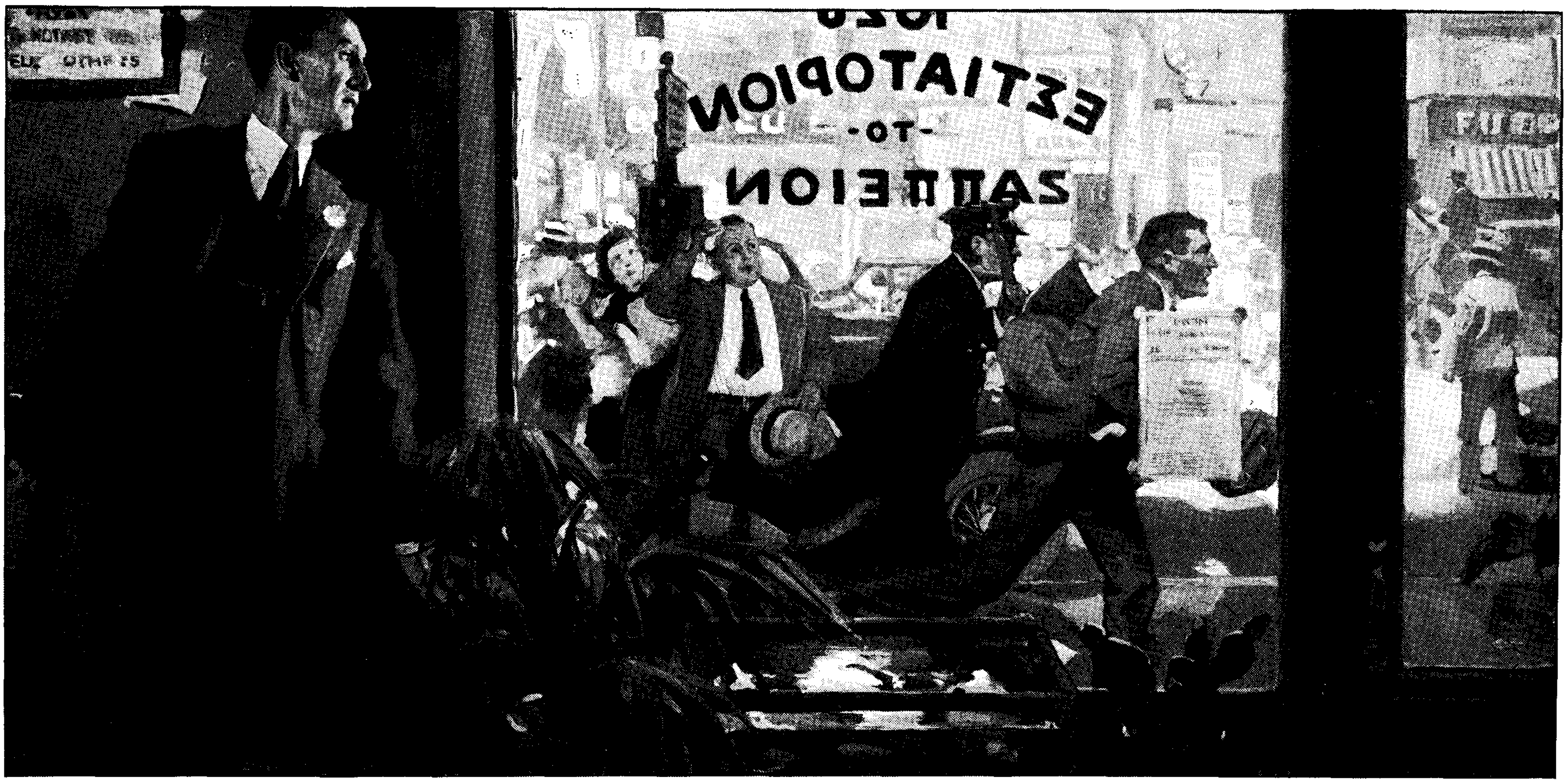
"Stop engines. Lifeboat's crew of the watch stand by!"

AT THE Officers' Club, a friend congratulated Lieutenant Commander Birkett.

"It's the Navy Cross for you, Jim, and damn' well deserved. Five minutes later—but tell me, how did you happen to sight that yacht when no one else—"

Birkett answered slowly.

"Because I was a coward," he said.



They saw the policeman running earnestly, club poised. They ran after him

The Sign of the Fishes

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Another curious adventure of Astrologer Tarat, wherein a very clever blind man learns the lesson of his life—by the light of the kindly stars

JOHN DYCE, shaving in his bathroom, listened to the radio in the spacious living-room of his Park Avenue apartment.

"John Dyce, on trial in the Federal Court for fraud in the sale of stock," said the radio, "was found not guilty by the jury yesterday.

"Dyce, who is blind, has been tried three times for similar offenses, with the same result. Yesterday's verdict, like the others, may have been affected by sympathy, as well as by the technical difficulty of proving a case against a blind man. This completes the news broadcast for this morning."

He disassembled and dried his razor, put it away and finished dressing. Hands in side pockets of his smart lounge suit, he strolled into the living-room, where a houseman was moving about.

"Call the car, William. And tell Miss Dyce to come here."

He took a cigarette from a silver box and lit it; he attuned the radio to a Canadian station, eliciting a confetti-like shower of French. Music would follow; not understanding French, he preferred Canadian broadcasting, which never broke off and talked business. He bent over a jar of dewy roses; the month was June.

He sat in an overstuffed armchair, and swung to him the bookrest whereon was the volume in Braille that he had been reading the evening before. His right forefinger fluttered down a page, found where he had discontinued, and moved along a line. His attention was lax, and his hand soon lifted; he was pondering the problem posed for him by his discovery that his daughter was in love.

He lay back in the chair—a middle-aged man, short and full-bodied. His heavy face had the typical impassivity of the blind from birth; what it had of expression, unconsciously, was of settled resolution. His voice, which he could observe, was winningly mannered, a salesman's voice. "Emily," he said, as a pretty, dark-haired girl of eighteen or twenty appeared in the doorway to the foyer.

She came and sat on the arm of his chair, reclining against him in a childish attitude, one slender leg dangling while the other pointed straight out. Her large blue eyes were fully opened and were more amiably alert than intelligent; her high and immobile eyebrows suggested inexperience and credulity. She was a recent graduate and arrival from a Canadian convent; in the matter of the rearing of his only and motherless child, at least, John Dyce had been prim. "Mr. Herbert Heber can't come to our farm this week end," she said. "If that's what you want to ask me, and I know it is. I'm more disappointed than you are, Daddy. I know you're going to be perfectly crazy about him when you meet him. He's anxious to meet you, too, but—"

"But?"

"Oh, you know what government secret service is. He suddenly got a wire from Washington; secret orders. Daddy, you're terrible; the way you get everything out of me. I wish you hadn't found out about Herbert. Right away you think we're serious. Just because a fellow takes a girl out once or twice doesn't mean he's making woo! This is 1933, Daddy; people aren't so serious nowadays."

"The car, sir," said the houseman.

"Tell Herbert," said John Dyce, rising, "that your father is serious."

He went into the foyer, accepted his hat, stick and gloves, opened the door into the public hall, walked to the elevator and rang.

"Morning, sir," said his chauffeur in the street below.

"THE telephone-room, Gregory," ordered John Dyce, walking unhesitatingly to the handsome car and entering.

He sat erect, hands clasped on the silver head of his ebony cane, as the car rolled swiftly down Park Avenue.

He was not whirling along in ignorance of his surroundings, like a man who could have seen but for being blindfolded. He could have named the neighborhood through which the car was immediately passing, and could have described the passing traffic; his hearing was not better than the average but was endlessly trained to record and interpret sounds and nuances of tone meaningless to people who saw.

He was at large, well-to-do, and rolling elegantly down Park Avenue toward fresh rascality, because juries, time and again, had been unaware of the degree in which his trained ears, his trained touch and smell, rivaled their trained eyes.

He had heard Emily talking on the wire. He could not have read her face, had he seen it; he had never seen a face. The shy languor of the eye was not for him, but he had heard the luring yet timorous accents of young love.

That this Herbert Heber, disclosed to him by the ingenuous Emily, was a federal officer was a piquant touch. He would meet this young man, grasp his eloquent hand, listen.

The car traveled westward in the lower Forties, slowed, wheeled into a garage that occupied the street floor of a two-story brick building off Seventh Avenue.

Gregory the chauffeur held open the car door. John Dyce alighted and walked toward a stairs leading upward.

The way was not clear this morning; an automobile stood between John Dyce and the stairs. Gregory, about to warn his testy employer, restrained himself and watched smilingly.

John Dyce halted just short of the obstacle and put forth his stick. He touched the automobile with this antenna, tapped his way quickly around it, and mounted the stairs.

"Call him blind," murmured Gregory admiringly. "He can see more with them dead lamps than two cockeyed men in a hall of mirrors!"

In the loft above the garage twenty men were talking at once, suavely intoning, like radio announcers to those who cannot choose but hear; they were sitting at a shelf that ran around the room and were talking into telephones. They were all saying the same thing, in different stages, and each man's selling talk to his telephone began with, "This is John Dyce speaking!"

The one and only John Dyce, appearing this morning in person, conferred briefly with the manager and then made a circuit of the loft. Returning, he asked, "Where is Rex Triglar?"

"He didn't—ah, here he is now, Mr. Dyce. Snap into it, Rex! Nine o'clock is nine o'clock."

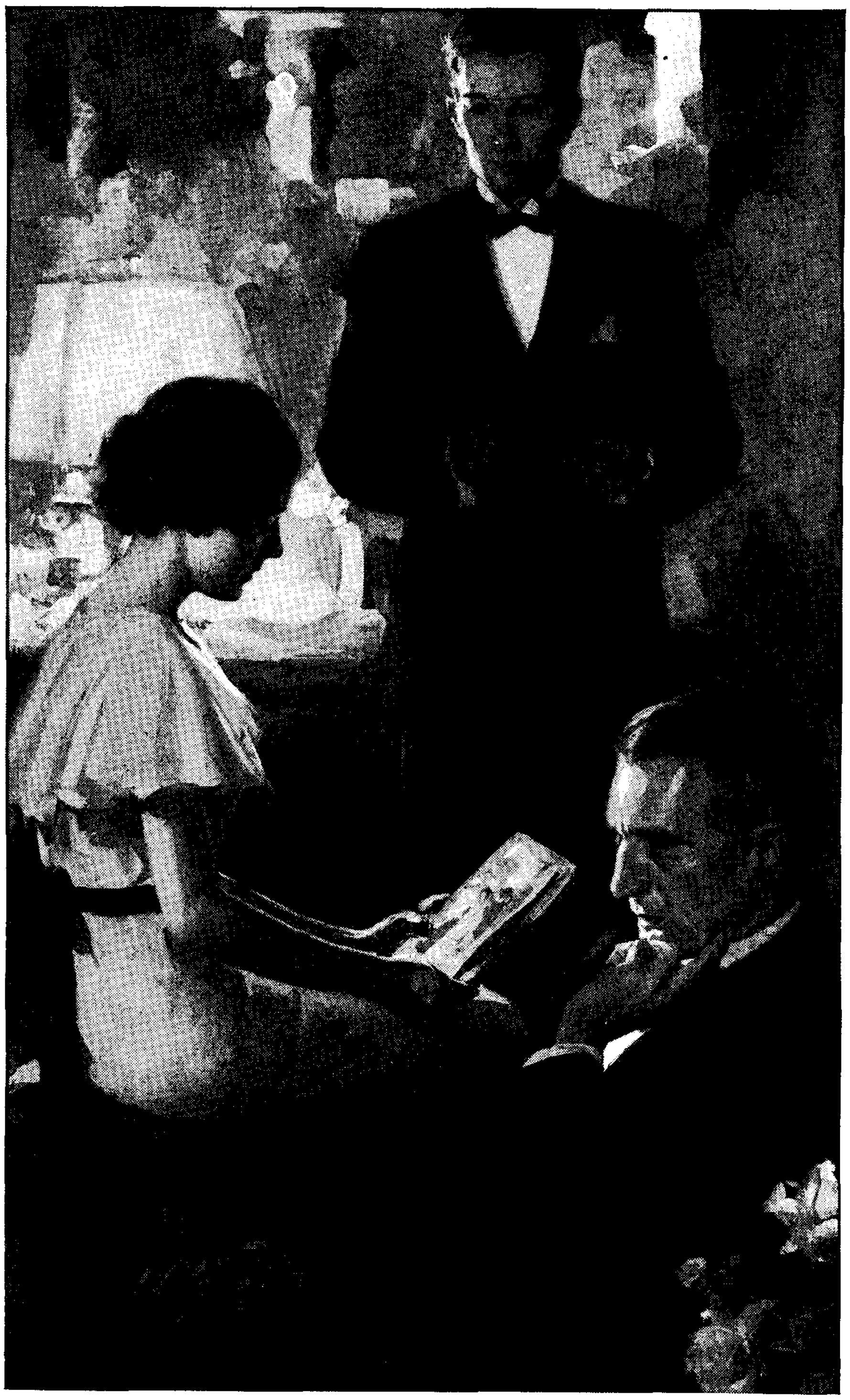
"All the time," acknowledged cheerily the young man who was hurrying from the stairs. "Morning, Mr. Dyce; beautiful morning!"

HE CRUSHED out a cigarette, popped a breath-perfuming pastille into his mouth, and lifted his telephone receiver.

"Calling Mississippi," he announced sonorously. "Person to person; keep 'em coming, Central. Mrs. Hattie Smith, of Pontotoc; Mr. Jeff D. Pflam, of Okolona; Mr. G. Wash Gwalley, of Eupora; Dr. Elmer Hunycut, of Artesia.

"Mrs. Hattie Smith? This is John Dyce speaking, Mrs. Smith: John Dyce, editor of the Wall Street Guidon, calling you from New York!

"Mrs. Smith, you wrote me some weeks ago asking my advice on investing the money from your husband's life insurance. As you cannot afford to lose, I hesitated to advise you until now. My statistical department, however, has just uncovered a situation in Aladdin Coalition that is a chance in two lifetimes. Aladdin Coalition! Gold! Silver! Platinum! Get a pencil and write it down. Listed on the Mining Exchange here; buy it through your local broker. Buy it till it hurts! Get all you can of it! Get it today! And hold onto it for the big move. Watch the Guidon, Mrs. Smith."



"That," said Emily, "is Herbert and I, Daddy"

Rex Triglar lit a fresh cigarette, tilted his chair, and waited for another connection with rural Mississippi, to flatter another subscriber to John Dyce's financial tip-sheet with a long-distance call from the great New York editor.

To his right and left, impressive and mannered voices intoned, "John Dyce, editor of the Wall Street Guidon, calling you from New York."

John Dyce listened with benign approval. Once upon a time, he too had been a dynamiter, even as one of these, and had sat at a telephone in a boiler room such as this.

He laid a benedictory hand on Rex Triglar's nattily tailored shoulder; here was a young man who would go far in the predatory profession. As accurately as if he looked into Rex Triglar's smooth and sallow face and into his dark and vigilant eyes, John Dyce read in his voice the necessary ruthlessness, the needed subtlety and finesse. His ears would always be dull and heedless, certainly.

Rex glanced over his shoulder and smiled appreciatively, permitting himself a touch of mockery. Rex was resolved to have a fine Park Avenue apartment too, servants, a country estate and the other incidentals; and John Dyce, unless Rex was mistaken, was going to help him wholeheartedly to get them.

But now he glanced toward the stairs, and his deep-set and restless eyes registered fear; the fear that enlivens and spurs and does not paralyze. John Dyce had not overestimated Rex Triglar.

TWO strangers, sturdy and youngish men with unbelieving and persistent eyes, had come into the loft and were talking to the manager. And the manager, his face smoothed of expression, was very polite. Rex thought that he recognized one of these intruders—who, standing at the only exit from the loft, were unhurried.

Rex spoke into his telephone, calling the boiler room's number. John Dyce, standing behind him, lifted his eyebrows.

"Pardon me, won't you?" said the manager obsequiously, when the telephone rang in the booth across the room.

"This is Triglar," said Rex softly. "Who do they want?"

"I don't know yet," said the manager. "But somebody!"

"Ask them are they from Boston. Tell 'em this is the 47th Street stationhouse."

"Eyether of you gentlemen from Boston?" called the manager from the telephone deferentially.

One of the visitors crossed to the telephone. "Yes?"

"Eighteenth Precinct station-house, Lieutenant Shay," said Rex Triglar, who was in touch with station-houses. "Are you the Boston officer who wants Rex Triglar?"

"That's right, Lieutenant."

"Who's with you?"

"Why, one of your precinct detectives."

"Call him to the phone—quick!"

"Mahaffey!" called the Boston officer, beckoning.

The second stranger left the stairhead and crossed to the telephone.

Leaving the receiver off, Rex took his natty straw hat and made for the stairs. "I'm wanted, Mr. Dyce!"

He had timed his exit nicely, and he all but made it unobserved. The manager, throwing a newspaper wide and high, was of help; but the Boston officer caught a glimpse of the slinking Rex.

"That's him there, damn it!"

Rex Triglar pelted down the stairs, dodged among the cars on the floor below and raced into the street. He bolted for the Avenue.

He had a start of a hundred feet over the heavier officers and he widened the gap in the next hundred yards; but then his legs and lungs struck against this speed-up and sweating, insisted that he not work them by day when they had been on the job all night. His breath hung outside his lips like a gas flame; he couldn't catch it. Having run to Seventh Avenue, he panted as if he had run to Harlem.

BEHIND him he heard the stern shouts of the pursuing officers, and the glad cries of citizens joining in the view halloo and eager to be in at the death, though careful not to run too fast.

He rounded into the crowded Avenue.

There, right before him, but facing the other way, was one of New York's new, young and agile policemen, balancing a club with balked desire and spoiling for a spot of exercise.

There was a Greek restaurant. In its window was a glass case in which goldfish swam. Behind the window was the Greek, shining with fatness; before the window, looking in, was a gaunt and ragged man. The Greek was waving his hands, trying to exorcise the thin man, who was giving the restaurant a poor look; the starveling looked ravenously at the goldfish and ravenously at the plump and tender Greek.

"Here!" gasped Rex Triglar, thrusting his new straw hat at the hungry man and handing him a dollar. "His hat—man in that cab! Catch him!"

The ragged man seized hat and dollar, and ran zealously.

"Officer!" cried Rex sobbingly, pulling the policeman's sleeve. "Snitched my new lid—in restaurant. Catch him!"

The policeman looked, saw the ragged fellow fleeing with the hat, gripped his club, and ran agilely after.

Rex Triglar went into the Greek restaurant.

Around the corner pounded the officers from the loft. They saw the policeman running earnestly, club poised. They ran after him.

Rex Triglar emerged from the restaurant and went back around the corner, walking fast; he had no more wind for running.

HE HEARD someone whistle. He looked; there was Mr. Dyce's car, and Gregory the chauffeur beckoning covertly. Rex Triglar entered the car, which crossed Seventh Avenue and rolled away.

"And what, my boy," queried John Dyce kindly, "is the job for which you are wanted in Boston?"

Rex Triglar had regained his shallow breath.

"It was a pete job, Mr. Dyce. We took ten thousand dollars from an old mooch. A boiler room up there had loaded this mooch with some dog like Aladdin Coalition; some wallpaper, worth nothing. So I contacted him and told him I could sell his dog."

"I am familiar with the pete," said John Dyce. "You traded your mooch into a stock as worthless as his own but with which he was unacquainted. That was to get him interested. You then sold him a block of the stock for cash."

"Yes, sir; for ten grand, that particular mooch. We did nicely with the pete in Boston, Mr. Dyce; we took a hundred grand from the mooches in three weeks."

"Excellent," breathed the blind man. "And your cut is safe in the bank, I trust?"

"Yes, but not my bank. I found I was

(Continued on page 54)

Be Thou My Good

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The story of a senator in Washington, who was bigger, far bigger, than the world ever knew

"I NEVER heard of an interesting Washington mystery," Bill Waller said. "When I was a dumb kid detective my stepfather had a dozen Washington cases. Duller than dirt, all of 'em. I never heard a real Washington mystery."

"Define a mystery, Bill."

Instead, he bawled along the greenhouse to one of his sons, "Hi, Bud! Close the door, will you?"

"Which twin is that, Bill? They're the most twinnish twins I've ever seen, I think."

"I can't tell Junior from Don unless they're close to me," Bill admitted, cutting a chrysanthemum. "It's why I called him Bud. Hate hurting a kid's feelings. Don't do to let on I didn't know which one. Tell me a real Washington mystery and I'll sell you two dozen chrysanthemums for ten cents. I mean one where the motive is—what's the word?—inscrutable."

Two golden cocker spaniels sat down and looked up at me with their awful air of expecting a great deal. This discouraged me. But I told him, "Many years ago a certain famous senator attended a huge evening reception in a sumptuous house. He spent a couple of hours in an upstairs library, playing whist or bridge. Then he started downstairs, found that his new garters were slipping and dodged back across the upper hall into a bedroom. While hauling up his garters he heard the door closing. The senator turned and saw a beautiful young woman armed with a fountain pen and a sheet of his official notepaper. She told him to sign his name at the bottom of the sheet. The senator told her to go plumb to hell. She then, of course, threatened to scream for help. She was counting on the senator's notorious domestic respectability.

"THE senator told her to scream her teeth loose, or some such homely phrase. He finished fastening his garters and walked out of the room. He then found his host and asked him to name the young woman when she left the bedroom. They idled on the stairs and waited. She did not come out. After a time the owner of the house opened the bedroom door and found that the lady had left by way of the veranda roof. At the end of the party there was an unclaimed evening cloak in the dressing-room.

"In the morning the senator's private sleuth started for New York with the cloak. He consulted the furrier or *modiste* indicated by the label in the cloak and readily found that it belonged to the wife of a celebrated professional man—not a New Yorker. But, while the sleuth was sleuthing, the lady came home to her husband's house. She was coming home from an alleged trip to Baltimore. Her husband, by the way, happened to be abroad. She got home and immediately killed herself. I forget how, and it does not matter.

"The senator was naturally shocked and interested. He sent spies among the lobbyists. No, nobody knew her. He had a couple of friends in her city do some sleuthing. Not a ray! Her reputation was hyper-white. She had a large private income. She had never been heard to mention politics. She had no friends in politics. Yet, on a night certain, in a year certain, this lady sneaked over from Baltimore to Washington, crashed the gate of a big reception, and tried to bullyrag a signature to a blank sheet of the senator's notepaper. . . . Well?"

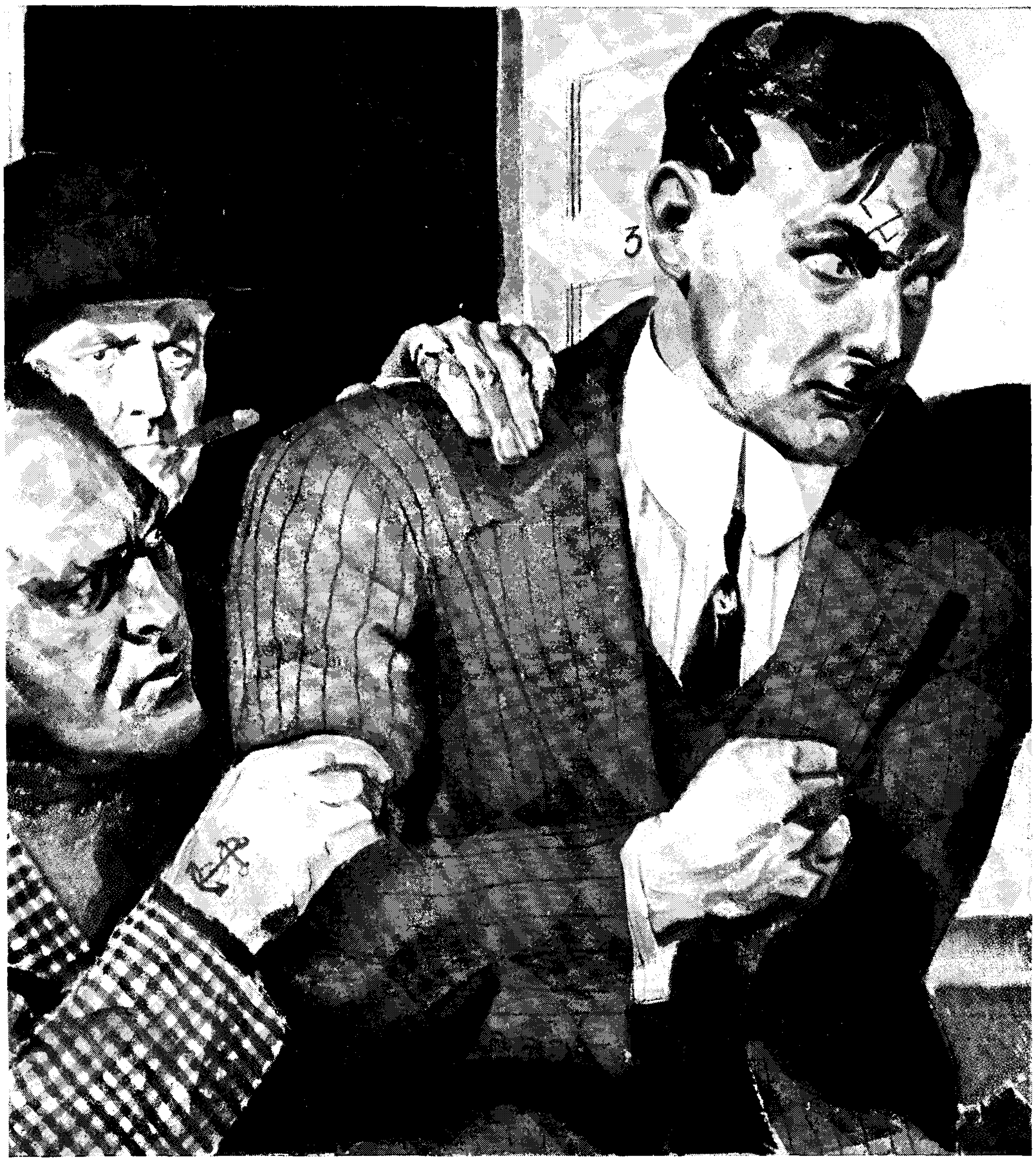
"How did her husband act when he got home?" Bill asked.

"He never got home. He dropped dead in London or Paris or wherever he was when he got the cablegram. He adored her. In fact, he had gone abroad to consult heart specialists without worrying her. He also had no known interest in politics. The senator thought of that."

"You win," said Bill Waller. "Tell me another."

"THANKS. This one was public property. Nobody in the Senate was more truly esteemed than was Senator James Hiram Halsey, although he had reforming tendencies, opposed to the Spanish-American war and much else. He was a charmer. Had a grin like a ton of sunlight. I remember him very well. The last time I saw him was at the Yale-Harvard game in 1910, amusing a crowd of undergraduates. Now, when he was already middle-aged, he fell in love with and married a lovely young widow, a Mrs. Colt. What a female! Oh, Bill, what! When she was a kid in Kansas she had resolved never to countenance smoking, drinking, card-playing, evening dress, profanity, passion, perfumes, playgoing or dancing. But she was very beautiful.

"Halsey was sent to the Senate in the late '90s. He'd been governor of his state for years. Mrs. Halsey at once started to clean up Washington. You couldn't smoke at Halsey's house. His dinners were Saharan—not even coffee. He entertained elsewhere, most delightfully. Mrs. Halsey raged to and fro, visiting the sick and afflicting the poor, bawling out non-Puritans and diplomats.



"Well, in December of 1902 she fell very ill. Pneumonia. The doctors told Halsey to send for his son and her relations. This was done. The lady lay dying. One night somebody phoned Halsey from a very low hotel near Herald Square, in New York. He instantly left home, without even a suitcase, and caught the first early morning train for New York. He utterly vanished. His sister-in-law traced the call to this Hotel Coligny. The senator refused to say what he was doing there. His wife died. He put in an appearance some hours after her death. This politically ruined James Hiram Halsey."

Bill Waller cried, "Ruined him!—How?"

"Thus, Bill," I said. "His wife naturally had admirers among those who believe that a man says, 'Evil, be thou my good!' when he opens a bottle of Moselle or lights a cigarette. Give me a match. . . . Thanks. These ladies ran loose in Washington, squawking that Halsey should be lynched. The squawking reached his own state. A gang of holier-than-thous rose up against the senator. Our national curse came on him. His friends could not defend him. He indubitably *had* abandoned his wife, and she so virtuous, on her deathbed. He refused to make any statement of any kind, to anybody. So the boys with the vote applied the axe. James Hiram Halsey went into retirement. He spent his last years on a big stock farm in Connecticut, delighting mankind and womankind by his hospitality, his manners and his wit."

"My glory!" said Bill Waller.

He presently began to tell me a story. It was interrupted. One of the twins came to announce a fresh supply of golden spaniel pups at the kennel. His daughter came for a dollar. A lady telephoned to ask about some kind of lily. Bill talks very slowly. But this is what he told me:

MY STEPFATHER, Ed Schroeder, got Washington jobs through George Castaigne, a kid in the State Department. Castaigne was a good amateur gumshoe, himself. I'll tell you what killed him some time when you're feeling too gay and want a chill. My stepfather spoke French French, German German and some Italian. His folks were from Geneva. It gave Ed Schroeder a lift over the other private detectives in New York, in the '90's. Well, one night in November, 1902, a long distance came in from Washington and I knew, when Ed started talking, it was Castaigne. They spoke French.

Ed rung off and told Mamma to get my best dark suit pressed right away 'cause I was going to New Haven in the morning to see a football game. So I didn't sleep. I wasn't nineteen yet. Yes, but I didn't sleep. You're old enough to remember how a kid felt about football in those days. The big boys don't get that—that insane hero worship—any more. Too much else for pups to admire, picture stars, ace aviators. My Don's nutty about being an archaeologist. Well, I had a newspaper photo of Jam Halsey stuck up in my bedroom, right between Anna Held and Teddy Roosevelt. And I was going to see the boy play! I was eighteen.

Yes, but next morning at the ten o'clock to New Haven, here were five men from our office and the M'Candless office and Seton's. I knew 'em all. Tim Brophy from Seton's asked Ed what the hell. Ed says we report to Senator Halsey at the New Haven House. I wondered if Jam Halsey had been writing letters to the wrong lady.

"I bet it's his kid in wrong," says Tim Brophy. "There's a wild Indian! Saw him smash up a bar in Saratoga last month. Too much money does it."

So we got to New Haven and reported to the senator at the hotel. I was a simon-pure metropolitan jackass in those ancient times. I knew there wasn't any wise ones west of Albany. My own father had a livery stable in Newark, N. J. Him and Mamma were both from Pennsylvania. That made me a good New Yorker. I felt kind of sorry for Jam Halsey, having a dad from out West. So here was this grand old bird in the lobby, in English clothes, talking to Walter Camp and some more of the football coach mob. He introduced Ed and me to Mr. Camp. I darn' near got down on the floor and prayed.

"I met your son in Saratoga, last month," says Tim Brophy at lunch.

"You interest me," the senator said. "Jam was mountain climbing in Switzerland last month with his roommate and some other pups."

Tim says, "Well, Senator, I think you'd better know a big Indian was passing himself off for your boy at the races last month, and gave your name to send the bill to, when he smashed up a bar. I heard him."

"I got the bill," says J. Hiram Halsey, passing the claret. "Have some more steak?"

A KIND of light broke on us. So we went to the game. Mr. Camp or some big fellow had us passed in on the side lines. I felt grand sitting on my heels on the turf and being taken for a coach or a reporter. It was a swell day. Wood smoke in the wind. Big sunlight. Oh, football was more fun then. Honest! Kids in noseguards and padded so's they looked like prehistoric monsters. Wooden grandstands. Only two periods. So the teams came on.

"Yes," Tim Brophy whispered to me, "but that kid was in Saratoga, middle of August, or he's got a twin brother."

I didn't care. Jam Halsey made a touchdown almost directly. He was tall, but not like the senator. Dark. He wasn't handsome. But they came down on our side and he saw his old man and gave him this grin. Like a ton of sunshine. Well, right then, I knew if I caught any dirt passing himself off for Jam Halsey in a bar, I'd brain him with a cuspidor.

That's being eighteen. Jam was nineteen and a half, the youngest junior in college, I think. He came into the senator's rooms after the game when we were back at the hotel. Had a black eye and stunk of iodine. I got my nerve up to speak to him twice. His old man kidded him about fumbling something. And that was all. We piled down to the station and made the train.

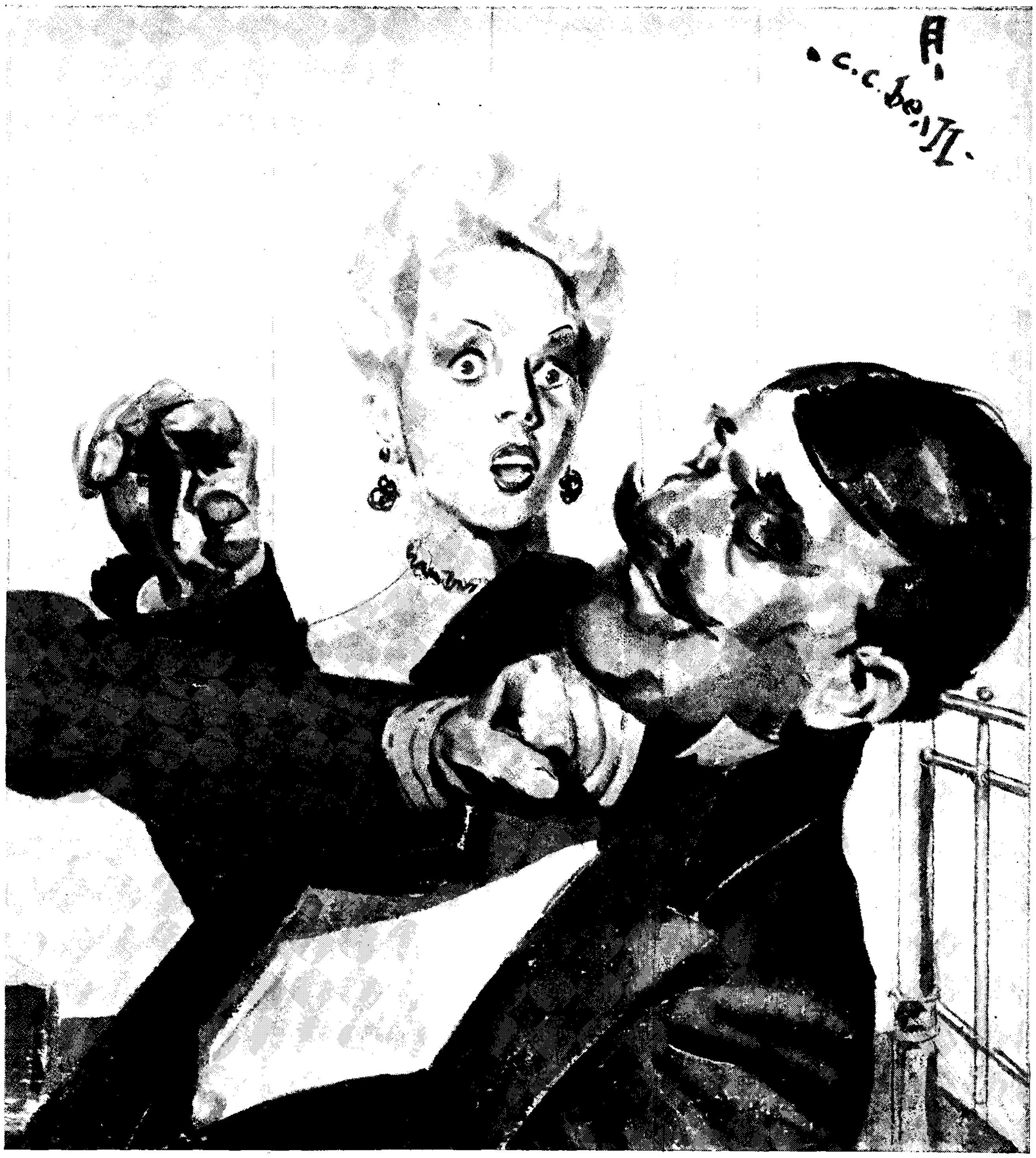
"Yes," says Brophy. "My wild Indian in Saratoga wasn't Jam Halsey. He's, say, twenty-one. He's an inch bigger than that kid. He's a swell build. Better-lookin' boy. *And*, Ed—?"

"His name's Alexander Hamilton Colt," Ed tells us. "He's near twenty-two. He's this kid's half brother. Ran off from home when he was fifteen. On his fifteenth birthday."

I'LL tell you the facts. Mrs. Halsey was awful handsome, like you said. Her first husband died four or five months before Ham Colt was born. He was a preacher in Kansas. She took the baby up to visit her sister, in Halsey's town, in his state. He fell for her. He was this rich widower with no kids. So that's how it happened Ham Colt was only two years older than Jam—James Hiram Halsey, Junior. Well, Mr. Halsey found he'd married a lady who was going to reform everything she saw, if it needed it or not. So he says to her, "Madam, you can use a hairbrush on your son, and talk hellfire and all that. But Jam is *our* kid. I do any punishing he gets."

He's settled it. But he did all he could for little Ham. He was the only dad Ham knew of, and he did all he could. Both boys were like their mamma. Ham was the handsome one, though. So Mr. Halsey got to be governor out there.

(Continued on page 52)



But they didn't know how hard the kid would slug. It was their slip-up

Secret Marriage

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE death of her mother, Mary Burleigh is forced to assume charge of her four brothers and sisters, as well as her old and eccentric Aunt Joan, who has lived with them for years. The family is in dire straits, so Mary takes a job in a bakery.

Unhappy and frightened by the misfortune that has befallen them, Mary allows herself to be persuaded by young Calvin Tait to marry him—secretly. A short time later she meets an Easterner, Jeffery Maclean—and they fall madly in love. When Mary bravely tells him of her marriage, he sails for China.

Meanwhile Calvin has secured a better job in his uncle's bank, and he announces the marriage. For a while Mary finds peace, if not happiness; then a terrible blow falls. Calvin's bank fails. . . . It is at this time that Mary's first child, a girl, is born.

Time passes. Calvin is away, looking for work; Mary is expecting another child. And then Jeffery Maclean returns. Mary finds that nothing has changed between them: they are still deeply in love.

While Maclean is calling on her one evening an earthquake strikes their little California town with shattering force. The shock kills Aunt Joan and leaves Mary gravely ill. Upon her recovery she knows that she will not have another child.

Calvin has not been heard from in months; Mary does not even know where he is. Jeffery Maclean, preparing to sail again for China, implores her to seek a divorce. But Mary cannot bring herself to leave Calvin, now that he is so helpless. . . . Maclean sails, and Mary is more alone than ever.

Then comes a marvelous turn of fortune. In cleaning Aunt Joan's room Mary finds a paper—a deed, dated ten years before on the day her father died in a motor accident, to a business block in San Francisco, supposedly owned by one Asa Moulton. . . .

Meanwhile Calvin is still among the missing. All efforts to locate him fail. Then one morning Mary receives a letter. It is signed "A Friend."

"Your husband," it reads, "is living with a woman named Molly Klein in The Dalles, Oregon. . . ."

XI

"AGNES," said Mary, pausing in the lower hall with Betsey's hand in hers, "we are going out to the lawn. I'm expecting a caller; I'm expecting Mr. Tait. Will you send him out there?"

"Expecting?" Agnes echoed. Her faded eyes, set in her soft old faded face, widened in amazement. "Did you say Mr. Tait?" she asked.

"Yes; I had a letter from him this morning," Mary said, trying to speak naturally and happily. "He's been in Oregon, but he's not been very well. He's coming home."

"Will he stay here tonight?" Agnes asked. Mary answered over her shoulder:

"I don't know, Agnes. But I'll let you know later on. Don't let anyone else come out."

She went on through the pantry and down the side steps to the graveled path, and so through a square-fenced garden of roses and out again to the lawn, where some basket chairs were set about in a circle, and where Peter was waiting. Mary took the chair next to him; she was very pale. She wore a broad, transparent hat of an autumny brown with a tangle of fine red flowers pressed against the crown, and a thin dress of brown chiffon that spread about her like the petals of a rose when she sat down.

"How long have you been waiting, Peter?"

"Half a minute."

"We're early."

"What time did his letter say?"

"About four. It's not much after half past three now."

Betsey crawled on the lawn, forcing her Meemee, the white duck, ahead of her; Peter smoked. Mary sat with her fingers knotted and her brows drawn together.

"You've made up your mind, Mary?"

"I think I have."

"Divorce, huh?"

"You think so too, Peter? You understand?"

"I'd make pretty sure that he was mixed up with this Klein woman, whoever she is. You'd feel like a fool threatening him and then perhaps finding out that there's nothing to it."

"Why should anyone write me a lie?"

"Well, I don't know. But people do. Coming into money always makes somebody jealous. Go easy to begin with."

"I could claim desertion, I could claim non-support," Mary said. "I saw him last in February. I expected a second child then. He never came near me and he never wrote. We all know that!"

"Oh, you have a case all right! But it all depends, I should think," Peter said slowly, "upon what he feels."

"What Calvin feels?"

"I think so. Does he know about Aunt Joan's death?"

"I don't know that he does. I didn't know where to write him. He must have seen in the papers that Green Oaks got the very worst of the earthquake. He never wrote. For all he knows I have a second baby."

"I can't understand him," Peter said.

"WHY," Mary said, with a rising note of passion in her voice, "why should I consider him, when he has shown absolutely no consideration for me? As near as Oregon, a day and a night trip away, and he never has come to see us, or written, or anything!"

"You didn't tell him about the Bullinger discovery?"

"I didn't tell him anything. I didn't know but what I'd have a lawyer here, to tell him I wanted a divorce. I said we were living in the Birch Street house, and that I would be glad to see him, as I wanted to discuss something important with him."

Peter looked at his sister a moment in silence.

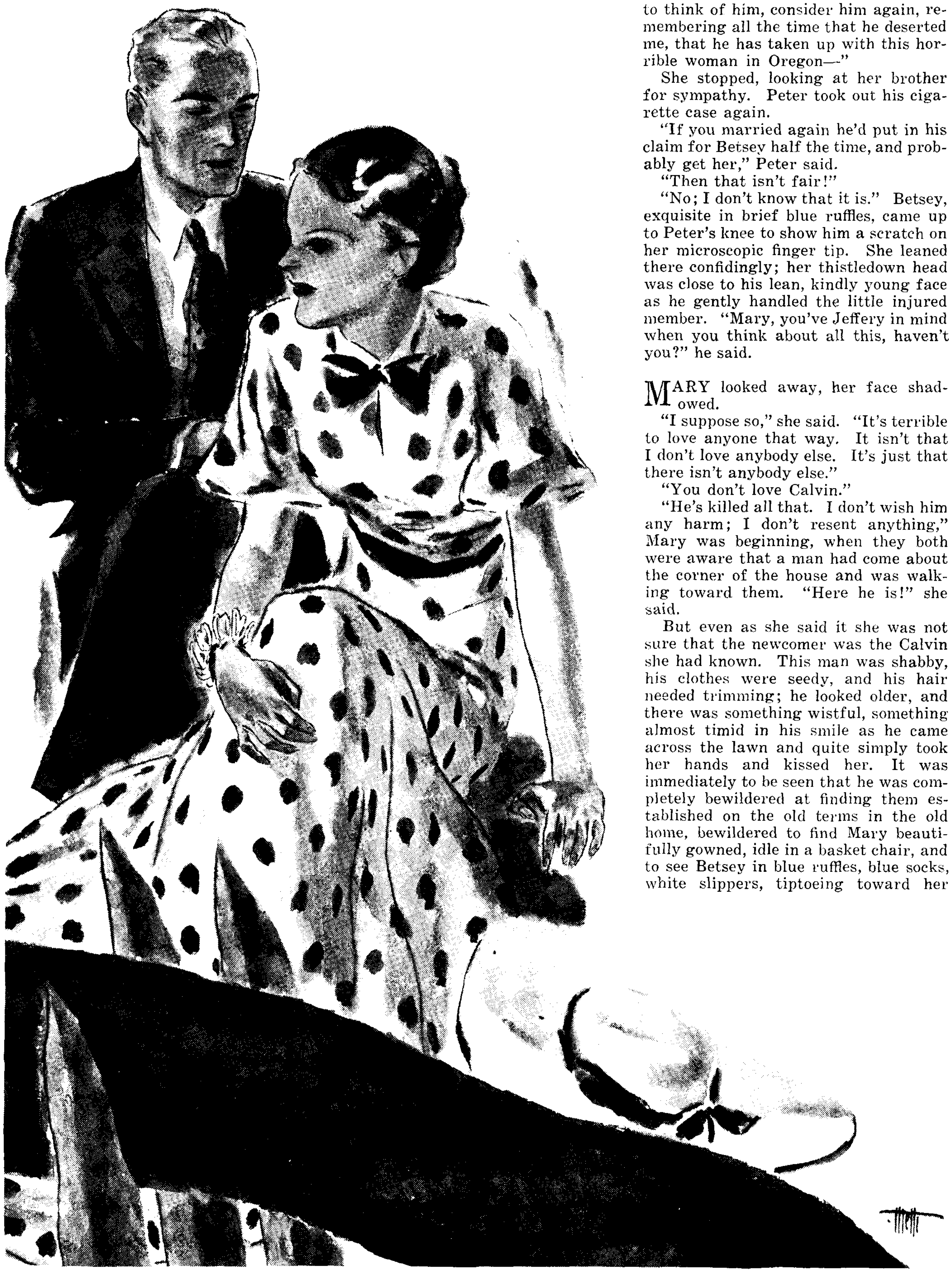
"You want a divorce, don't you, Mary?" he asked.

"Do you blame me?" Mary countered by way of reply.

"No, I don't. Nobody could blame you. It's too bad."

"I think it's too bad. Of course it's too bad!" Mary said, annoyed and hurt. "But it seems perfectly senseless to go along this way."

"The thing is this," Peter began, glancing at Betsey. "This morning I



After a while Calvin asked. "How'd you know where to find me?" "An anonymous letter," Mary answered. "Someone told me you were in The Dalles, with somebody named Molly Klein"

talked a little to Morrison about it. You remember you asked me to sound him out as to what was the cause, and what claims Cal would have on the baby?"

"Babies her age always go with their mothers, Peter."

"Not always."

"Well, but he has no job. He has no woman to take her to! He couldn't take her to this Klein woman. I'd fight! I hate to seem to rub it in," Mary said, ruffled and anxious. "But he threw me down when I needed him most. I won't be mean about it, but he'll have to see the situation for himself. I have plenty of money to care for Betsey now; he couldn't even pay a nurse!"

"Perhaps Molly Klein has children."

"Oh, don't laugh about it, Peter!" Mary said tragically. "Think what it means to me! We have just moved back, everything is going so well, we were so happy! Now to have Cal home, to have to think of him, consider him again, remembering all the time that he deserted me, that he has taken up with this horrible woman in Oregon—"

She stopped, looking at her brother for sympathy. Peter took out his cigarette case again.

"If you married again he'd put in his claim for Betsey half the time, and probably get her," Peter said.

"Then that isn't fair!"

"No; I don't know that it is." Betsey, exquisite in brief blue ruffles, came up to Peter's knee to show him a scratch on her microscopic finger tip. She leaned there confidingly; her thistledown head was close to his lean, kindly young face as he gently handled the little injured member. "Mary, you've Jeffery in mind when you think about all this, haven't you?" he said.

MARY looked away, her face shadowed.

"I suppose so," she said. "It's terrible to love anyone that way. It isn't that I don't love anybody else. It's just that there isn't anybody else."

"You don't love Calvin."

"He's killed all that. I don't wish him any harm; I don't resent anything," Mary was beginning, when they both were aware that a man had come about the corner of the house and was walking toward them. "Here he is!" she said.

But even as she said it she was not sure that the newcomer was the Calvin she had known. This man was shabby, his clothes were seedy, and his hair needed trimming; he looked older, and there was something wistful, something almost timid in his smile as he came across the lawn and quite simply took her hands and kissed her. It was immediately to be seen that he was completely bewildered at finding them established on the old terms in the old home, bewildered to find Mary beautifully gowned, idle in a basket chair, and to see Betsey in blue ruffles, blue socks, white slippers, tiptoeing toward her mother over the grass, dramatizing the arrival of the stranger.

"Mary," Calvin began, "what are we doing here?"

She was completely, instantly disarmed. Her heart sank. She had wanted to hate him, wanted to be able to launch at him the reproaches, the bitter summary of her thoughts. But already they were all seated comfortably in the basket chairs and, his being close to hers, Calvin had caught her hand and was holding it.

"What's happened?" he said.

MARY could only say feebly, ineffectually:

"Where have you been? So much has happened! I didn't know where to find you."

"No, no, no; of course you didn't!" he said, and it was dreadful, it was somehow sadder than she could bear to have him apologizing, to have him anxious and placating, in his shabby cheap suit and dusty shoes and ungroomed growth of hair. She knew him so well; she knew how he reveled in the care of his tailor, his soaps and razors, his hot baths and clean linen. He had not had them lately!

"Howells—Chess Howells drove me here from the bus," he added. "He told me a lot. It was all new to me. He told me of Aunt Joan, and that you'd been in the hospital."

There was nothing for it now but to tell him what they could, in whatever sequence events grouped themselves, Calvin listening attentively, sometimes making a tut-tutting sound with his lips, sometimes shaking his head.

"You poor kid!" he said under his breath more than once. "Mary, what you've been through!

"And I couldn't help!" he exclaimed when she had come to a good resting place. "Pete, Mary, you know what I was going through! I was ready to kill myself last spring; it's a wonder to me now that I didn't. It seemed to me that I'd gotten Mary into all of it. Betsey wasn't well; remember the first bottles she got didn't agree with her? And then the weather was bitter cold, and we were all packed into that place down in Green Oaks. Then Mary got a job, and I had no job, and suddenly we found that there was to be another baby! By God," Calvin, who rarely used so strong a term, said almost pitifully, as he ground his thin hands together, "it was more than I could bear; it was more than any man could bear! I didn't mean to be gone so long; I thought I'd get work, and be back with some money long before now. But conditions everywhere were the same—or worse. Up there in Seattle and Tacoma women were tramping the roads with the men. I walked for two days with thirty-five cents in my pocket."

AFTER a while he asked: "How'd you know where to find me?"

"An anonymous letter," Mary answered, but the fire had gone out of her, the significance out of the words. "Someone told me that you were in The Dalles, with somebody named Molly Klein—"

"Molly Klein? That's the girl whose mother runs the house," Calvin said in innocent bewilderment. "They were both awfully kind to me; common people, but good-hearted. I worked there for my food for two weeks, and afterward, when I got a job checking in a lumber yard I went on living there."

It all had faded into thin air, her upbraiding, her divorce suit, her freedom. Betsey was quiet and attentive in Peter's arms. The little girl watched Calvin's face as he talked as if she knew that this new strange man meant something in her small scheme of things. Mary

(Continued on page 38)

About to Shine

By Quentin Reynolds

Playing on the sand lots, college diamonds and small-town home teams of today are the big-league baseball stars of tomorrow. Trained scouts are now beating the bushes—here are some of their finds

I REMEMBER once when Lefty O'Doul was playing with the Dodgers and he hadn't gotten a hit in six days. It was a terrible slump the Irishman was in.

One day he said, "I got a hunch that I'll come out of my slump tomorrow."

"You're not in any slump, sucker; that's just your natural batting form," I told him to cheer him up.

"I'll bet you I get three hits tomorrow," Lefty snapped. The Dodgers were playing the Braves the next day and Ed Brandt was due to pour them in. I knew that O'Doul always had trouble hitting Brandt. So I bet him. So what? So the next day the Irishman got himself three hits.

Sid Mercer, the baseball writer, looked at me pityingly and said, "Never bet with a ball player and especially never bet with O'Doul. Give O'Doul the right odds and he will bet you that Germany won the war; that Mussolini discovered the North Pole and that Christmas will not fall on December 25th next year. And O'Doul will win his bet."

So, recently, when O'Doul, who is now managing the San Francisco Seals, said, "I'll bet you that within two years every baseball fan in the country will have heard of Di Maggio," I wouldn't bet him—even though I'd never heard of Di Maggio.

"Joe Di Maggio is one of my outfielders," O'Doul went on. "Di Maggio has the best throwing arm in baseball. He has the best arm I ever saw and I have seen some good throwing arms."

It must be a lot of fun to open an oyster and find a pearl. It must be a lot of fun too to pick a real big-league star out of the thousands of minor-league ball players there are in the land. The big-league stars of tomorrow are now playing on sand lots, college diamonds and in minor-league ball parks. Let's comb them all with the help of smart baseball men and see if we can't pick out a few whose names will become household words.

We'll start with the Joe Di Maggio mentioned by the man who always wears a green hat. That's O'Doul. Once he bought a new green hat and that afternoon he hit three home runs. He's never worn anything but a green hat since. It covers plenty of gray matter too, that hat does.

Di Maggio was born in that picturesque section of San Francisco known as North Beach. He was the son of a deep-sea crab fisherman. Ever since Ping Bodie of Telegraph Hill hit the big leagues it has been the ambition of all San Francisco Italian youngsters to be ball players. Joe Di Maggio started playing ball as soon as he heard of the game and he heard of it before he heard of marbles or even of bocchie, which is a great pastime among Italians in that section. Joe's interest in baseball was fanned by the fact that his older brother Vincent was playing for the Seals. In the spring of 1933 Vincent brought his kid brother to camp. Joe was originally an infielder but an injury to an outer gardener gave him an unexpected chance to prove his worth.

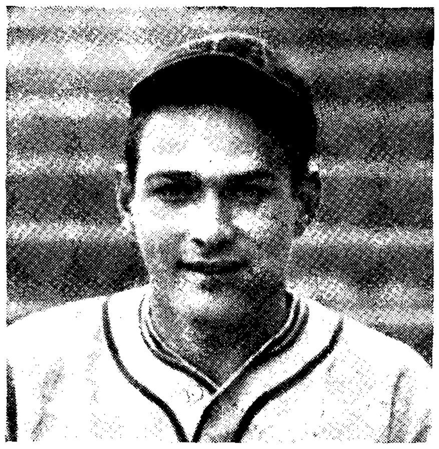
Put into the second game of the season, he was never dislodged. During that year he threw out thirty-two runners, which established a record for the league and he hit safely in sixty-one consecutive games, breaking a league mark which had stood since 1915 and almost catching up to the all-time record of hitting in sixty-nine straight games made in 1919 by Joe Wilhoit of Wichita.

They call him "Dead Pan Joe" and they say of him as they used to say of Irish Meusel, "He has ice-water in his veins." Last year he hurt his leg badly but now he's sound again and doing all right. Better, in fact, than all right.

Scout Joe Devine of the Yankees thinks he's the best prospect in the Class AA league on the west coast. Such baseball prophets as Ty Cobb, Gabby Street and Oscar Vitt think that he's going to be a big-league sensation some day. And when O'Doul seconds it, it looks as if all the votes were in. Remember the name, Joe Di Maggio, and see if we've picked one pearl out of the minor-league oyster bed.

INTERNATIONAL

Left, Joe Di Maggio, San Francisco
Below, Steve Messner, Los Angeles


WIDE WORLD

ACME

Ted Duay, Tallahassee

ACME

Harvey Green, Reading

Oakland has a youngster we'd better keep an eye on. Frankie Hawkins, whom the Yankees have more than a rooting interest in, is a product of the same Sacred Heart College that gave Harry Heilmann, Joe Cronin and Dorr Camilli to baseball. Hawkins is young but he can swing right lustily—either at the plate or away from it. Recently he had a run-in with big Walter Beck of the Missions and he didn't take any steps backward.

Then there is Gene Lillard, the Los Angeles third baseman. Here's one, as they say at the race track, who's ready to go. During the first seven weeks of the current season he hit twenty home runs, and how do you like that? In 1933 he hit forty-three homers. Right now two major-league clubs are bidding for his services. One club has offered $60,000 for him, which is the highest price offered for a rookie in the West Coast League since Willie Kamm was sold a decade ago. A player who can hit forty-three homers in a season and who can hobble those treacherous grounders which come at a third baseman should soon be on somebody's big-league pay roll.

Los Angeles presents another lad who may go far in the business. He's Steve Messner, seventeen-year-old shortstop only two years out of Riis High School. He is young but he's growing out of his baseball adolescence every day. Last year he slapped the ball for dear old Ponca City to the tune of a .359 batting average and he has kept up his consistent hitting this season against a higher brand of pitching.

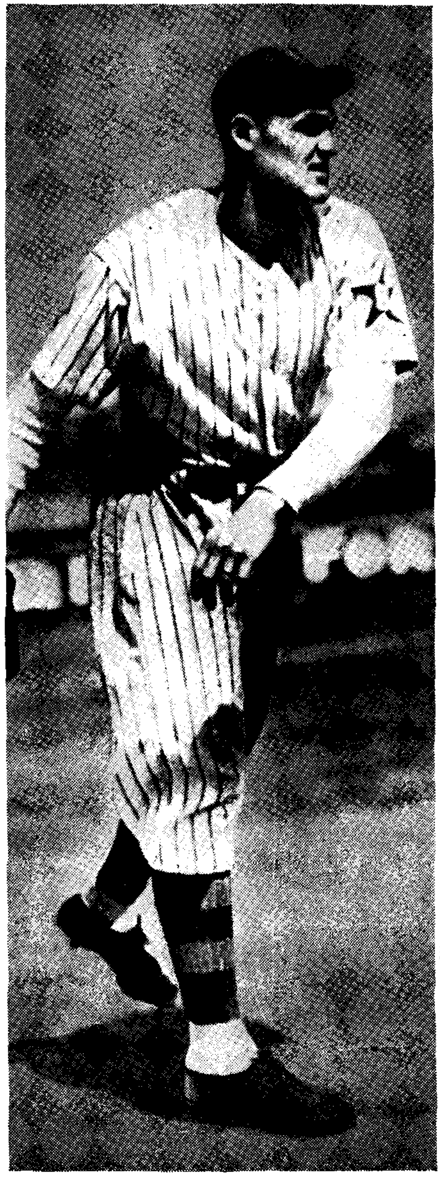
When you are looking for baseball talent you've got to let your eyes wander all over the country. You've got to comb sand lots, high school diamonds, college fields and the most minor of minor leagues as well as the Class A loops.

Every now and then Manager Bill Terry of the Giants says to Eddie Brannick, "Eddie, how is that kid doing down in Florida?"

Eddie, who knows just what every Giant fledgling is doing at all times, will say, "The kid is doing good, Bill."

The kid is an eighteen-year-old lad named Ted Duay and Terry is very high on him. When Terry is high on a youngster it means that the boy can do more than eat three meals a day. A year ago Duay was catching for Barrington High School in New Jersey. Picked on the All New Jersey State scholastic team, he was invited to camp with the Giants this past spring. Terry liked him and he sent him to Nashville in the Southern Association, which in turn sent him to Tallahassee in the Georgia-Florida League.

Albert Milnar, Zanesville
KEYSTONE



They call him Tarzan in Tallahassee. He squats behind the plate and sends forth weird and frightening cries of encouragement to his pitcher. Husky, in love with playing baseball, possessed of a fine arm and a lusty swing at the plate—Duay appears to be a potentially valuable bit of baseball bric-a-brac. At this writing he's made but two errors during the season. Let's ask Duay's manager about him.

"Within three years he'll be a great catcher," Dutch Hoffman says without blinking an eye, and Dutch has been in the baseball game twenty-three years, which is long enough to tell a rose from a lemon. "Watching him work now you'd think he'd been playing professional ball for ten years. He learns awful fast."

So maybe Mr. Terry will be paying for Ted Duay's board and lodging sometime. He may be giving a salary too, to "Professor" Kip Saurbrun of the same team. Only a year ago Saurbrun was acting as student instructor in psychology at Washington and Lee University. Today he's the leading pitcher in the Georgia-Florida League and getting better every day under the tutelage of wise Dutch Hoffman.

Remember Andy High, that grand little infielder of not so long ago? Andy knew all the tricks of the trade. Now he's managing the Hazleton team in the New York-Pennsylvania League. Andy likes a twenty-year-old, 170-pound catcher on his team named Joe Holden. The Phillies have an option on him and Andy is sure that he'll make good.

"He's a catcher of the DeLancey type," Andy says. "He can hit a ball hard, too, and with a bit more seasoning I think he'll do."

There was a time when a pitcher with a fast ball could do pretty well in the big show—if his fast ball was really fast. Batters, I guess, are smarter now, for a fast ball isn't enough. When a big-league scout inquires about a fast-ball pitcher he invariably asks, "Can he 'pull the string' on his fast one?" Which in less technical baseball language means: Has the pitcher a change of pace? Andy High has a pitcher named Hal Kelleher who has a fine fast ball. Andy is teaching him to throw a soft one with the same motion he uses when delivering his swift one. A slow ball is effective only when it is unexpected.

"What I like about Kelleher," Andy says, "is his ability to pull the string on his fast one when the batter has him in a hole. That shows nerve and control, and it is rare in a young pitcher."

Bill Shuster, infielder for Scranton in the same league, is playing his first year of organized baseball—but Honus Wagner once had a first year too. It would be nice to tag him as a big-time prospect and have him come through for us. He has a great arm, is a fast ground-coverer and can hit twice his weight, which is all right.

Ward Cross, Rochester

Right, Manuel Onis, Reading
Below, Gene Lillard, Los Angeles

KEYSTONE

WIDE WORLD

KEYSTONE

Howard Mills, St. Paul

John A. Hassett, Columbus

When ball players gather, their talk often veers around to Casey Stengel, who is still one of them even though he is a manager now. No matter where the Dodgers end up this year, Casey has shown his class and ball players think he's as smart a baseball man as ever swung a nasty scowl at an umpire. But Casey himself says that he just plays hunches. Listen to this one:

Brooklyn was playing in Chicago last season. A friend of Casey's named Ollie O'Mara came into Casey's hotel room leading a large specimen of slightly bewildered farm boy.

"This guy can pitch," Ollie said to Casey.

"Where have you played, son?" Casey asked the boy, whose name was (and is) Harvey Green.

"Oh, I done some pitching around the farm over to Kenosha, where I live," the boy said. "And I fooled around a bit with the town team. I'm a farmer," the kid explained, "I really ain't had much time for ball playin'."

"There was a guy I once knew named Dazzy Vance," Casey said. "He used to pitch a little around the farm and one day he left the farm and became a pretty good pitcher."

"Yeah, I heard tell of him," the boy said.

"That's nice," Casey told him and then he turned to Ollie O'Mara. "Can he pitch, Ollie?" Casey asked.

"He can pitch, Casey," Ollie said simply and that settled it. Casey knew Ollie pretty well and he knew that Ollie wouldn't hand him any package of banana oil. Ollie and Casey persuaded Ducky Holmes, manager of the Dayton club, to sign up the kid. Casey had a big hunch on the farm boy with the ham-like mitts. Holmes put him in there one day and all the kid did was to pitch a fifteen-inning shutout.

He's been doing all right since and now he's with Reading learning some things they never heard of in Kenosha and I ask you how are they goin' to keep him down on the farm? See if he doesn't bob up with Brooklyn next year.

Speaking of Reading, there's a lad doing a lot of catching down there named Manuel Onis. He's a Spanish-American from Ybor City in Tampa, Florida, and he was discovered by Al Lopez. Like Al, this kid is a bright-eyed, fast-talking señor who knows what's going on at all times even though he does look at the world through a mask. Lopez insists stoutly that Onis right now is as good as he himself—but Lopez is like that. Lopez is strictly a right guy and a booster at heart. And also (and not a word if you please from the Gus Mancuso, Bill Dickey, Jimmy Wilson fans) he's about the best catcher in baseball. Perhaps he's called the turn on Onis. We'll see.

You've never heard of John Aloysius Hassett? You will, my friends, you will. He was captain of the Manhattan College team in 1933. The Yankees plucked him from the rarefied atmosphere of the campus and sent him to Wheeling. He hit .322 for Wheeling, and was picked as the best first baseman in the Middle Atlantic League. In 1934 he moved to Norfolk, where he hit a gaudy .360, helping Norfolk to win its first pennant in a decade. He also set a Piedmont League record for base stealing, snatching fifty-six bags from right under the noses of the bewildered catchers. One day he stole five bases. This year he is with Columbus and doing nicely.

Here's a success story that's half written. Ward Cross was pitching for the Keokuk team in the Mississippi Valley League three years ago. The big, brave St. Louis Cardinals swaggered into town to give the natives a treat. Young Cross was elected to be the sacrificial offering to the Cardinal hitters. But Frisch and Co. couldn't do a thing with the kid's slants. Cross gave them four hits, fanned ten and won by a three-to-one count.

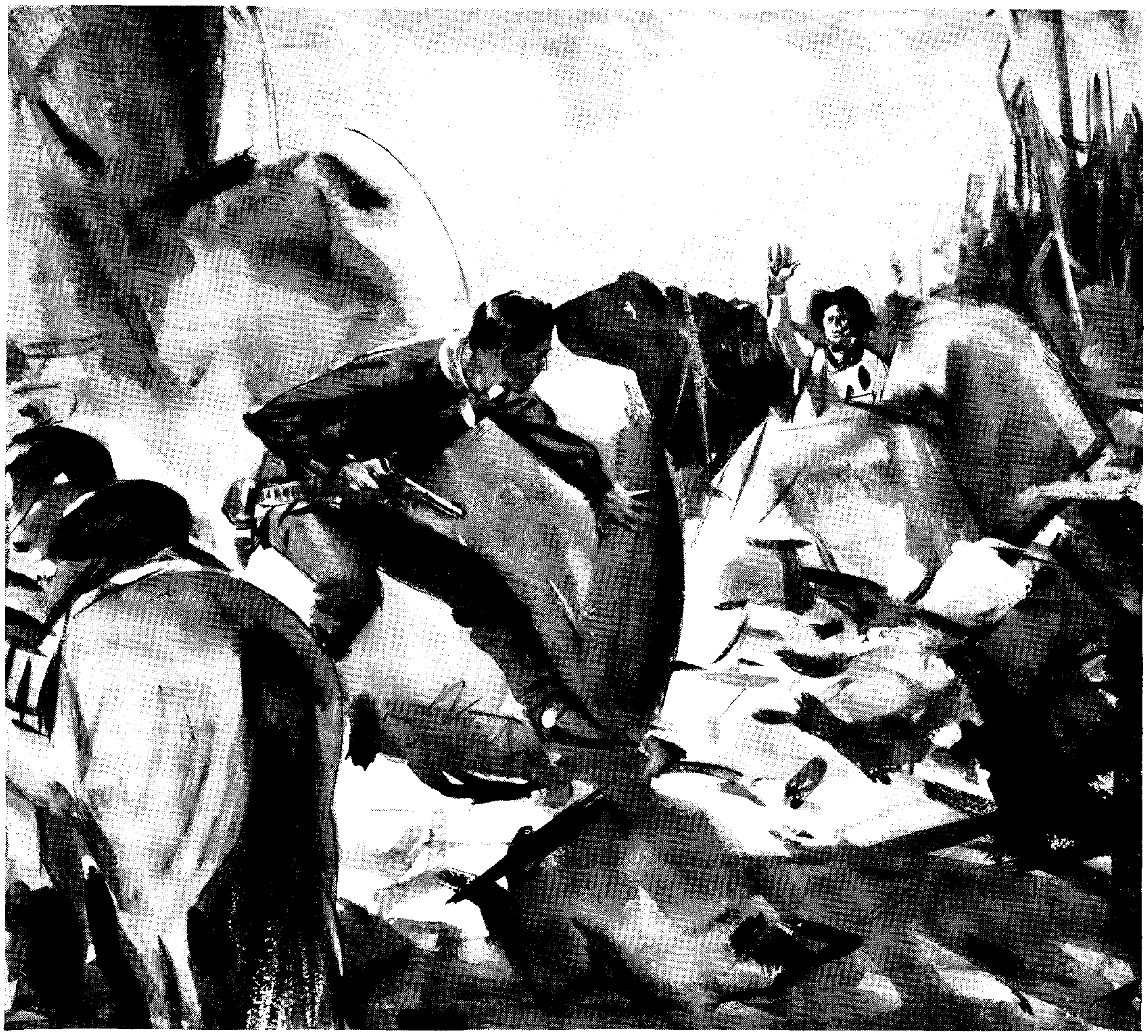
Frisch couldn't wait to borrow a fountain pen to sign the boy up for the Cards. Now he's with Rochester and if he bobs up with St. Louis next year don't say you weren't warned.

And if the name Lyn Watkins is seen in major-league box scores next season don't be too surprised. He is with Nashville and at this writing he is the leading pitcher in the Southern League. At this writing, he has pitched eighty-one innings and has allowed just twenty runs—earned and unearned.

If you were a sailor on the airplane carrier U. S. S. Lexington we wouldn't have to tell you about Howard Mills. Pitching for the Lexington team he once struck out twenty-seven men in one game. In a three-game inter-fleet series he fanned forty-seven batsmen—which was enough for Rogers Hornsby, who has Mills with St. Paul in the American Association now and expects his sailor to come up next year.

Here's another. Billy Evans, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, became interested three years ago in a lad named Albert Milnar who had been pitching for a sand-lot team, and sent him to Zanesville. One fine day the Cleveland team dropped into Zanesville for an exhibition and Milnar fanned just eighteen of them. Due for a trial with Cleveland this spring, Milnar developed appendicitis, so his real test has been postponed a year.

The woods and the hills and the farms and the sand lots are full of potential stars. Somewhere in the land there are youngsters who are almost ready to leap brightly into the big-league constellation. Perhaps out of the minor-league grab bag we have been lucky enough to have plucked the names of three or four.



A heavy shout sailed across. "I see you, Sebastian. Let's call this off"

The Silver Desert

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

The Story Thus Far:

ASPIRING to stardom in Hollywood, but in need of a rest, Lily Tennant drops her *film work, leaves Jay Stuart, who is in* love with her, and goes to Reno. There she meets Tom Sebastian, owner of the Barrier Ranch.

A cattle war begins as she arrives. A band of raiders attacks Barrier and kills one of Sebastian's men. Sebastian investigates. Within a few days, he feels reasonably sure that his enemies, including the notorious DePard brothers, Duke and Ben, are directed by a man named Buffalo Galt.

Galt is an interesting character. Because of his great physical strength and daring, men fear him. And women find him irresistible. The identity of his father he can only guess at, for his mother, old "Madame" Belle Gilson, owner of a saloon and rooming-house in the town of Tumpah, has steadfastly declined to tell him.

Introduced to Galt, Lily is amused and amazed at his audacity. He dances with her. Among those dancing are Kit Christopher, one of her oldest friends; Timmy Akin, who is interested in Kit; and Tom Sebastian.

Sebastian is incensed at the fellow's daring to ask for a dance with Lily. A savage fight ensues, without weapons; and Galt receives a sound beating.

Meanwhile, the owner of the Barrier Ranch has been seeing much of Lily; he is, indeed, far more strongly attracted to her than he cares to admit.

Jay Stuart arrives on the scene.

Kit Christopher tells him: "We have to get Lily out of this place!"

IV

RACING northward through a pitblack night, along a road that lifted from the desert into a series of broken hills, Tom explained his haste to Strang.

"Bill Speel and his party were scouting around the Moonstones about dusk when he ran into a bunch driving a couple hundred Barrier cattle straight for the Oregon line. Hell of a brawl there in the dark, he said. But the bunch was six strong and he only had three. So they drove him to cover. Gib McChesney got a bullet in the leg."

"Recognize anybody?"

"Said he heard Duke DePard's voice once."

Matt Strang twisted his long legs uncomfortably under the instrument board; the consistently saturnine expression of his red cheeks strengthened. "So the DePards timed it while we were at the dance, knowin' we couldn't get help up to Camp Four in a hurry. I heard a whisper of that tonight in the schoolhouse. Which was what I wanted to tell you before you tangled with Buffalo."

"The DePards didn't think up this mischief. It was Buffalo, of course."

Matt Strang waggled his head. "Yes. He's aimin' to get you." Then his latent anger burst out: "One of these days I'll stop his dirty mouth!"

Silence fell between them—a silence uneasy with strain and latent irritation. Managing the car through the smoldering blackness of a canyon, Tom knew what lay on his foreman's mind. Buffalo Galt's taunting reference to the unknown father of Charm's baby would be eating into Matt Strang like acid. For, though Matt Strang had never opened his tight, thin lips on the subject, it was as clear as crystal to Tom that this man loved Charm Michelet. It had been evident to Tom Sebastian for more than five years, or since that day when Charm had turned overnight from girl to woman. And when, three years back, a doctor had rushed from Reno to Barrier to squire her baby into the world, Matt Strang had stormed away from the ranch with madness in his hot blood. He had returned a week later, but with something in his eyes Tom sorrowed to see.

All the laughter and fine gaiety had died in Matt Strang during those seven days; and one other thing had died too—that thorough, voiceless understanding which had bound the red-headed foreman and himself together. Nothing remained in Matt now but an unflinching loyalty to Barrier, which was a religion with him. Not even the overwhelming question of the baby's parenthood had yet shaken that. But the thing was always there, and one day, Tom knew, the cancer of doubt would eat its way through the last tissue of Matt's mind. When that day came Matt would turn on him as savagely as any DePard gunman.

THEY ground up Piute grade in second gear, with Tom's thoughts heavily and bitterly remaining on this problem. Nevada was a tolerant state and Barrier, also tolerant, had accepted Charm's baby without question. It was, to the crew, just one of those things that sometimes happen. Not one single soul on the ranch had ever shown Charm less respect; not one friend in the country had mentioned the subject to him. But he knew everyone believed him to be the father of that robust and chuckling youngster. And he knew they believed he hadn't married Charm because marriage would mean admission of a mistake he did not wish to admit. Neither he nor Charm, by the least gesture or intimation, had ever refuted the covert accusation. The secret lay between himself and the proud, still-eyed girl who was chatelaine of Barrier.

At the top of the canyon grade the car resumed its forward run for half a mile, or until its headlights flushed four shanties out of the night. Two haltered ponies and two saddled horses waited by the road. Bill Speel came from the nearest shanty, obviously in a bad frame of mind.

"I couldn't do anything, Tom. We ran plump into 'em and tried to bust up the procession. But they drove us into the rocks and we're lucky not to have lost more blood. I got the boys out there in the rocks yet. Somebody's sniping at us. I don't know if the main gang went off with the beef or what."

"WHAT the hell's the matter with your nerve?" rapped out Matt. Sebastian walked into the nearest cabin, throwing his order behind him: "Saddle the extra ponies, Matt." Gib McChesney, who was no more than a kid, sat with his foot propped across a chair. His trouser leg was cut away and a homemade bandage, soaked red, swathed the lower part of his thigh. He was dead white by the lamplight but he grinned at his boss.

"Sure sorry about this," he apologized.

Sebastian pulled a flask from his hip pocket. "Take a long drag on it. We'll have Bill Speel drive you into Reno."

"Hell with that," objected the youth. "I'm not goin' up to bust up the weddin' party. I can tough 'er out till you fellows see what the shootin's all about."

Sebastian appraised the boy carefully and then he said in a gentle voice, "That's fine, Gib," and turned back into the night. This hit him hard, and this was what the reckless Matt would never understand. Gib McChesney was loyal to the last breath, and loyalty like that deserved more than fool gunplay. He had an obligation here that made rash judgment impossible. Matt had slapped on the saddles. Sebastian swung up beside his foreman and Bill Speel and galloped northward.

"I don't know if it's one man or six bangin' away at us," complained Bill Speel. "Somebody's dug in at the pass and we can't seem to flank the spot." Then he added nervously, "It's darker than the belly of Jonah's whale."

A SOLITARY gunshot echo threaded the night. Sebastian's horse shied and broke its steady stride. Sebastian spurred the nonsense out of the brute and quickened the gait. Matt said in cold anger: "You're a fool, Bill! You let the DePards walk through here like a Fourth of July parade."

"Listen—I won't run the boys into a bunch of lead like that."

"If you're afraid," said Matt bitterly, "you better take a high lope out of this country."

"That's enough, Matt," interposed Tom. They galloped around a descending bend; one more shot burst flat and hard across the night. Sebastian slowed to a walk.

"The boys are in those rocks to your right," said Speel.

"Wait," ordered Sebastian, reining in. Night silence drifted in as a thick and soundless tide, disturbed only by the steady breathing of the ponies. From this point the land rolled downward into a small meadow and rose beyond the meadow to meet the dimmest shadow of rocky hills. The trail crossed the meadow and entered the yonder broken area by a gap not much wider than a wagon road. Around that gap were mounds of decomposed rock fallen from higher peaks in the rear. All this he recalled from memory; it was too dark to see.

A gun spoke again from that location. Tom listened carefully to the echo rolling over the meadow.

"A bluff," said Matt Strang. "One or two of DePard's gang covering the rest of that bunch as they drag our beef away."

"When did you run afoul the DePards, Bill?" asked Tom.

"Hour and a half ago."

"If they're still on the run they can't be more than six miles away. We'll go see what's holding us up. Bill, you stick with the boys. Tell 'em not to fire. If you hear shooting over yonder in a little bit, come ahead. Let's try it, Matt."

"But—" said Bill Speel, and was left alone in the rear, his voice sinking on a plaintive note. Tom and Matt Strang cantered down the incline. The flinty concussion of hoof on rock died out as they hit the softer earth of the meadow. Sebastian bent to touch Matt, bringing his partner down to a walk. A narrow current of air washed through that aperture toward which they aimed, chilling them; a thin crevice in the night shadows showed them the jaws of the yonder trail. Sebastian crowded his pony against Matt. They swung to the right, slowly drifting. They reached the ascending slope and went up quietly, flanking a tall rock pile which, as Sebastian remembered, would allow them to pass into the hill trail without entering that main doorway now guarded by the DePard men. Sebastian dropped his arm, fingers seating themselves around the cold butt of his gun; and at that moment the front feet of his horse hit the loose shale rock and burst quick echoes through the suspended silence.

There was an instant answer from the DePard men. But the tall pile of rock momentarily sheltered Sebastian and Strang as they spurred up and over the incline and went clattering down the shale rock into the trail, to the rear of the DePard men. The DePard men faced about, that fact evidenced by the pale light of their gun muzzles licking the blackness at each shot. There were two of them, Sebastian thought coldly, and charged at them. His shoulder grazed the rock wall of the trail. A spent bullet flung fragments of that rock against his cheeks. He fired at the nearest muzzle flash, and fired again, the sudden impact of Matt's horse throwing off his aim. Matt was a headlong, unsparing fighter in such moments as these. He deliberately jammed Sebastian to one side of the narrow trail and drove by, his gun beating up steady echoes.

BUT there was suddenly nothing on which to pin a shot. The two DePard men faded out of the rocky defile, into the meadow and its surrounding rough sides, the sound of their flight at once drowned out by the Camp Four crew pounding down from the opposite slope. Matt Strang said in his rash, angered voice: "Spread out, you damned idiots and comb this clearing!"

Tom Sebastian's call overrode the orders of his foreman. "Never mind—follow me. Up the trail!" He whipped back into the passageway. Matt hotly protested but his voice fell farther and farther behind. The rest of the Barrier outfit spurred forward in single file, hard on the heels of Sebastian, who followed the trail into the felted gloom of the pines.

All along that route in the hills he had no sight of anything except an occasional patch of starlit sky appearing through the pine tops. He felt but could not see the grade rise to summit and fall away, and then he checked the pace and let his pony coast along the last descending mile into open desert. They had covered, he judged, three miles through the hills. When they reached the flat ground he veered due north and opened the pace. Matt Strang forged abreast.

"We had those two fellows trapped," he complained.

"Red herring dragged across the trail. We're not after red herring, Matt."

"They're behind us and they'll give us grief."

"Going back," said Tom, "we'll have time to spend on that sort of grief. I'm after my cattle."

"I'm after men, not cattle," was Matt's retort.

"That's the difference between you and me," Sebastian observed. He reined in his horse then, bothered by the tangible sensations abroad in the night. Barrier riders collected around him. The rank smell of the ponies' damp hides rose strongly, but the still stronger odors of fresh dust and cattle lay in the air. His eyes swept the forward distance and caught vague shadows swaying against the night's paler backdrop. This, he judged, was no more than a quarter mile ahead; the DePards hadn't gotten far with the beef.

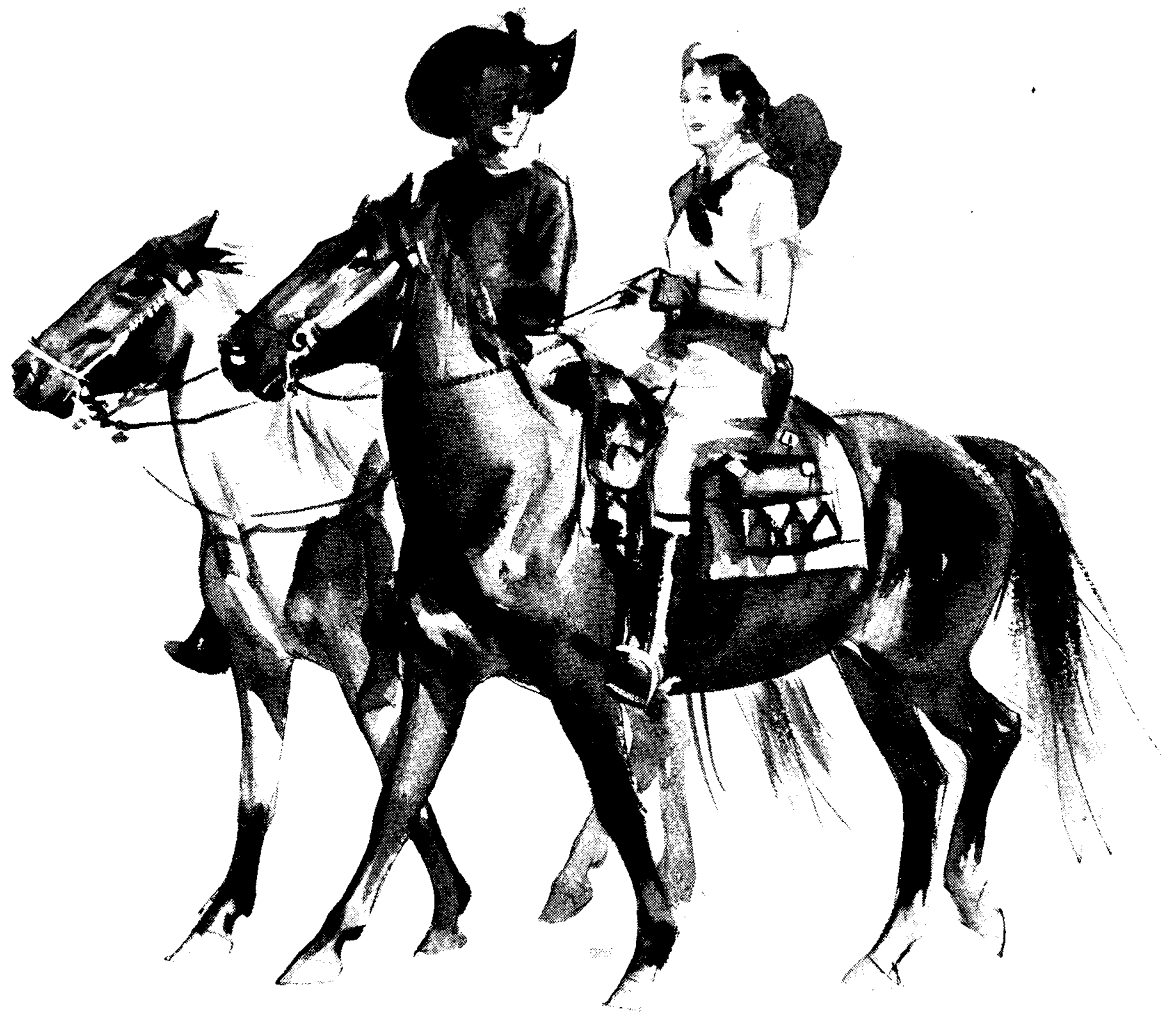
"They're just in front of us," he murmured.

Matt said: "They ain't heard us yet, because of the noise of the beef."

"We'll come up to one side of the beef, drive into it and scatter it. It'll discourage the DePards. They'll run. The less shooting the better. I don't want to read burial service over another man this week."

He cantered away, the crew coming behind. He struck off at an angle with the intention of paralleling and drawing abreast the beef, meanwhile calculating that the outcast shadows of the hills near by would hide his men during the interval. By degrees the outline of the herd became clearer over on the left and now and then he saw a horseman break from the line and gallop backward, keeping the stock in formation. Presently, broadside to the herd and not more than three hundred yards from it, he stopped.

(Continued on page 48)



"I don't think it would be possible to be bored here," she said

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Above: Choosing a melon by smell at Elizabeth Rains' stand

Above left: Name your cheese — Barthold Michels' Son has it

Left: Fresh fish today? Nothing else at Petrosino Bros.' counter

Stop Pinching

By Dorothy Blake

And heft, smell and look instead. That's how to know good fruit and sound, fresh vegetables. The market man will like you better, too

HOW it is with you and your market I don't know, but when I first started going to Washington Market in New York, I had been cooking for my own family several years more than I cared to have mentioned and I thought I knew a squash from a cabbage. I knew that, all right, but what I didn't know was a good squash from a bad one.

Washington Market—and I use it only because I happen to know it best—is something like a church bazaar. The place is huge. The fruits are piled around in pyramids and there are miniature showers popping a fine spray over the vegetables. The meat stands are like meat stands everywhere these days, with a fine display of enameled trays and white tiles. As if that weren't enough, there are booths displaying new foods and kitchen gadgets. They look like something at the county fair, with banners and streamers all around and neat-looking attendants as demonstrators.

That's the practical side, but where the education comes in is from the merchants themselves. If you meet a man like Tony, you're started right. To begin with, he's an artist. He knows how to tier up a pile of oranges and bring out the purple in the Concord grapes and to light up the waxy yellow of a box of lemons by tucking in bits of green paper.

Tony and Charles, Oscar, John, William, Mr. Joe! Until you get to know them you can't tell them apart in their long white market aprons. But Tony is a definite personality and Oscar is almost a prima donna. Oscar dresses the part. The white apron is all right but he adds to it a straw hat which he keeps cocked on the side of his head like Chevalier.

"Now you take asparagus," says Oscar, flicking the brim of his hat nonchalantly. "You take asparagus when she's young and fresh and the heads'll be nice and firm and the scales, along the stalks, stick tight and close. She has a kind of smell like when you first cut the lawn in the spring. But let her get old, or picked too long and them heads dry up on you—or else go soft. There's long sort of wrinkles running down the sides and the scales poke out like a kid's ears and sometimes the smell, I don't mind telling you, is something fierce!"

I wander on to Tony's stand.

"Nice, extra fancy, California cherry today?" smiles Tony. "So beeg, so red, so juicy and ripe—so sweet like my little Rosina!" It was Tony who taught me to follow my nose, as well as my eyes, when it comes to fruit buying. "The flower end of a melon smells so sweet like a flower when she is ripe. And pineapple—like perfume of heavens. If pineapple do not smell good—she is no good! Ladies pull leaves, they pinch, they poke—but they do not smell!"

But with grapefruit and oranges and lemons there is something more, according to my friend Charles. "You got to heft them. Juice is what you're after and it's the juice that weighs heavy. Some of them big, fine-looking ones is just like politicians—full of hot air and promises they don't never make good."

Nothing Fishy

I pick up an ear of corn and trail its cool silk over the back of my hand—"Coming in now from upstate," says Charles, "and maybe you think I don't have to know where it's from. Women ask why this and why that and why the universe. In this business you have to be a Luther Burbank and a philosopher—and a darned good cook! 'Pick your corn with the husks green and damp-looking,' I says. 'Pick it when the silk is getting a little on the brunette side—but not dry and frizzled up like a man's beard. Then you put about a half cup of milk in the boiling water and hold off on the salt—and cook her gentle. Then you got corn! But some will buy the biggest ears they can find and then come back and kick because it was tough."

I love to buy fish from Mr. Joe. He has such a hearty way with him. He holds a mackerel upright by its head—tail flipping perkily from left to right—body rigid.

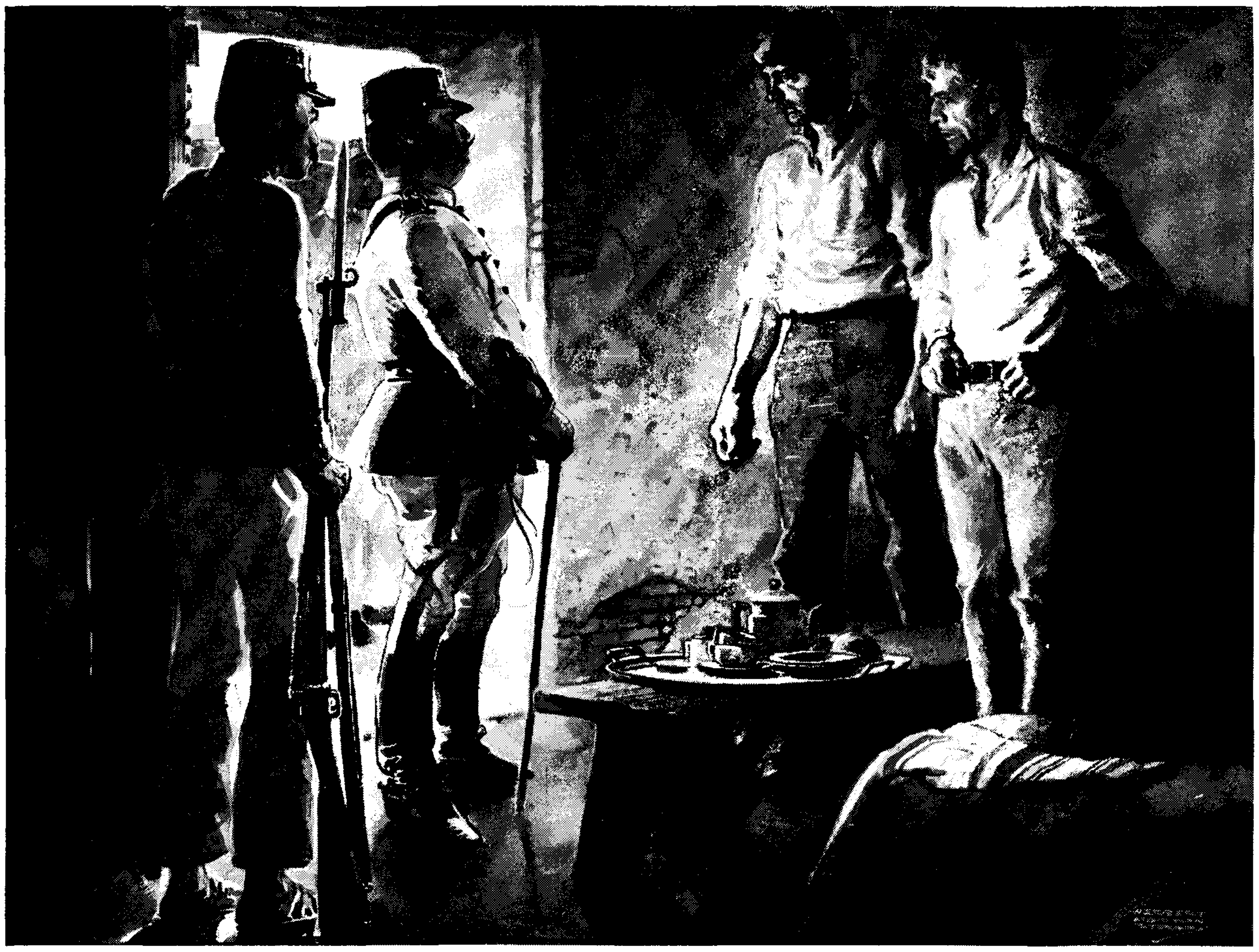
"Sure sign of a fresh fish. When they get stale they get floppy. Always hold them straight up by the tail or the head—as you've a mind to—and you can tell in a minute. Wouldn't advise it if you was buying a whale or a whole halibut maybe — but nobody would anyway. Lady come here to my stand the other day and she said to me, 'Your fish don't smell fishy to me—is it all fresh?' 'A fresh egg don't taste or smell eggy, Madam,' I says to her. 'The less smell a fish has got the better for all concerned.' She got kind of mad—but she got over it. Came back the next day with two friends and began telling them about looking for eyes in a fish that was round and bright and not sunk in. Told them, like she was making a speech, how a fish should ought to be bright-colored and not fady-looking and the flesh good and firm when you poke it with your finger. Held up one by its tail even and told them how a fish shouldn't never smell real fishy—I near bust out laughin' listenin' to her. Every one of them things she learned off me."

(Continued on page 34)

"MISCHIEF? —HE INVENTED IT!"

SHOWING the snapshots is an important part of being a father. Saving them is an important part of being a mother. . . . Don't take chances with your precious snapshots. Your camera is a better performer when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. It gets the most out of the scene, the faces, the days. Play safe. Use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want
Tomorrow–you must take Today



The general bowed. "You must decide between you which one it shall be"

The General's Orders

By Gregorio Somers

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

One of them had to die. But which? That is the question two Americans are forced to decide for themselves

A COTTON-JACKETED sentry paced back and forth in front of the little concrete jail of San Jacinto. He had paced faithfully all night with no sleep at all. Was he not a member of General Espina's loyal army? He was. So he did not sleep. But when the quick tropical sunrise filled the plaza with reddish light, he leaned his rifle against the wall of the jail and peered through the barred window. Yes, the Americans were still asleep. Brave men, those prisoners!

The light grew strong and yellow. Curley Laurence woke with a smile on his face. He always woke up smiling. He sprang to his feet.

"Wake up, Horse, you old crab," he shouted gayly. "It's morning. Let's go."

Horse Weston opened his eyes and sat up.

"Where do you think you're going, little sunshine?" he growled. "We're in jail."

Curley sat down on a bench. "Gosh! that's a fact. I clean forgot. We're in a mess. What can we do about it?"

"We can't do *nothing* about it. They got us. Our goose was cooked when I landed the plane right smack in front of that machine gun."

"You couldn't help it," said Curley forgivingly. "The engine died. You had to land someplace."

"I ought to've crashed her and killed us both."

"We're not dead yet."

"Good as dead. They'll shoot us sure. That's what they do to prisoners around here."

"Maybe they'll let us join up," said Curley hopefully. "Espina's got our ship now. He'll want pilots."

"Not a chance. He don't take deserters or double-crossers. He's nuts on loyalty."

IT WAS pretty light by now. The plaza was full of sun. From the other side of the dusty square a small parade approached—a natty young officer, three heavily armed soldiers, and a Negro cook with a huge tray of food. One of the soldiers unbarred the jail door. The cook entered and set the tray on a bench. The officer followed and bowed politely to Curley and Horse.

"This is your breakfast, Gentlemen Americans," he said formally. "It comes from the kitchen of General Espina. Soon the general himself will have the honor of calling upon you."

It was a nice little speech—most correct. Curley rose to the spirit of the occasion.

"A thousand thanks, *Capitán*," he said in meticulous Spanish. "Send our best wishes to the general and tell him that we shall be at home all the morning."

Then he smiled. The officer smiled. The soldiers laughed uproariously. The cook laughed and slapped his thigh. The sunny plaza rang with laughter.

This small joke spread by degrees all over San Jacinto. Finally it reached the breakfast table of General Espina, and the general laughed, too. Then his face grew a trifle sad.

"They are brave soldiers," he said. . . .

It was an excellent breakfast the general had sent to the jail.

"Just like Sing Sing," said Horse after the third cup of strong, black coffee. "Just like the last meal in the death house. They're getting pretty civilized around these parts."

Curley shrugged his shoulders.

DUSTY cars raced through the plaza. A squad of civilians stretched telephone wires. Two soldiers unloaded boxes of machine-gun ammunition from a truck and piled them in neat stacks. That was all. General Espina was approaching the crisis of a long, successful and extremely bitter campaign, but he hated excitement and waste motion.

When the general finished his breakfast, he talked for half an hour over the field telephone. Then he got up. He was a man of about forty-five, short, stocky, utterly self-confident. He was dressed in an English-tailored uniform. He wore three automatic pistols in his belt, and he carried a cane of reddish *cacique carré*. Some of his humbler followers maintained that this magic wood caused the bullets to pass right through the general without hurting him. The general encouraged such beliefs, but did not share them. "Loyalty and machine guns," he was wont to say, "those are the secrets of success."

"Now," he announced to the staff officers, "we shall visit the Americans."

GENERAL ESPINA was not overbearing or ferocious, but a certain hush preceded him through the dusty streets of San Jacinto. Civilians took to cover. Soldiers snapped to attention.

"Open the door," he ordered the prison guard. The door swung inward. Curley and Horse were ready. They stood side by side and bowed hospitably. The general bowed in return.

"I have come," he said, "to explain my policy."

"We are greatly honored, my General," said Curley.

"Are you familiar," asked the general, "with the recent history of my country?"

"Yes," replied Curley. "It resembles itself."

"Perfectly," agreed the general with an eloquent wave of the hand. "There is always a common feature. I think you Americans have an expression for it. It is *the double-cross*. Am I right?"

"You are entirely right, my General. That is the expression."

"A great pity," said the general seriously. "My country is a small one. It is still rather savage in parts. It must be ruled by a single man, surrounded by loyal supporters. I am the man, and all of my subordinates are loyal."

"You are fortunate," agreed Curley.

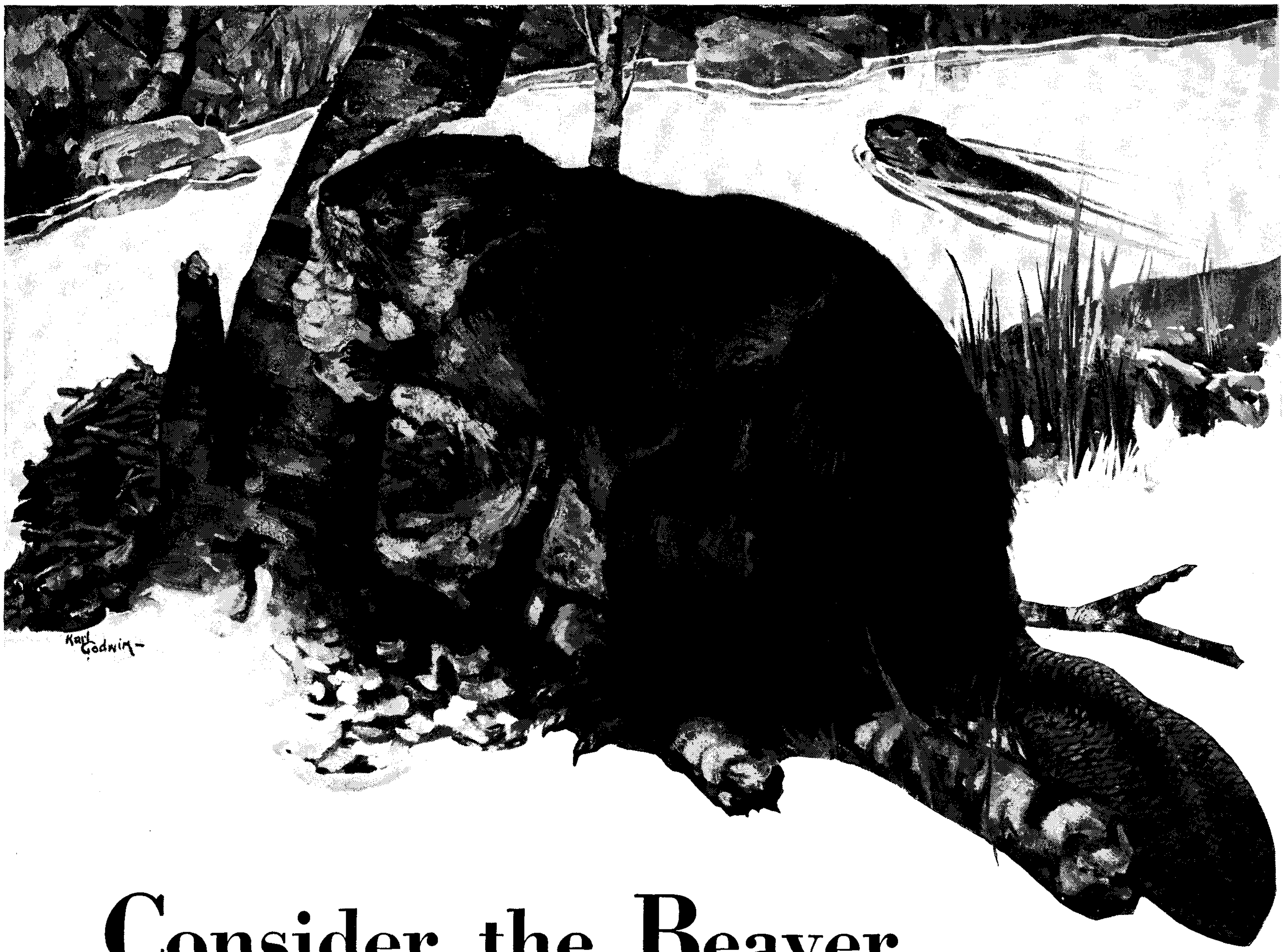
"Tell him he's got the right idea," said Horse.

"My friend agrees with you also," translated Curley.

The general smiled and shrugged.

"So," he said regretfully, "I have no choice. I should like to have you flying your airplane on *my* side. But I cannot break my rule."

(Continued on page 44)



Consider the Beaver

THIS industrious little fellow will dam a river—build two, three, or more rooms according to the size of his family — lay up ample winter provisions to safeguard against hunger—and help his young to build their own homes. This is his method of insuring his own and his family's future.

Man, like the beaver, must look ahead if the future of his family is to be safeguarded. The best the beaver can do is to provide for only a year or so, whereas man can arrange through a program of life insurance for the security of his family and himself for many years to come.

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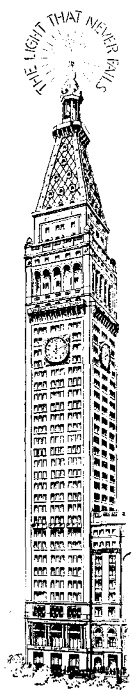
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More Red than Black at Monte Carlo

By T. R. Ybarra

The national army of Monaco is supported by the Casino. So is everything else in the world's tiniest nation. Around the "Society of the Sea Baths and of the Strangers' Club" has grown up a charming kingdom of make-believe, completely innocent of debts and officially innocent of worries. Now the Casino is no longer paying dividends. The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo is named Depression. He had the bad taste to introduce serious considerations into this paradise of unreality

IN MONTE CARLO, metropolis of the Principality of Monaco, the world's littlest nation, and home of the Casino, the world's biggest gambling enterprise, the Monégasques—as the inhabitants are called—like to tell visiting foreigners a little story.

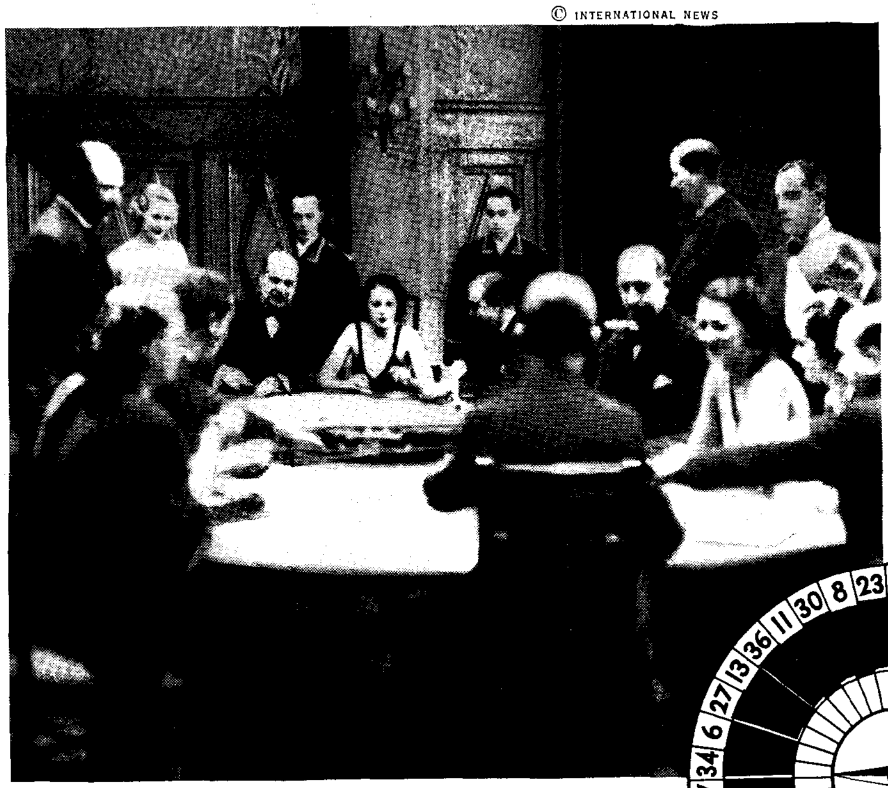
A prominent dignitary, attached to the court of the local prince, was strutting about grandly one day, wearing a resplendent uniform, on which were pinned thirty-six medals. "How did you get them?" he was respectfully asked.

"I won them," he replied proudly. Then he deigned to explain:

"A few days ago I went to the Casino. I lost all my money at roulette. I had nothing left but a medal. I put it on a number. The number came up. I was entitled to thirty-five times my stake, plus the stake itself. So I am wearing my winnings."

And, proudly fingering his thirty-six decorations, he strutted away.

Improbable? Of course. Impossible? Certainly. That story has the true Monte Carlo touch. Nobody really imbued with the spirit of the town wants to hear anything that sounds probable or do anything that seems sensible. Improbability—impossibility—unreality—these are the very essence of the place.



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The Sporting Club, one of the gaming rooms of the Casino at Monte Carlo

Monte Carlo is unique. It just doesn't make sense. It doesn't touch real life at any point. There is nothing like it anywhere. Most of those who visit it are lured by its renowned gambling-rooms; but others, more discriminating, go there in an attempt to escape from reality. And now that Monte Carlo is in the financial doldrums to such an extent that its uniqueness and even its continued existence as a leading pleasure resort are seriously menaced, these enemies of cold facts are steeped in gentle melancholy.

Here you have a town, with the coloring of a rainbow and the substance of a dream, crowded, with two other little towns, onto a thin strip of land wedged between the waters of the Mediterranean Sea and the mountain wall of the French Maritime Alps. Its total population is about 22,000. You can walk the length of it in an hour. You can walk across it in spots in five minutes.

Yet that strip, with its three little towns—Monte Carlo, Monaco and La Condamine—constitutes the principality of Monaco, one of the sovereign states of Europe, a nation officially as independent as its big western neighbor, France, or its big eastern neighbor, Italy. In the palace of Monaco, the princely dynasty of the Grimaldis, lords paramount of this littlest of the world's nations, has its court, and signs treaties with other reigning sovereigns, and allies itself in marriage with the scions of haughty European royalty—who, the Grimaldis think, are no better than themselves. And dominating Monte Carlo, metropolis of the Monégasques, is that fantastically unreal dream structure founded by François Blanc, the Wizard of Roulette, out of whose profits the Grimaldis have for years drawn the bulk of their revenues.

"Just a new-rich dynasty created from the spoils of a gambling-house!" you remark scornfully. But there you are mistaken.

The Grimaldis, the most unreal thing in their unreal principality, have been its supreme rulers for hundreds of years. In the thirteenth century a member of the family, a fugitive rebel from Genoa, got a foothold on the rock of Monaco. One hundred and fifty years later his descendants were firmly established there, defying all comers from behind strong battlements. And, since then, for five full centuries, they have asserted their independence from every powerful neighbor—the militant republic of Genoa, the puissant Dukes of Milan and of Provence, the mighty kings of Spain and of France. Now and then some intruder, infinitely stronger than the Grimaldis, has wrested from them the Rock of Monaco; but always they have managed to get it back.

And when, in the sixties of last century, they found their purse empty, they turned to Wizard Blanc—at that time proprietor of a highly profitable gambling enterprise in Germany—and signed with him the contract that was destined to bring to their diminutive realm a brand of renown entirely its own, and to themselves riches so huge that at times they must have thought them—like everything else in their domain—an illusion from the land of dreams.

A Taxpayers' Paradise

By the terms of that contract the company operating the roulette wheels and baccarat tables and trente-et-quarante apparatus of the Monte Carlo Casino was not merely obligated to turn over a substantial part of its earnings to the Prince of Monaco. It had also to pay for his army of ninety men, pave and light the streets of his three little towns, provide them with water, run their post-office department, and do several other odd chores which, to governments elsewhere, are only too likely to cause headaches and deficits. Moreover, the prince had so much money left over, during the years when Blanc and his successors were pouring gold into his treasury, that he graciously refrained from collecting any taxes from his subjects, leaving the latter—who were already exempt from obligatory military service in the Monégasque or any other army—free to bask in the Mediterranean sunshine and cheer loudly for the ruler of this Paradise of Unreality.

But evil days have fallen upon his diminutive principality. The gambling Casino at Monte Carlo, fountainhead in the past both of its wealth and of the unreality surrounding everything in it, is having a hard time. And when times are hard with the Casino they are hard

(Continued on page 56)

Below, Prince Louis, ruler of Monaco, and one of the members of his diminutive army

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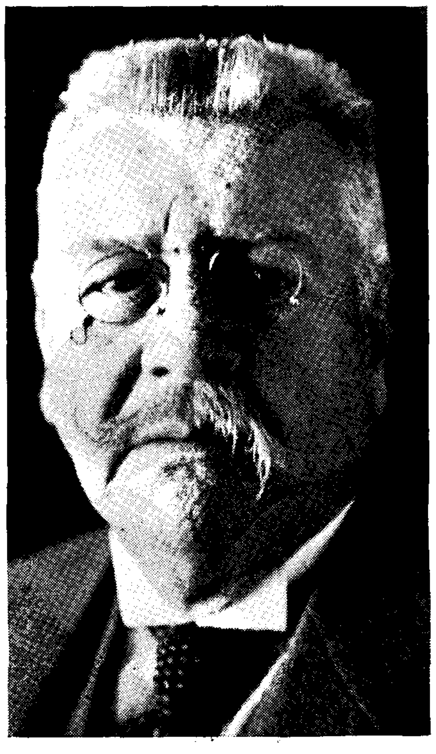
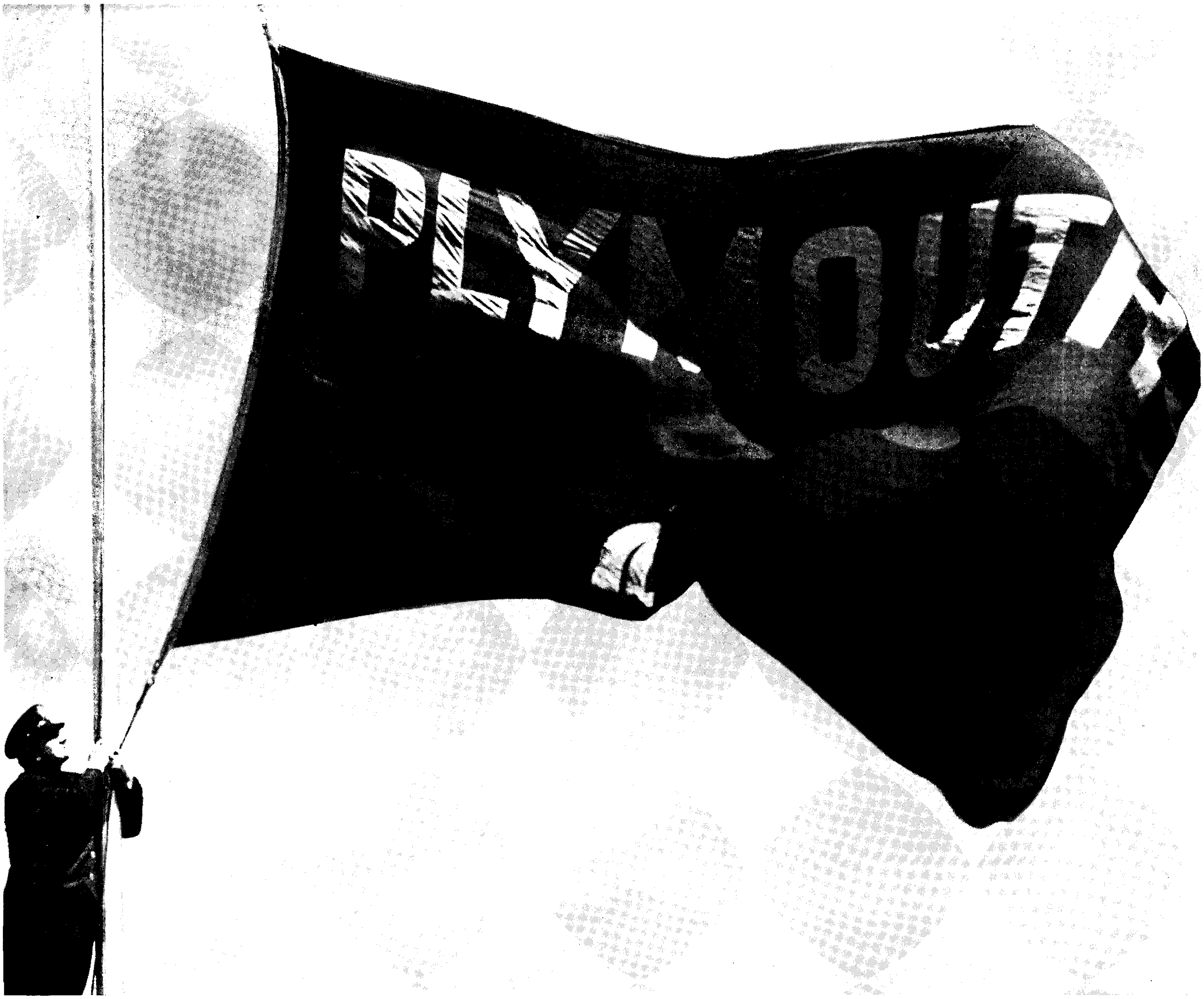


WIDE WORLD



The Rise of Plymouth

This story has the most exciting first chapter in automobile annals. And this is still the *first* chapter . . . because the story started only seven years ago.

America first heard of Plymouth in the middle of 1928. Immediate demand was so great that a huge new plant had to be erected and equipped *that fall.*

That first half-year, one Plymouth was sold for each 51 of the two leading low-priced cars. Within three years, Plymouth sales were *one to twelve.*

In less than six years a million Plymouths were sold. (It took Plymouth's two competitors *nine* years and *twelve* years, respectively, to reach the million mark.)

This year? One Plymouth sold for each *four* of the other leading low-priced cars. And for the seventh consecutive year Plymouth sales have gained.

In the vast plant over which Plymouth's flag flies, a city of workers are busy and three new Plymouths a minute reach completion . . . to meet demand today.

Seven short years!—this industry has seen nothing like it. Only a *great* car could win such success! That's right. That's what America finds in Plymouth!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Conquering Heroine

Continued from page 10

She rose from her dressing table with a last deft poke at her hair; opened her door and went out into the upper hall.

There he was: grinning at her through the uprights of the guard rail; hair sun-bleached and wind-dried, cut in a sandy, short crop. A grin on his wide, clean mouth.

"Hi, Pinky!" he said.

Pinky shot him a high-tension look.

"Hello, Tilden," she said. "I suppose you're all blown up."

"A little," he admitted. "It was tough going, all right. Tell you all about it later. Meantime, come down and say hello to Jo Parmenter."

"Coming."

She turned around the newel post and started down. Only a faint light glowing in her eyes betrayed her eagerness.

A strange young lady in a polo coat stood before the mirror in the hall. She was arranging a mop of tumbled black hair, much disarrayed. Her body was compact and efficient-looking. Her skin was a weatherish, walnut brown.

"Pinky," Skipe said, "this is Jo Parmenter; Pinky Batchelder, Jo."

"I knew it, I knew it, I knew it," her mind was saying, while she ground her teeth to be calm. "Wasn't I dumb to fool myself. I *knew* it was a girl all along!" She felt Jo Parmenter's eyes upon her, and advanced in greeting. No matter how hard her heart was pounding, the greeting would have warmed the soul of a visiting fireman. Pinky could carry things off—when she chose.

"Why," said Jo Parmenter, with a flashing smile, "you're just the sweet little thing that Skipe described."

PINKY inwardly flinched; but her smile didn't waver. How she loathed the term "little," when he applied to herself!

Skipe said: "Jo and I teamed up in the mixed doubles at Seabright. Reached the semi-finals, too. We're trying again at Manchester next week. Jo has the swellest lady's backhand I ever saw. She's a wow! I thought if she spent the week end up here, we could talk our game out, and get some practice."

"Lovely," said Pinky, "the villagers will be thrilled."

"Do you play tennis?" Jo Parmenter asked.

"Some. Not too much, though. I don't like getting muscular; particularly knotted calves, do you? Or perhaps you don't have them."

That told. The Parmenter person's eyes flickered.

"It depends. Some men *do* prefer the mush-mush type of girl."

"Especially under a moon," agreed Pinky, blandly innocent.

"Can you sleep Jo here?" asked Skipe, oblivious of the veiled conflict. "Oh, yes! And scare up a dress for her? We rushed her off, you see, and she hadn't anything for the evening."

"Of course," said Pinky quickly. She turned to Jo Parmenter. "What do you look well in, dear? I have an organdy you can have."

"Too girlish, darling. Something of your sister's would do better, if she's willing."

"Oh," said Pinky with vast reassurance, "I'm sure she'll be. And Sue's more the matronly type. Very few people can wear my clothes. Skipe, take Jo's things up to Mother's room. I'll send Sue up to make her at home. Goodby, for now. Must go."

Pinky stepped out on the porch.

"Hello," she said to Sid, who was much engrossed in Sue. "May I borrow your car, Sid? Some errands to do in the village."

"Sure, kid." He tossed her the keys, and grinned. "How are you? Pretty proud of the lad, I expect?"

Pinky looked bored.

She said: "Sue, tell Maggie to take towels and things to Miss Parmenter, will you, dear? You might go up yourself and make her feel at home. *You're* the hostess, you know. And you might get Daddy's clubs and bells for her. She may want a workout before dinner is served."

THE wrath she had suppressed while with the others, she vented, at last, in Sid's car.

"I will *not*," she said, to the long bonnet cleaving the air before her. "I will not sit around and listen to those two talk tennis all night tonight. I'll *die* before I will."

Darn! She recalled her vision of the afternoon: she with two men. Pinky laughed a short, dramatic laugh. It would be Skipe with two girls. What irony!

"Not a bad shot, that guy!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Ah, yes; she was a person apart; a lonely soul like . . . like . . . Winslow Pierce! Winslow Pierce! The car jumped uncertainly under her nervous foot. An idea. . . .

She slewed the phaeton about and headed for the town; trumpeting her way down Wharf Street, and pulled to a stop, with accompanying protests of tortured rubber, in front of the telegraph office. There, lolling by his bike as she had hoped, was the messenger boy. Pinky cut the motor and gave him a very special smile.

"Hello!" she said brightly.

The lad's eyes took in the phaeton and came to rest in Pinky's. He touched the brim of his cap uncertainly; she watched him drown in her smile.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Charley."

"Well, look, Charley: do you like ice cream sodas?"

"Yuh," he said. "Chocolate—I mean strawb'ry."

"Come over to the drugstore with me," commanded Pinky.

"Oh, Mr. Meecham," she said to the druggist when they had stepped inside, "will you advance me two dollars on my mother's account to buy some things she wants with?"

"No need to do that, Pinky," said Mr. Meecham. "Just go ahead, I'll charge 'em."

"Oh, no. I must have the money. I run a budget, you see."

Mr. Meecham very likely didn't see; but the years had taught him not to attempt understanding of the younger set's economics. He rang up a no-sale, and gave Pinky two dollar bills.

"First," said Pinky, "we'll have a chocolate and strawberry soda." She led Charley to a table in the back of the store. "They're both for you," she informed him. "Now, you listen to me, Charley; there's something I want you to do this evening. . . ."

"PIN-KEE!"—this from the lower hall at a quarter to eight.

Pinky smiled and glanced at the clock. Good old Charley! Right on time.

"What is it, Sue?" Pinky called.

A note of perplexity sounded in Sue's voice.

"There's a telegram for you."

Pinky rose from her bed and went out into the hall.

"Read it to me, will you, Sue?" asked Pinky in a world-weary manner. "I'm not dressed yet. I can't possibly come down."

She heard the nervous crackle of paper being torn. Were things clicking the way she wanted them to! Everyone in the house was going to hear this. Skipe and Sid on the porch. Jo Parmenter, still in her room. Even Maggie, fussing at the sideboard.

"Pinky!" She heard Sue gasp. "It's from Winslow Pierce!"

"Well?" said Pinky idly. "Read it."

"He says," said Sue, "'Must see you tonight. Meet me without fail. Important, my dear. Winslow Pierce.'"

"Oh, dear," said Pinky, simulating confused distress. "Oh, dear. Tell the boy to wait while I write out an answer."

BACK in her room, she heard Sue coming up the stairs two at a lick. With vast unconcern she applied herself to pencil and paper. Sue entered and stood looking over Pinky's shoulder.

"Why, Pinky Batchelder! What do you mean—Am giving up dance at Beach Club tonight but glad to do it for you. Breakwater. Nine o'clock. Pinky. What *is* this?"

"I told you, didn't I," asked Pinky, folding the message, "that there was something significant—"

"You told me he spoke to you *once* in the—"

Pinky wheeled about in her chair. Her black eyes smoldered. "I don't tell you *everything*," she announced.

"Now, see here—" Sue began.

Pinky stood up; her presence was really quite commanding of respect.

"If you, by any chance," she said in a blue-steel voice, "are trying to start an argument with me, when this house is full of guests, let me tell you that you just . . . can't . . . do it! Winslow—" she nearly choked at the use of his first name alone—"wants to see me. And that's all that matters. You know I'm allowed to make my own dates as long as I'm in by eleven. I shall be. And you shan't ask questions. The boy is waiting, Sue."

Sue stared at this younger sister of hers quite as if she had become a remote enigma, impenetrable in her mystery. She backed slowly toward the door. Pinky knew she had won.

"Thank you," she said, going toward the closet.

Alone again, she pulled out slacks and sweaters, and put on flat-heeled shoes. Just once did she look at Sue's black net on the bed. Just once, with a fleeting sense of panic. Then came the moment of utmost irony; but Pinky had schooled her nerve to meet it. This was to be her last, and most beautiful gesture; though no one so crass as Skipe would ever know. It was an act of pure and brave abnegation.

She sighed; picked up the black net; then with her head held high marched out into the hall and down to Jo Parmenter's room. Once there, she knocked on the door.

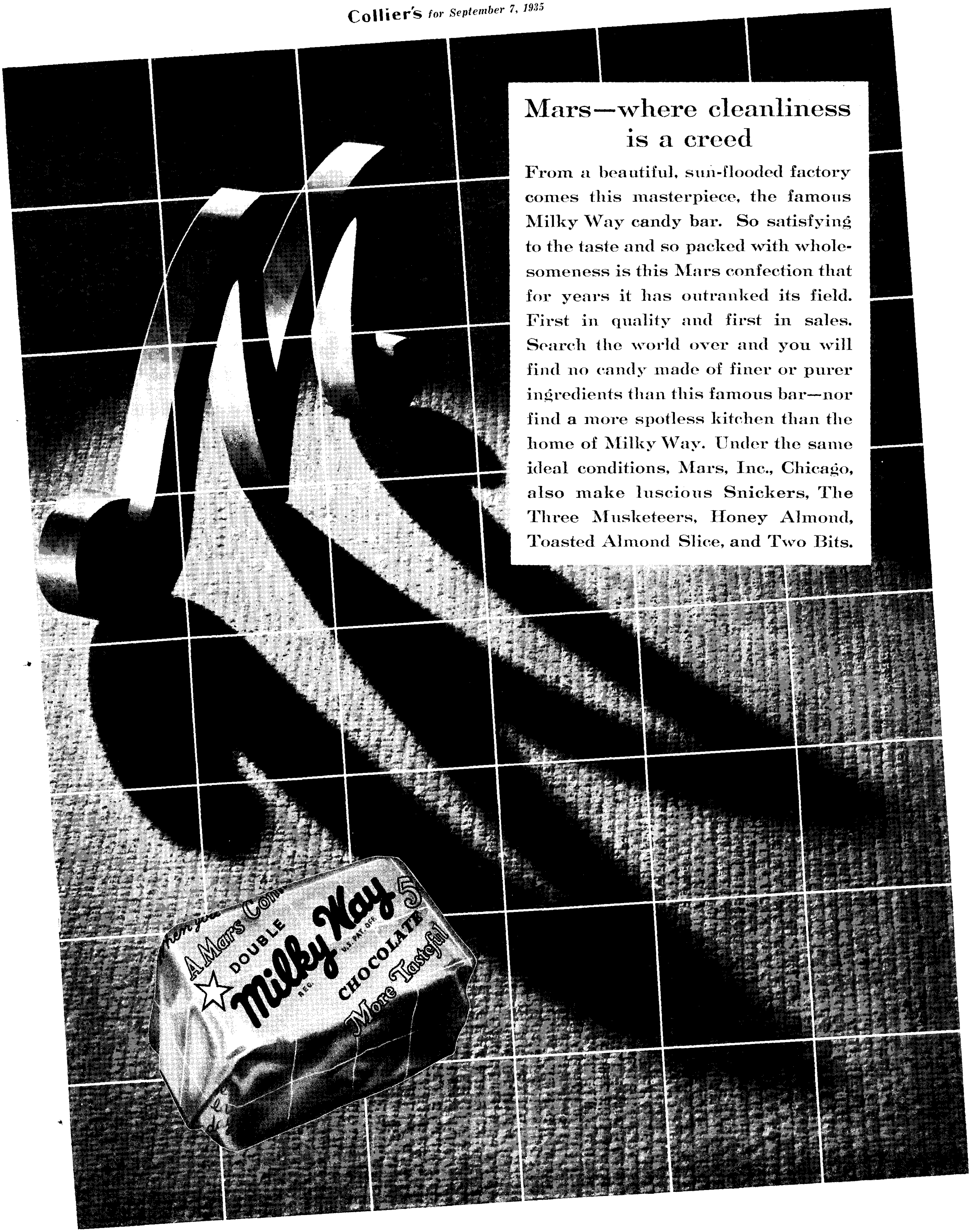
PINKY did not permit herself to face reality until she was alone, an hour later, out on the breakwater. When it came, however, it came with sickening suddenness. And it didn't help much to look at the glow of light across the harbor where the Beach Club lay.

A faint pulse of melody beat through the offshore mists. That would be the Beach Club band. Sue's black net was there; but Jo Parmenter was in it.

"Oh, damn!" said Pinky.

She sought escape from her sadness in fantasy. Laying her head back on pillowed hands, she gave herself to imagining things as they'd be if Winslow Pierce really had sent the wire. The

(*Continued on page* 31)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From a beautiful, sun-flooded factory comes this masterpiece, the famous Milky Way candy bar. So satisfying to the taste and so packed with wholesomeness is this Mars confection that for years it has outranked its field. First in quality and first in sales. Search the world over and you will find no candy made of finer or purer ingredients than this famous bar—nor find a more spotless kitchen than the home of Milky Way. Under the same ideal conditions, Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make luscious Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slice, and Two Bits.

WESTERN UNION

U. S. BUREAU OF STANDARDS
WASHINGTON, D. C.
PLEASE MAIL TODAY COPY OF FEDERAL
SPECIFICATIONS FOR EMERGENCY
GASOLINE STOP

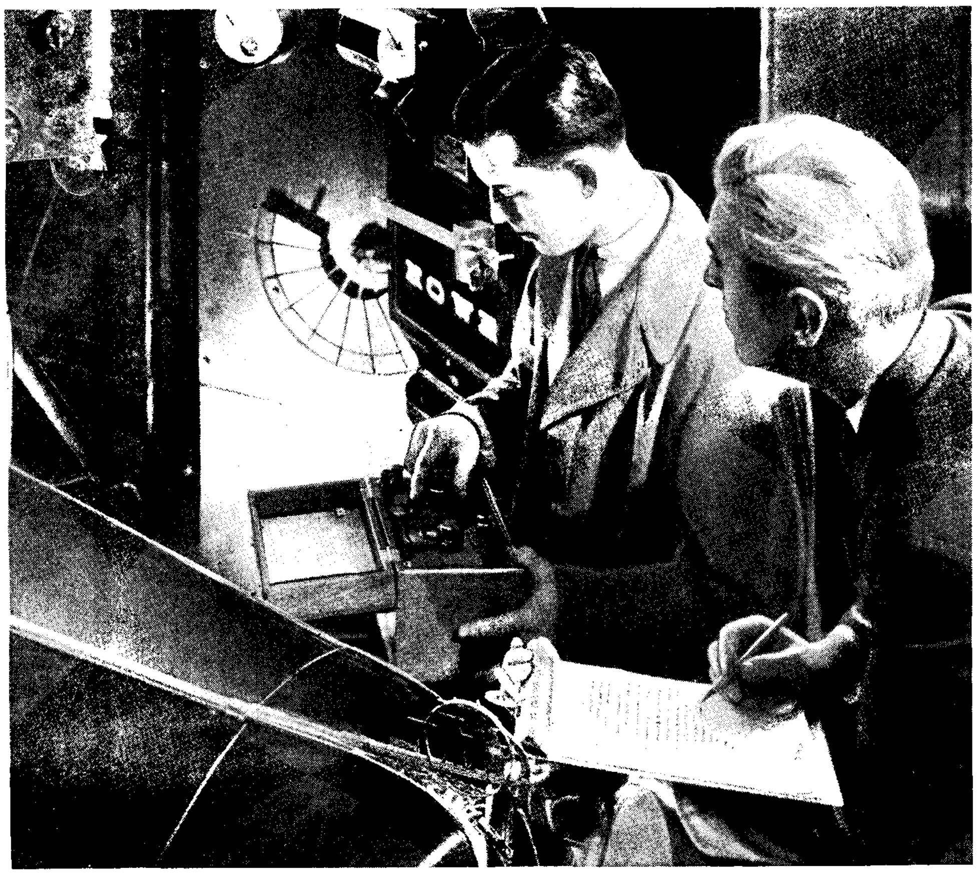
U.S. SAYS NO TO WEAK GASOLINES

The Government buys solely on scientific merits . . . You can too!

It's available to every citizen of the United States . . . this pamphlet which tells what a gasoline must do to be fit for Government service.

It gives the specifications for *emergency* gasoline . . . the gasoline that's used in Government ambulances and fire-engines.

And it's a higher set of specifications than that for use in ordinary Government vehicles!

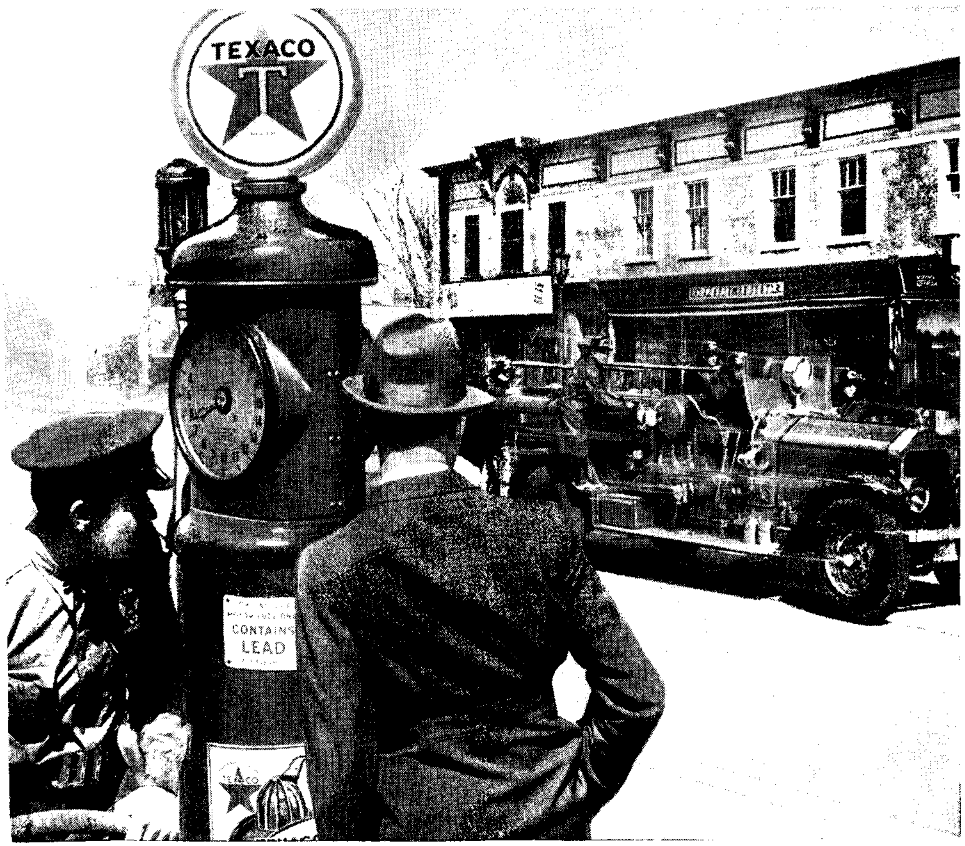


What happens when the gasoline *you* buy is matched against these difficult U. S. Government requirements?

Texaco Fire-Chief takes the test. It meets not only the requirements for ordinary use . . . but the tougher, more exacting requirements for *emergency* duty!

It's mighty satisfying to know that you can buy gasoline as scientifically as the Government.

Try it. Fill up your car with Fire-Chief gasoline . . . and get the additional power that Government buyers specify for ambulances, fire-engines and other fast-moving emergency vehicles.



TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

When you buy at a Texaco pump you get a gasoline that meets the Government's emergency specifications* for fire-engines and ambulances . . . . ***at no extra cost!***

*Federal Specification VV-M-571 for emergency vehicles

Conquering Heroine

Continued from page 28

illusion became quite real: she could almost see his shadow in the waters below her.

"Oh, Winslow," she said aloud, "I did *so* want to go to that dance tonight."

"That's a shame, Pinky," said a voice from directly above her.

Pinky, startled, looked up. There, on a stone above her, stood a tall young man in a white dinner jacket. The glow of a cigarette he held gleamed faintly in reflection on a snowy shirt. She moved quickly, as if to rise. He wasn't real. He was someone come out of the harbor mists.

"Stay there," he pleaded. "I'm coming down."

Transfixed, she watched him descend and sit down beside her. He turned his fine, lean face toward her and slowly smiled.

"Why!" she said, in a small, uncertain voice. "Why! You're Winslow Pierce!"

"Whom else did you expect?" he asked, half serious, half laughing.

"But you've always worn beach shirts and dungarees! And you knew my name!"—a horrible fear was clutching at her heart.

"Of course! You signed the message, didn't you?"

"Oh!" Pinky's face went scarlet; she was thankful for the dim light of the moon. "Oh! That *idiot!* I bought him two sodas, too. He told me over and over that he had it right; that he'd tear up the—"

"But he did have it right, Pinky."

"Oh, no! Oh, Mr. Pierce, I'll never—"

"What's the matter, Pinky? Don't you want to go to the dance?"

"Me! Go to the dance with *you!* Why, I thought you never did things like that."

"I've never been asked before—like that."

"But you didn't know who I was—"

"But I did. You're the girl in the grocery store. I asked the keeper your name as soon as you left."

"THEN there *was*," Pinky exulted, almost to herself. "There *was* something sig—I mean, important about that meeting!"

"There was," he agreed. "There still is. You remind me of something. Just what I'm not sure." He stood up then and offered his hand; Pinky unquestioningly took it. "You come along with me," he said. "I think I can find out what it is. Just around the next sandhill."

They were headed, Pinky realized, as she swished through the sand at his side, toward his shack. How thrilling. But just as they reached it she suddenly remembered her plight. She had nothing, absolutely nothing to wear. The black net was gone. There was only that organdy that Jo Parmenter, and rightly, had designated as girlish.

She stood there by his shack, for a moment, looking up at him, stricken.

"What is it?" he asked.

She looked at the splendid sweep of his shoulders; his wide and intelligent brow. She'd go anywhere with him, if she had to wear denim. Nothing, not anything, was going to interfere with this. But, oh, for a dress!

"Please?" he said, holding the door open.

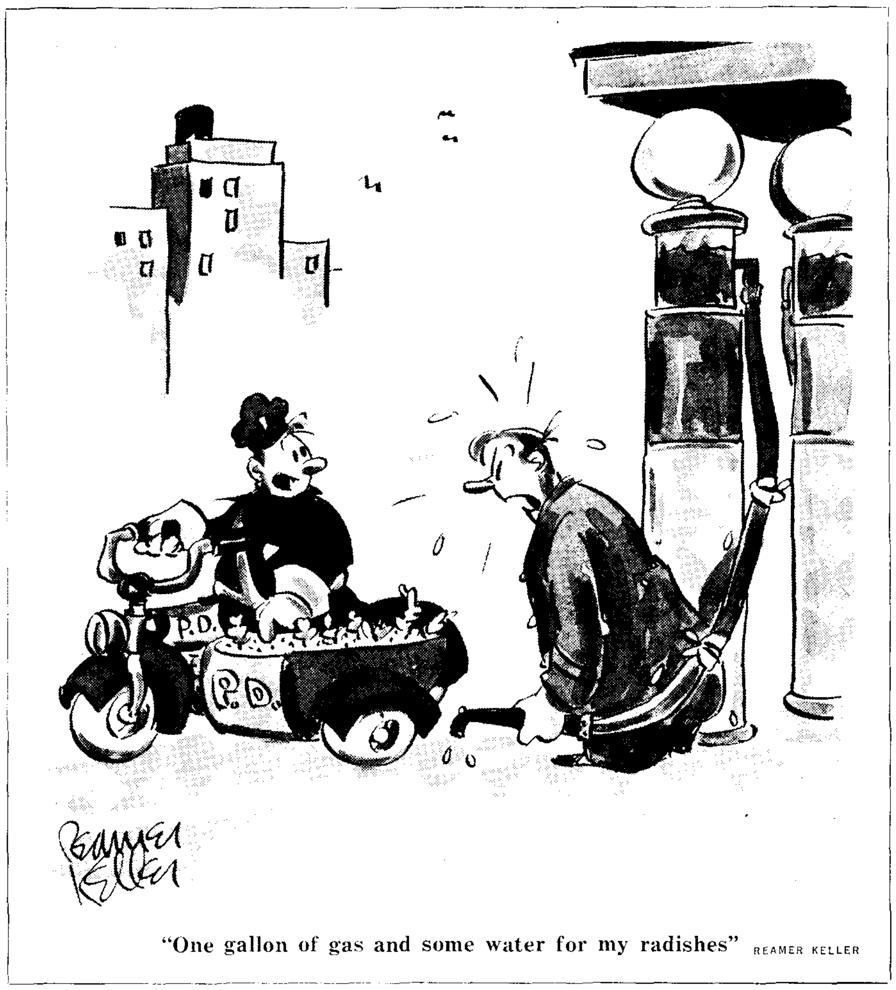
Pinky stepped inside. He came in after her, striking a match which he touched to a kerosene lamp. The shack lit up in a faltering glow, revealing tumbled confusion. Winslow Pierce crossed the floor to a battered old trunk and took out a string-bound box.

"Here," he said quietly, placing it on his cot. "I shall be outside smoking. Call me when you're ready."

Pinky waited a moment, standing wide-eyed in the flickering gloom. Then she went to the box and opened it, with fingers that trembled. She unfolded layers of fragile paper and carefully swept them aside. There, beneath them, was a sheen of midnight blue, and a pair of sparkling slippers. Her hands picked up, and thrilled to, a velvet whose luxury she had only dreamed of. Its texture caressed her fingertips with an intoxicating touch. Soft beauty lay in its lambent depths.

She drew it from the box and held it against her young breast. Then she edged toward the only glass. Cracked though the mirror was, and musty, it revealed a girl whom she did not know. A new girl. A woman, almost. It fell to the floor in long and lovely lines. Pinky laid it down and began to loosen her clothing.

. . . A few last touches at her hair, a moistened fingertip along a brow. . . .



"One gallon of gas and some water for my radishes" REAMER KELLER

"I'm ready," she called at last.

She turned when the door opened and faced Winslow Pierce. She knew at once that he was pleased, and that she was very lovely.

"It lives once more," he cried in an exultant voice. "You bring it to life, my dear, and now I know who you are. I was right. You are Claire all over again at the same age! And as lovely—almost."

"Claire?"

"Yes." Suddenly his manner grew profound: "Lovely Lady," he said, bowing absurdly low, "the coach awaits at the high road. On to the Beach Club!"

"Coach?"

"AH, YES. Tell me: have you ever ridden on the handlebars of a coach? No? I can see by your expression that you haven't. Good! A new experience awaits you. Come!"

She followed him out into the dark and along a walk of planks to the road, where, by a scrub pine, she saw a bicycle awaiting. He wheeled it out.

"In this?" she protested. "On that?"

"Why not? Did you bring your clothes? Good, they will serve as a seat." He mounted the saddle and balanced the machine with a foot on either side; then he held out his hand.

"Why not?" he asked again, as she still hesitated.

Well, after all, why not?

"Aye, Lady Pinky!" cried he, and shoved off.

"Tell me," she said, as they flashed by the postoffice, "who is Claire?"

"My wife. As I said, you are very much like her."

"Where is she now?" asked Pinky, marveling at her own boldness.

"Majorca. She went there after we parted. That was in Vienna. Right after I wrote The Lady in Velvet."

"Oh."

"One of those silly things," he went on, as if he were anxious to tell someone of it. "Both young, and both terribly sensitive. I've almost forgotten what brought it on. I think it was something about the way my eggs were done at breakfast. I was a brute, no doubt."

"Oh, no," Pinky protested.

"Oh, yes; I'm afraid so. Then, almost before we knew it, there was an ocean between us. It's been that way ever since."

"You never hear from her?"

"Just once. I wrote, you see, and asked if I might have the gown and slippers. That was what she wore the first time I ever saw her. That was what caused me to write the ode."

"Didn't you ever say you were sorry about things?" asked Pinky. "Or didn't *she?*"

He stopped the bicycle and shook his head. They dismounted. Pinky turned to face him.

"Look," she said, a world of earnestness in her lovely young face, "even at my age, I know that that is just plain stupid. Why, Skipe and I are often that way, but we both say we're sorry, finally."

"Skipe?"

"Yes; he's my— Never mind. Where was it you said your wife was?"

"Majorca."

They were halfway up the steps; from within came the sound of music, and figures flashed by the window lights. They neither heard nor saw. They were too much engrossed in conversation.

"Look!" Pinky said imperiously, "go up on the porch there. That's right. Now turn around. See, look down here. Know who I am? I'm your wife. I'm Claire on the dock at Majorca. You're on the boat and it's about to tie up. You cabled me you were coming. That's why I'm here. And I know that as soon as you land, everything will be all right. Because," her voice tumbled on in her eagerness, "because you're going to say something to me that will pay for the hurt I've had, and the sadness. It won't be a fancy speech. It doesn't have to be that. See? There goes the gangplank. What are you going to say, huh?"

Winslow Pierce looked down at her, standing in the moonlight at the foot of the steps.

"Darling," he said, with no little feeling in his voice, "I've been a brute. Forgive me!"

Somehow Pinky found herself in his arms, with her face tipped up to his. They hovered on the verge of a kiss. Perhaps they *might* have kissed, had not a voice interrupted.

"Hey!" it said, in a note of anger. "What you been doing to her, that you have to ask her to forgive you?"

PINKY wheeled toward the clubhouse and gasped; it was Skipe! He came down with purpose in his eyes.

"Skipe, wait!" she cried. "This is Winslow Pierce, and I'm his wife, meeting him on the dock at Majorca."

"Sure," said Skipe still walking toward Pinky's companion. "And I'm John Barrymore looking for Minnie the Moocher. We're going to Coney Island together."

Pinky stamped her foot.

"Skipe Albro!" she cried with such violence that even Skipe had to stop. "You're just jealous," Pinky accused.

Skipe turned his anger to Pinky.

"Jealous," he chided. "Say, how about you this afternoon? How did you act, I ask you? Think I'm blind?"

Pinky's eyes dropped. For just a minute she fought with herself.

"All right," she said at last. "I admit it. And I'm sorry. There. Now shake hands with Mr. Pierce, like a gentleman."

"Albro," Winslow Pierce repeated, "you're the tennis player, aren't you?"

Pinky sighed with vast relief. Skipe never would hit him after that. The music began again, sending out its smooth, inviting rhythm.

"Well," said Pinky, "I did come here to dance."

Skipe and Winslow Pierce spoke in unison.

"May I—" they began; then stopped and grinned.

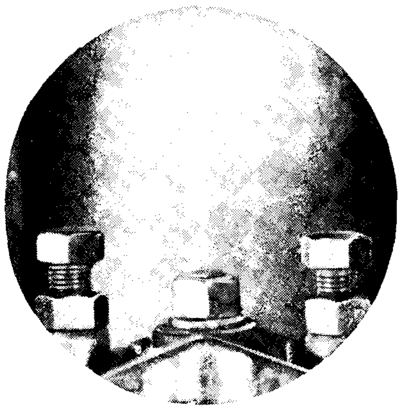
"Toss you for it," said Skipe.

"Right." A coin flashed in the moonlight.

They went up the stairs together and across the porch. Skipe threw open the doors. There they stood for a moment, surveying the scene before them. Everyone looked their way. Pinky forgot that she had a famous poet at her side, and that she wore a gown internationally famous for its beauty. Why shouldn't she? After all, she was only seventeen. One thing she did know, though, and she knew it well: she was Pinky Batchelder, making an entrance with two men—yes, two men; count 'em!—at her side.

CAMERA REVEALS MONEY SAVING FEATURE OF NEW KIND OF MOBILOIL

100 HOURS on ordinary oil clogged valve chamber with gum formed by impurities left in the oil by old-type refining!



AFTER 100 HOURS on new Mobiloil, valve chamber was still clean. No gum-forming elements in this new Mobiloil!

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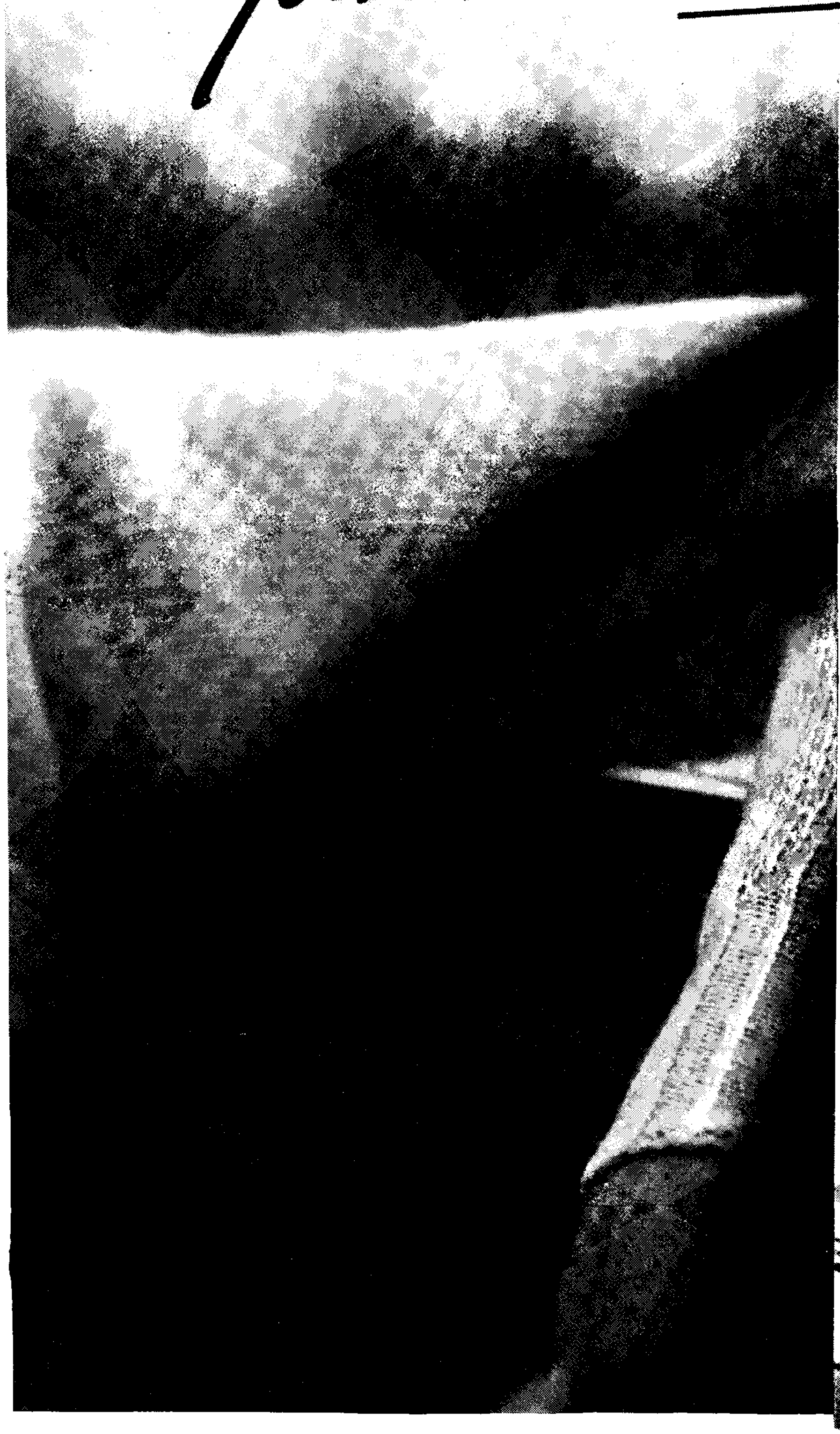

Made by Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process
Cuts oil bills . . . Reduces upkeep expense . . . Improves performance of every Car where it is used

ALL THEIR LIVES, people believed that most oils were about the same . . . something you had to buy for your car . . . a nuisance when you had to do it too often.

Now comes a new Mobiloil . . . *a different kind of lubricant.* It has actually changed the nation's idea of what a motor oil should be!

Real reports from real users all over the country tell the story:

"I'm driving longer, faster," they say, "yet using less oil than ever before."

"Spark plugs keep peppy" . . . "Engine hums a new tune" . . . "Is smoother, quieter at all speeds."

"Less trouble, fewer repairs this Summer" . . . "No overhaul expense" . . . "Car keeping more like new."

Entirely New Refining Discovery

In the entire history of refining, nothing like this has ever before happened . . . *because there has never before been a refining process like the Clearosol Process.*

This famous discovery does what no previous method has accomplished. It *cleanses* crude oils of impurities that have always defied refining!

Exactly how much difference does this make in Mobiloil? Here are the figures from exhaustive scientific tests:

This new Mobiloil registers 98% resistance to consumption. Compare this with 88% for the second oil tested!

It shows 100% resistance to gumming . . . against 68% for the other oil.

Finally, resistance to thinning was tested. On this important Summer point, Mobiloil scored the amazing figure of 100 *plus.* The competing oil, 38!

Why Take Less for Your Money?

This time of year, you drive at fast speeds. You go long distances. Your engine gets hotter, dirtier, burns more oil than at any other season.

Why not get the benefit of this new kind of Mobiloil?

It is sold at no advance in price. You save when you buy it . . . because you buy it less often. You save while you use it . . . because it cuts upkeep costs. In the bargain, you get a much better running car!

Grades "A," "AF," "BB" and "B" . . . for all cars . . . are sold by more than 75,000 dealers who display the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Flying Red Horse.

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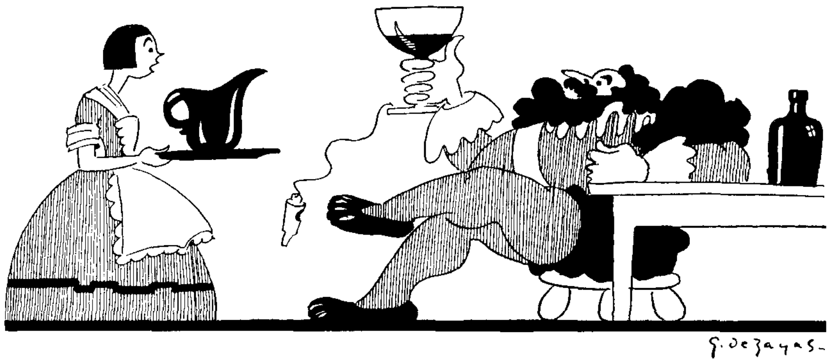

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

In the Middle Ages, when drinkers were drinkers, or "potent in potting," one of a man's proudest possessions was his drinking cup, which often was made specially for him. He took it to the tavern each night and to his grave when he died. A curious attachment was a whistle which he blew as a signal for another drink—as long as he was able.—*By Merle E. Bradley, Mystic, Connecticut.*

Rulers of large countries have played incredible tricks on their people. In the 18th century Emperor Ch'ing Lung of China convinced his credulous countrymen that he ruled the world, by publishing and widely circulating a book which showed in both text and illustrations that "the world's 42 countries and 231 tribes" acknowledged him as their emperor.

The only horses that swim all day for a living are those which pull the ferry boats across the Oxus River in Central Asia. Each boat has two of them fastened out in front of it on a supporting device with a bellyband and, from dawn to dusk, they draw these heavily loaded ferries across this river—half a mile wide—guided by the reins of their driver.—*By Bill Phifer, Little Rock, Arkansas.*

Lying on the bottom of the world's 50-odd seas today are 7,000 ships that contain several hundred million dollars' worth of gold and other valuable cargo. And three quarters of them can now be salvaged through recently perfected detecting and diving devices. In fact salvage work has become so simplified that it even pays now to go down for loads of copper in 5,000-ton "tramps" in the North Sea.

The longest train ever worn on a dress, it is believed, graced the gown of Catherine the Great of Russia at her coronation in St. Petersburg in 1762. It was 225 feet in length and required 50 train bearers to support it.—*By Elizabeth L. Dowden, Cranford, New Jersey.*

Despite the fact that firemen are in a dangerous occupation and also have to pay a higher insurance premium than the average white-collar worker, a comprehensive five-year study of mortality by occupations reveals that these men who risk their lives daily live longer than clergymen. The number of clergymen who die annually is 10.33 per thousand compared with only 6.71 for firemen. —*By H. W. Meyer, Santa Ana, California.*

The world's most widely owned religious object is the rosary. Not only is it used by most Catholics but also by Buddhists, Hindus and Mohammedans, four great religious groups whose adherents total 60 per cent of the entire population of the world.

Captains have not always gone down with their ships, or tried to save their passengers. In 1841, when the William Brown sank off Cape Race, 33 of the 65 passengers were left aboard. The captain and his crew of 17 took one boat while the mate and 32 passengers took the other. Later the mate decided his boat was overloaded—with passengers—so he threw 16 of them overboard.—*By Theodore Durein, Alameda, California.*

One of the most peculiar afflictions of mankind is nyctophonia, a condition of the nervous system in which the person is unable to speak during the hours of daylight, his vocal powers returning to him each day only after nightfall.

Forests have paradoxical features. Many of them, especially coniferous forests, have less bird and animal life than deserts. Others constantly give off more moisture in evaporation than an equal area of water.—*By Henry Schmidt, Wooster, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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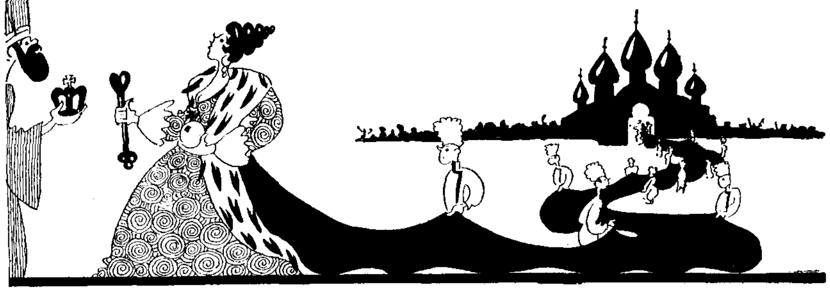


Stop Pinching

Continued from page 22

And how many things I have "learned off" John! John with his seventy years and his benign smile—and the latest picture of his grandchildren to show so proudly.

"Pick your peas with real green pods that are dry and still moist, too—I mean none of that sticky feel they get when they're going bad. And pods that don't open too easy. Means they're young and cocky and don't give up like the old ones that are kind of tired struggling and about ready to call it a day. But don't buy peas that have started to sprout. Them little white tails on peas is just like the white hair on my head—sure sign it's getting on and youth is behind."

Get 'Em Young

He holds a cauliflower in front of me.

"This cauliflower is just about perfect," says John fondly, "white and close-set. When they get creamy color and loose, then they're getting old and cook to pieces—strong-tasting sometimes, too. Leaves around them should be fresh and brittle when you break them. But don't ever cook any of them too long—they go pink on you. Lady come in here this morning and asked me did I stock pink cauliflower like some of the restaurants served? I told her it was the steam table done that—don't know whether she believed me or not—but it's the truth. Vegetables are something like children—the younger you get them the better, and the less you fuss over them the better. String beans is just a sample. They ought to be an honest green and snap slick as a whistle, without any tough fiber ends you got to yank at. When beans bend much before they break, they either been picked too long or they was too old to start with. Split them the long way with a sharp knife, then cook them with only a mite of water and a good tablespoon of butter, none of these level things, and cover them close over a slow fire. Maybe then you'll know what the soul of creation tastes like."

Fresh tomatoes—and John says never to try to ripen them in the sun if you've bought them too green.

"Wrap them in paper and put them in a warm, dark closet—melons and bananas, too. Sun rots them. When they're growing, they ripen in the sun—that's nature. But when you pick them green you're interfering with nature and you have to do different. Best to buy tomatoes just about right for what you want to use them—a little on the green side for frying and baking and just steady and red if they're for salad. Try skinning them sometime and then letting them stand, real cold, for half a day, with black pepper and salt and a good lot of chopped parsley and onion. Add French dressing with a whiff of garlic and you'll take no back talk from anybody."

But the day moves on—and so must I. For we dote on lamb kidneys for breakfast and, as William says, "Never saw a lamb with more than two kidneys in my life—and never expect to—but women customers look for me to have them by the barrel just the same. You want to buy them solid to the touch and have them skinned before your eyes and you'll know they're fresh. Same way with brains and heart and liver and sweetbreads—got to go by the looks and the feel. Flabby innards is never no good in either man or beast. Watch the edges for drying and the start of an off color—that is when you're not buying them from me—so to speak.

"Couple of sausage goes with it good, too," suggests William, "kind of spices it up. See them two piles of sausage links—one pinkish, the other gray? Gray ones come this morning, but the pinkish ones have been out in the air. Color changes like the tarnish on silver. Always look where they touch each other and the air is sort of shut out—if that's a good color, then they're fresh and O. K. See they don't stick together much and haven't no slippery feel to them. Age does that. And another thing—bank on your nose! Fresh sausage don't smell hardly at all. Same thing of all victuals—except fruit, but that's twin sister to a flower."

But he forgot the cheese! For all cheese must have a whiff of sorts—long or short, faint or tangy, strong or mild, the whiff is the spirit of the flavor. I like to buy cheese from Hermann and to talk with him about cheese. He is friendly but dignified with that inner dignity which comes from a thorough knowledge of one's own business and place in the world. He shaves thin slices here and there and passes them, on the murderous-looking knife blade, across the counter.

"Have to go pretty much by taste on store cheese—and on appearance, too, when you get a little more used to buying. New-made cheese is like rubber and hasn't much taste. Then, when it ages a few months, it gets more crumbly and you can't slice it or cut it so it will stay together in shape. Then it gets real sharp and about right for Welsh rabbit—doesn't go stringy on you right when you have company."

From Happy Cows

I pick up the red globe of an Edam and smile—in retrospect and prospect—for Christmas isn't Christmas in our family without its festive touch. Hermann smiles too—

"A very fine lot this last shipment. You'd be surprised how people are learning to look on the bottom of an Edam or a Gouda to see the butterfat mark. They pass up the ones that say fifteen or twenty for the ones stamped thirty or forty. The higher the butterfat the smoother and richer the flavor and texture. Now, if you want the best in store cheese, ask for June cheese. Pastures are fresh and green then and the cows kind of glad to be out. Seem to put their hearts into making good milk. American—especially New York—cheese made in June and then seasoned five or six months can't be beaten. And always taste cheese before you buy it if you can. Your nose and eyes are pretty reliable when you get them trained—but your tongue is better. On a Camembert, press with your finger to see if it's soft and not too solid. But watch out for that ammonia kind of smell it gets when it's overripe.

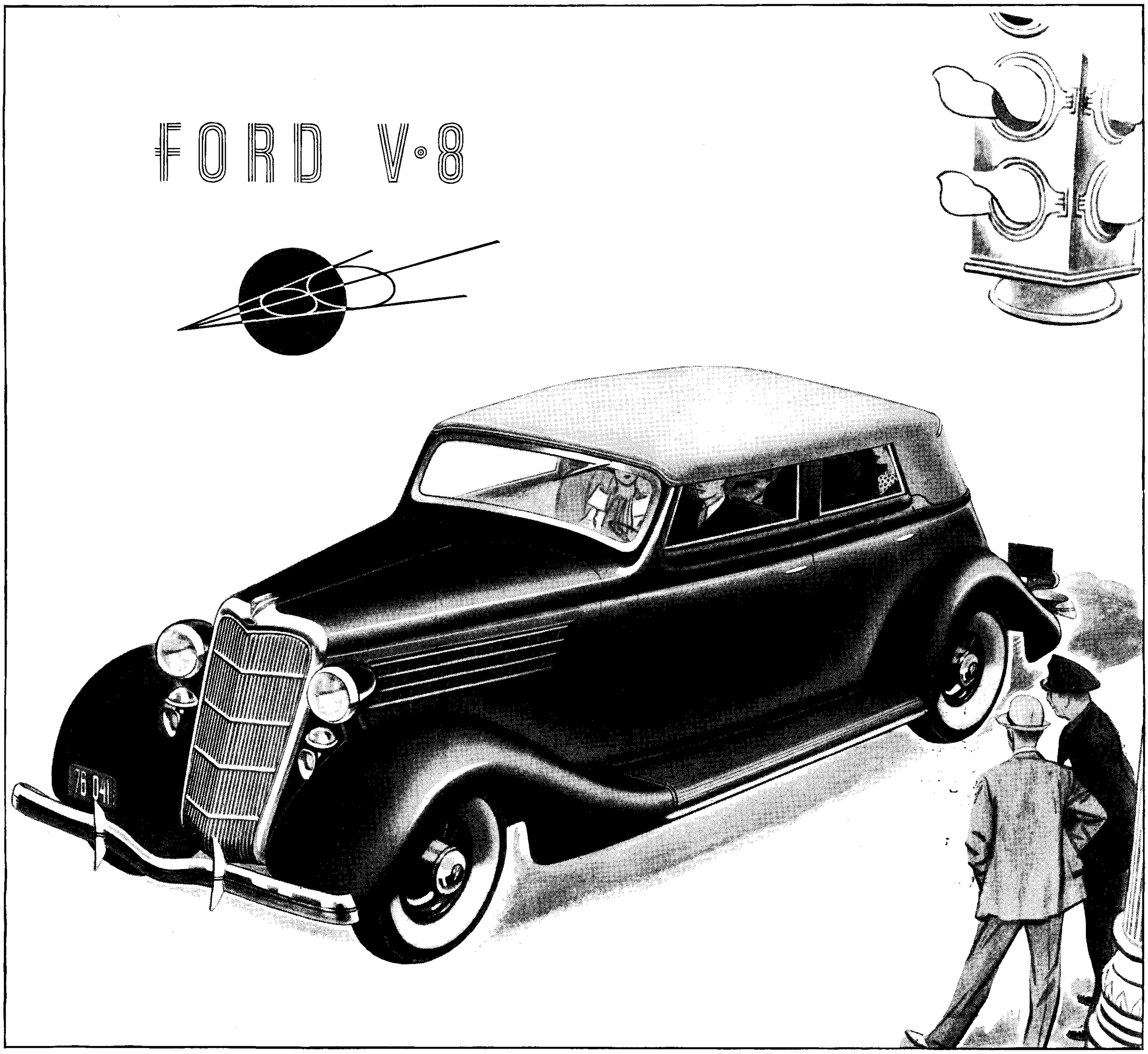
"Have a taste of this Cheddar with port—two-year-old Cheddar and we fix it with the wine ourselves. Good for dessert and makes a nice present in the little crocks."

I pick up my basket and start for the door—and home. After all, I have a family. I completely forgot a cucumber for the salad. But then Tony never figures he has me off his hands for the day until I have made at least three farewell tours!

"A long, thin cucumber," I say firmly; "the short, fat ones are all seed. I don't want any wrinkles or soft ends."

He looks at me with wounded eyes. "You think I would cheat you!"

"I think you would love to try," say I, and Tony grins companionably.



"Watch The Fords Go By"

MORE THAN two million Ford V-8's have been built. You see them everywhere, in city, town and country. V-8 has come to mean Ford. . . . Yet it has not been long since the V-8 car was only for the well-to-do. Its superior performance was recognized, but the price was high. You had to pay more than $2000. . . . So the Ford Motor Company set out to build a V-8 engine within reach of the average motorist. . . . That was something new and there were many who said it couldn't be done. But it meant better service to the public. Progress is always easier when you start with that idea. . . . Out of it came the Ford V-8—a wholly new kind of automobile for millions of drivers. Ford methods have made the full measure of performance, comfort, safety, beauty and convenience—once enjoyed only by the limited few—available to all at a low price. That is the meaning of the V-8 insignia.

A new Radio Wonder..out

THE NEW METAL TUBE...SO GREAT AN ACHIEVEMENT THAT IT INSPIRED THE CREATION OF A COMPLETELY NEW RADIO

IN the General Electric "House of Magic," science has perfected tubes that mark a radio milestone . . .

Tubes of enduring steel . . . smaller, more dependable . . . made with a precision never attained with glass . . .

New metal tubes* that inspired the creation of a completely new receiver—

The New 1936 General Electric Radio.

A long life of loyal service

These self-shielded metal tubes have silenced forever the annoying crackle caused by "shielding cans". . . subdued the microphonic twang that clouds reception.

And they are sturdy and lasting! Giving you a brilliancy of performance that scoffs at time.

A constant purity of tone

But General Electric scientists didn't stop there!

They developed, for the new General Electric Radio, other wonder-workers quite as spectacular.

In the creation of the Stabilized Speaker, they measured sounds beyond the range of the human ear to hear—notes lower than the lowest bass . . . higher than the highest treble.

Out of such research came a supremely sensitive speaker that reproduces every word and musical note naturally . . . clearly.

And they have protected this purity of tone with the Permaliner . . . an ingenious device that maintains the original alignment of the radio, keeping the set at "concert pitch" throughout a long and glorious career.

Stormed by hundreds . . . Passing only one

You'll also find, in the new General Electric Radio, the Sentry-Box . . . controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands . . . outpost of a mystic guardsman of almost incredible vigilance.

His watchword is: "They shall not pass!". . . as a thousand and one radio waves, traveling at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, crowd in upon him—all demanding entrance.

But he admits only *one* wave—the one to which you are dialed. All other waves must stand aside . . . keep their peace.

See it! hear it! make comparisons!

Because of these features, the new 1936 General Electric Radio just couldn't help but be different . . . decidedly different —and better.

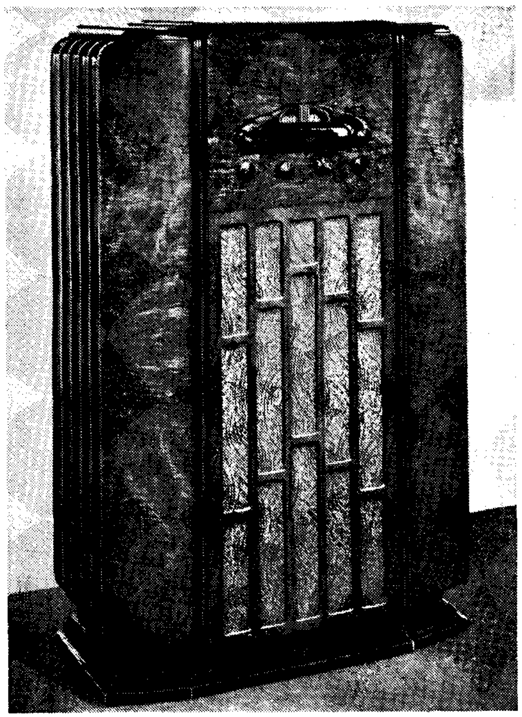
It has a tone that is vibrant with color . . . and mirror-true—a tone that surpasses even G-E's previous best. And something more . . . something unusual —a LASTING brilliance of performance completely foreign to other radios.

The New 1936 General Electric Radio is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's. In many handsome models—table sets and consoles—priced from $34.50 up.

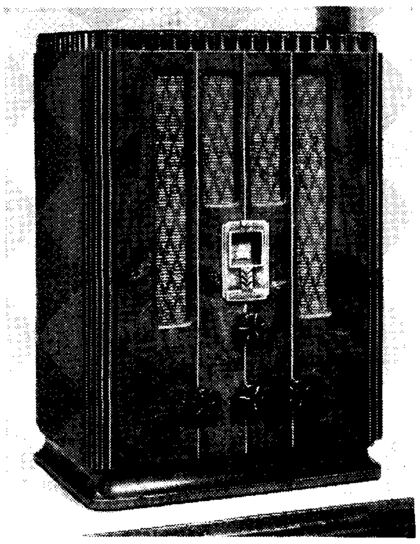
There they will tell you just what they can do . . . and how well they do it . . . in a language more convincing than words. See them . . . hear them—then find their equal if you can.

RADIOS WITH SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS—THAT ROAM THE WORLD...AS LOW AS $34.50

(Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-west and South . . . subject to change without notice)



MODEL A-125—Twelve-tube superheterodyne, covering domestic and foreign broadcasts, plus extended long-wave and ultra-short-wave bands. Completely equipped with metal tubes. Walnut cabinet of neo-classic design.

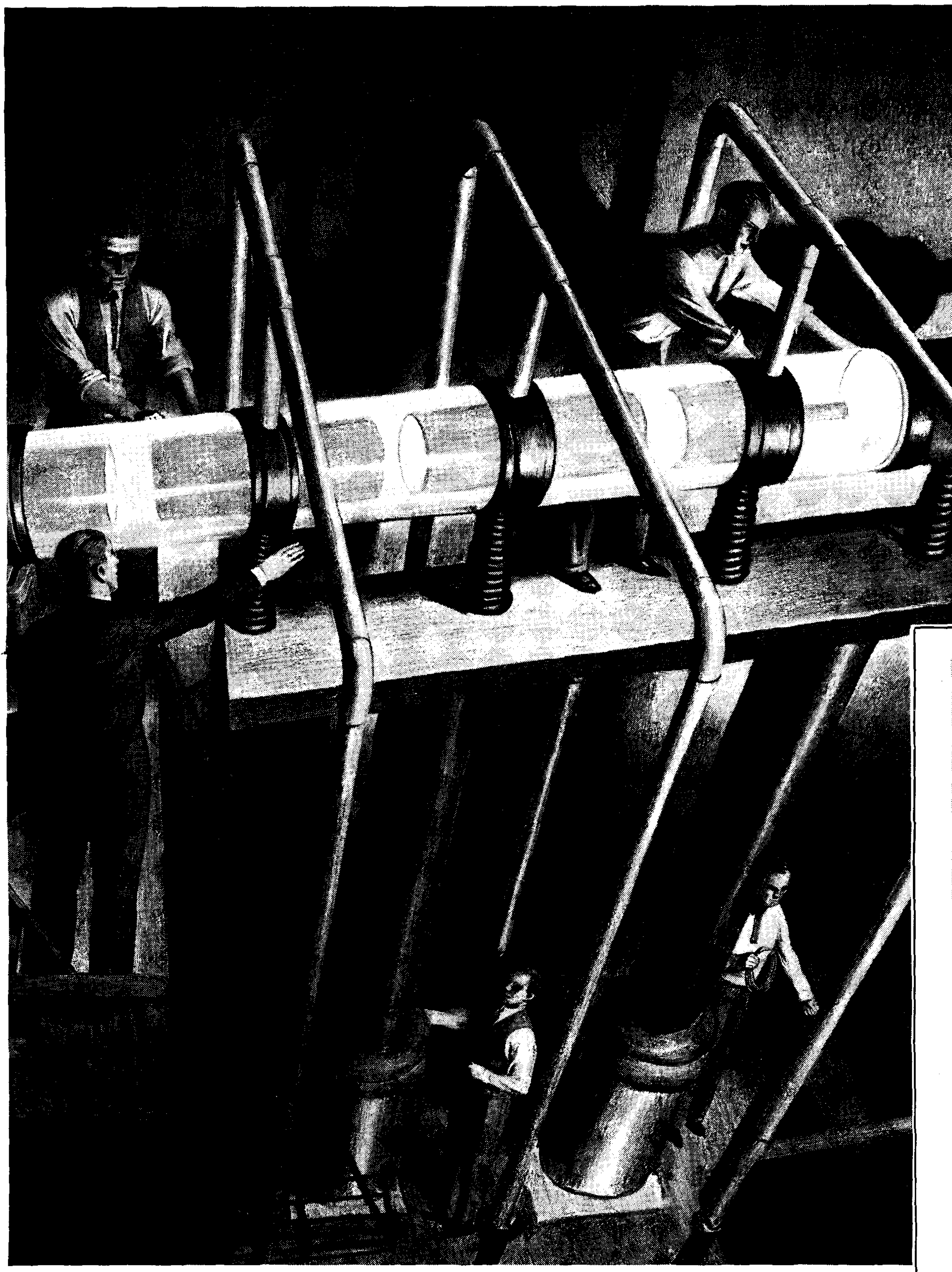


MODEL A-63—Six-tube superheterodyne, with metal tubes throughout. Two reception bands covering standard and foreign broadcasts. Distinctive cabinet of butt walnut veneer.

**Metal radio tubes, invented and perfected by General Electric, are made for General Electric by the RCA Mfg. Co. Complete receivers manufactured by General Electric at Bridgeport, Conn.*

The new 1936 GENERAL

# of the "HOUSE OF MAGIC"!



READY TO STAB 15 INCHES OF STEEL WITH A RAY OF LIGHT! In the General Electric "House of Magic," tubes of many kinds do strange and startling things. A giant x-ray tube—15 feet long—penetrates a thick ingot of steel with a million-volt beam! A tiny aviation tube registers the whisper of an atom! Out of experiments like these, hidden secrets have been revealed . . . new knowledge gained—invaluable in the creation of the new metal tubes now used in the 1936 General Electric Radio.

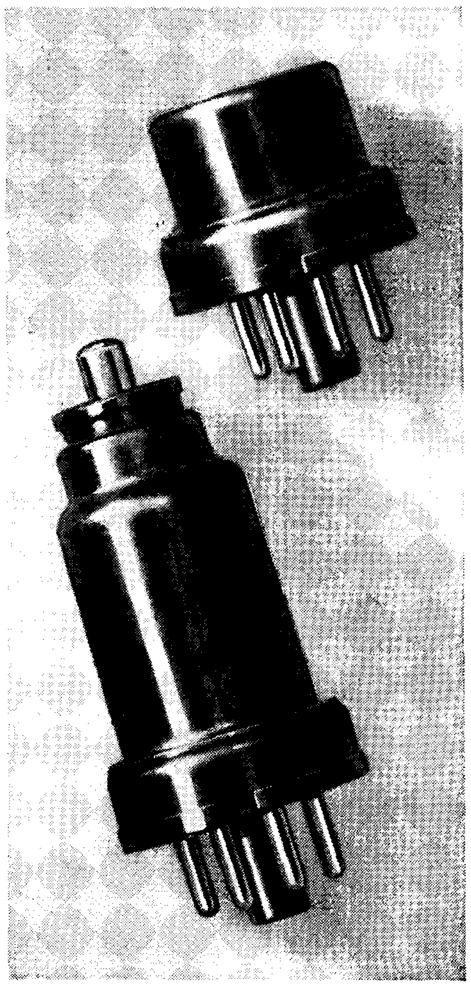
For 1936, General Electric offers, in addition to the new metal tube, these notably new features that keep the set at "concert pitch"

•

G-E Sentry-Box
G-E Permaliner
G-E Stabilized Dynamic Speaker
G-E Sliding-rule Tuning Scale
G-E Tuning Bands for domestic and foreign broadcasts — plus extended long-wave and ultra-short-wave bands
G-E Lo-note Compensation
G-E Noise Control
G-E High- and Low-speed Station Finder
G-E Precision-tuning Indicator
G-E Shadow-band Tuner

•

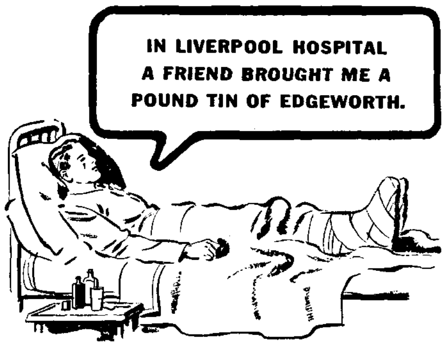
And a score of other new improvements!



NEW METAL TUBES (actual size) . . . small, efficient, sturdy . . . designed to meet modern broadcasting conditions, short-wave and long-wave alike.

ELECTRIC RADIO

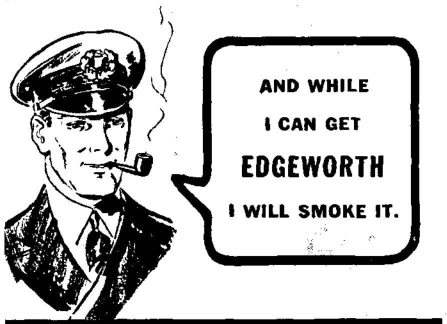
2nd STEWARD of CUNARD-WHITE STAR HAD TO BREAK BOTH LEGS TO FIND FAVORITE TOBACCO


IN LIVERPOOL HOSPITAL A FRIEND BROUGHT ME A POUND TIN OF EDGEWORTH.

THE PERFECT TOBACCO TASTE

FOR FIVE MONTHS IN SOUTHAMPTON MY FRIENDS IN CUNARD KEPT ME SUPPLIED.

NOW WELL AND BACK ON JOB


AND WHILE I CAN GET EDGEWORTH I WILL SMOKE IT.

MORE OF HIS LETTER:

For years I smoked what the ship supplied at a reduced rate. It was good and I enjoyed it. How little I knew! And in those days I ran to New York, where Edgeworth was only a dollar or so a pound!

I knew that many of my officer friends on the ship and also many of our company's officials at Liverpool and Southampton smoked Edgeworth, but somehow I never tried it.

On September 13, 1933, I had an accident, a serious one; fell out of my ship in Liverpool . . . I made a marvelous recovery and I am back on the job again, a devotee of your tobacco.

Nearly all officers smoke it in this company. It would surprise you to know just how popular your tobacco is. While I can get Edgeworth I'll smoke it; and, thank Heaven, I am well enough again to get it myself. Success and a good market to you.

A. C. Houching
2nd Steward, S. S. Ascania
November, 1934

ONLY the TENDER leaves of the best Burley tobacco go into Edgeworth. Tender leaves make it MILD. BEST quality Burley insures the full and satisfying FLAVOR which wins new thousands of friends for Edgeworth every year. Ask for Edgeworth, manufactured and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 17

was looking away, thinking, hardly hearing what Calvin said.

She must accept this turn of the wheel as she had accepted so many others, not because she had any heart in it, but because there was no other way. Her marriage itself had been of her own doing—or rather had been the doing of that fool of a girl who had felt it so thrilling to be married secretly at nineteen! But every other concession had been forced upon her—her consummated wifehood, the abandonment of her own people, the birth of the child, all the decisions that had pointed out the weary road had been like this of today, because she had no choice.

This tired, discouraged, poorly dressed and poorly groomed man had found her fresh and rested, sitting in a shady garden in her broad hat and brown and umber and creamy chiffon. He had found his child with her, found that all the bad old fortune had miraculously turned to good, that the bad times were over. What could she offer him now except hospitality, the common hospitality she would have offered to any old friend? He was broken, and she found his humbleness, his timidity harder to bear than his old arrogance had been. There was no longer a Tait bank in Las Palomas; the money Calvin Tait spent now would be his wife's money.

ALREADY he was unconsciously using the plural of marriage.

"Lord, who'd think we'd ever have such luck, Mary! Did you put old Moulton in jail, Peter?"

"No; he's traveling around the world with his wife and Maria Elena; he'll be back here some day, shrewder than ever. It would have meant a long legal fight," Peter said. "We would have had a hard time proving anything. He even hinted to his lawyer that my father had asked him to keep this transaction secret until Barty was of age."

"Poppycock!" Calvin said impatiently.

"Well, of course. But you know what the law is!"

Peter went away after awhile, leaving Mary and the child and Calvin together. Calvin moved his chair closer to her; they talked for a long while. Just as the day was ending in dusk, when Agnes was padding about the house lighting lights, and Barty was shouting and slamming doors on the boys' floor, Peter met Mary coming across the upper hall with Betsey, suppered and sleepy, trailing along beside her.

She stopped her brother with a raised hand against his shoulder.

"He's staying," she said with a jerk of her head backward toward the guest room.

"I supposed so," Peter said, watching her face.

"I couldn't—" she began and stopped.

"No; I see that. I'm glad," Peter said.

"You're not really? Are you really, Peter?"

"Yes; I'm tremendously glad. It means"—he had Betsey on his shoulder now; he dropped his cheek against her fluffy little head—"it means that we keep this woman," he said, following Mary into her room, "and she's about the—well, what are you, Bets? The grandest old girl afloat, that's you. The shoes come off—the socks come off—what are these, toes?— And it means, Mary," he said, "that we don't throw him out when he's down and out, and that's something."

Mary had closed the door, had picked from a bathroom hook Betsey's oatmeal-colored sleeping garment, with the snugly closed feet. Now she came to sit down beside her brother.

"You like to have Uncle Pete undress you, don't you, baby?"

"She wants to stay where her Uncle Peter is!" Peter announced in satisfaction, adjusting the nightgown upon Betsey's wriggling bare little person.

"I told him he must stay, Pete," Mary said, speaking lifelessly, looking into space. "I said he would have as good a chance of finding work here as anywhere. Better, perhaps. He said—you notice he's talking sort of huskily and—well, humbly: 'Can you just put me anywhere?' He's in the spare room; Agnes took soap and towels in. She's delighted. She's always liked the Taits."

"Believe me, old girl, doing anything else would make you feel rotten," Peter said.

"I suppose so. But why do I always have to do things that are so hard, Pete?"

"This is hard, is it?"

"Well—" she said vaguely, still looking into space, frowning a little.

"Do it for Betsey," her brother suggested after a moment.

"And for us all! But you and Mary Sarah'll have a Betsey of your own, one of these days."

"Oh, lord, think of it!" Peter said, his face radiant. "Mary Sarah can come to dinner Saturday night," he added.

Before she could do more than nod and smile sympathetically, taking Betsey from his arms for a last superficial sponging in the bathroom, Chrissie burst into the room.

"Oh, Mary, Cal's back! Barty says so. When'd he come and is he staying and why'n't anyone tell me?"

"Is he staying? Oh, I'm glad!" Lindsay said, standing in the bathroom door, cold-creaming her face. She came close to Mary, looked into her face. "You're glad, aren't you?" she said in an undertone. "I mean it's simpler—it's easier—there won't be any questions about Bets—"

"Yes; it's easier and simpler," Mary said slowly. "Yes; I'm glad."

THE days began to go by again. Las Palomas accepted Calvin with matter-of-fact pleasure in his return. Motz the tailor measured him for a dark blue suit; he had a new blue-black overcoat and new shoes.

Shaven and well-fed and rested, he began to seem quite his old self again, only with a little thinning in his hair that had not been there before, and a certain hardness—a certain little edge to his voice and manner, certain lines about his mouth that were new. He had somehow been coarsened, toughened in these months. They must have been bad experiences indeed, Mary would think, that had changed him so definitely in so short a time.

For a week he did little but sleep and rest, and spend idle hours with Betsey on the lawn in the back garden. After this, Calvin began to talk of work. He would walk downtown in the early winter afternoons and spend an hour here and an hour there in the various offices. He had thrown off all his timidity and humiliation now, and felt himself so thoroughly identified with the Burleighs and their good fortune that his own individual affairs no longer worried him. He advised Chrissie in good older-brotherly fashion to learn to concentrate on her studies and she would have less trouble, opened his bedroom window with a rasp one afternoon to shout down to Barty that there must be less noise over the handball game, and took a mildly disciplinary stand toward Betsey, who, he told Mary good-naturedly, was a pretty well spoiled little girl.

None of it was disagreeable; none of it was outside the right of a member of the family group; Calvin was intelligent; he had good manners; his opinion, when they were all talking at the dinner table, was well expressed. Peter's girl, Mary Sarah Gardiner, was quite taken with him; he flirted with her and with Lindsay, and they teased him in return.

To Mary it was all wearisome. Not misery, not heartbreak, not unbearable; just completely, utterly wearying.

THE first weeks in the old home had been weeks of delight. She had been well again, she and the others had been freed after long years from money strain. There had been all the enchanting novelty of shopping, new hats and shoes, leisure, flowers in the old house, a car twinkling at the door, a respectful Muriel to discuss plans for meals and hospitalities. Mary knew that she never could forget these autumn days; the way the sunlight lay on the old garden, Betsey's form as quick as a little deer's among the shrubs and rosebushes.

Now it was all changed. A film had come between her and the light again; once again there were puzzlement and indecision; there were wakeful nights and hours of bitter nervous resentment. She could not help herself. She did her best, rising each morning with the determination to make that day a success, making herself smile when Calvin said something that disturbed her to the very soul, concentrating as well as she might upon the happy things in her busy hours.

It was no use. Calvin was always in her consciousness; always there was the fretted sense of her inability to ignore him, of his power to affect her life and her soul. If he dawdled about the house, idle and lazy and content for a whole day, she was irritated; if he took the car and went off to San Jose in the afternoon to follow up some possibility of employment, she was annoyed; if he attempted to include Betsey and herself in any plan, invited them to go with him to Saratoga where there was a man in a bank whom he wanted to see, a desolate sense of desert winds and wide arid spaces took possession of her whole being.

He used her car without any reference to her own need of it. Well, she told herself, women often did that with their husbands' cars. Why shouldn't the situation be reversed? He made suggestions that maddened her regarding Betsey. But, after all, the child was as much his as Mary's! He was conversational at the dinner table, retailing long arguments he had had with the various businessmen of Palo Alto; definite in his opinions about Russia and Communism and Italy and the New Deal. Why shouldn't he? Mary did not want him to be silent and cringing and apologetic. Why should everything he said and did annoy her almost to frenzy, so that the days became a long strain to her, and she could not sleep at night?

"After Christmas," he said to her one evening, "suppose we begin to think about a little place of our own? I confess I'd like it better."

Mary went on quietly with her solitaire. He and she were alone in the upstairs sitting-room tonight; they could talk.

"Calvin? I didn't know you were

(Continued on page 40)

You can buy them at the world's lowest prices

● You get surprising, gratifying value—value that isn't duplicated anywhere—when you buy Chevrolet Trucks. Because Chevrolet Trucks are offered at the *world's lowest prices* and yet are built to the *highest standards of quality* known to truck manufacture! Chevrolet's extremely low first cost . . . the *lower operating costs* of its six-cylinder valve-in-head engine . . . its care-free dependability . . . all make for unmatched economy. And Chevrolet's highly efficient power plant . . . its extra-rugged frame, transmission and rear axle . . . its quality construction throughout . . . all combine to give equally outstanding truck performance over a long period of years. Consider Chevrolet Trucks carefully, have a thorough demonstration of their abilities, and you will find they are the most efficient and economical trucks you can possibly buy. Phone or visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer for full information—*today!*

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Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.
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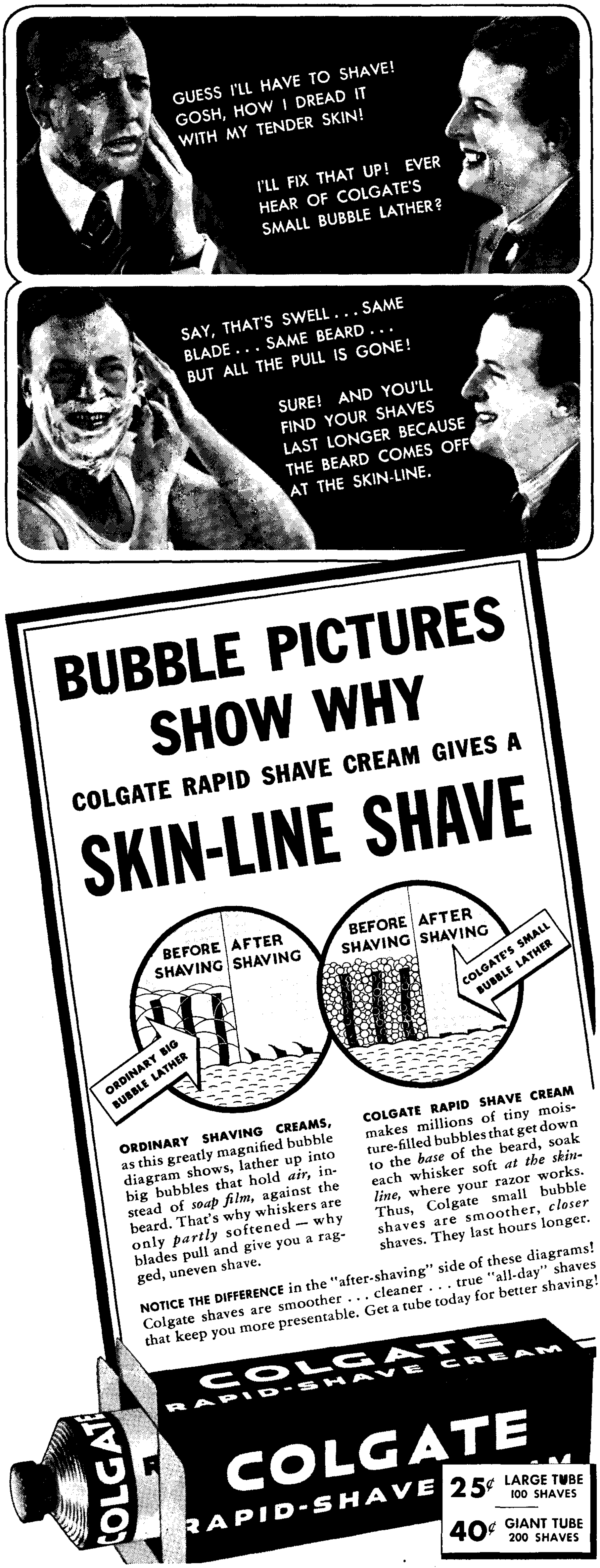
CHEVROLET

1½-Ton Stake
(157″ Wheelbase)

CHEVROLET SIX CYLINDER VALVE-IN-HEAD TRUCKS



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SHAVE! GOSH, HOW I DREAD IT WITH MY TENDER SKIN!
I'LL FIX THAT UP! EVER HEAR OF COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER?
SAY, THAT'S SWELL . . . SAME BLADE . . . SAME BEARD . . . BUT ALL THE PULL IS GONE!
SURE! AND YOU'LL FIND YOUR SHAVES LAST LONGER BECAUSE THE BEARD COMES OFF AT THE SKIN-LINE.
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM GIVES A SKIN-LINE SHAVE

ORDINARY SHAVING CREAMS, as this greatly magnified bubble diagram shows, lather up into big bubbles that hold *air,* instead of *soap film,* against the beard. That's why whiskers are only *partly* softened — why blades pull and give you a ragged, uneven shave.

COLGATE RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes millions of tiny moisture-filled bubbles that get down to the *base* of the beard, soak each whisker soft *at the skin-line,* where your razor works. Thus, Colgate small bubble shaves are smoother, *closer* shaves. They last hours longer.

NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE in the "after-shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate shaves are smoother . . . cleaner . . . true "all-day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving!

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

Secret Marriage

Continued from page 38

thinking of that. Why should we? Chrissie and Bart—"

"Yes, I know all about Chrissie and Bart! Not able to take care of themselves; all that. They and their friends are strong enough to burst into my room while we're going to bed, I notice." Calvin spoke in a good-natured tone, as one amused, but somehow Mary heard neither good-nature nor amusement in his voice.

"We weren't going to bed, Cal. They were playing 'sardines'; it was only eleven o'clock, and I had to wait up for their supper, anyway. That was only once!"

"Well, once is enough." Calvin had moved into Mary's room for three days in November; Barty had had a compound arm fracture and a nurse, and Calvin had turned the spare room over to the nurse. There were other bedrooms, but no other was furnished; the natural arrangement had been accepted as a matter of course. Mary's husband was home again, and that was all there was to it. Now he generally slept in his own room because Betsey was apt to disturb him in the night, but he came and went in Mary's room quite at his own pleasure.

"I wouldn't want to move away from here; I love this place," Mary said now, definitely and finally. "Peter hopes to be married at Easter—"

"I know Peter hopes to be married at Easter," Calvin said as she paused. "You forget that we were talking of it at dinner."

"Well, then, someone will have to be here."

"Where's Peter going to live? Oh, he'll go to Las Vegas for a few months, well and good," Calvin said, glancing idly through magazine pages. "I don't mean that you and I'd get out tomorrow. But I say I think we ought to keep it in mind."

SHE thought she had learned to let the day's evil suffice for the day; to leave tomorrow's tangle for tomorrow. But all her good resolutions were as pie-crust in the pressure of his presence. They simply did not think alike, he and she, their aims and hopes and plans and amusements and natures were as far apart as the poles.

"No, I want to stay here," she said. "There's room for us all; we all love it; it's home. I want Betsey to grow up here as I did. After all," she said to herself, "there's no use making oneself into a flat wire doormat, with 'Welcome' on it in marbles! What can he do about it?"

He answered her question instantly. Calvin, when things were going the way he wanted them to go, could be a sufficiently inoffensive member of the group. But he knew how to strike back when he was attacked, and he struck back now.

"If I can get the job of handling this gravel filter patent for Hudson I'll have a little place of my own down in Los Angeles, maybe, and have Betsey with me half the time. You don't have to come if you don't want to."

This was mere bravado, of course; a plan formulated on the spur of the moment. Mary played a few cards, her eyes upon them. When she spoke, her voice had also taken on an amused note. But her hands were trembling.

"You couldn't take Bets down there. Who'd manage her? Don't talk nonsense, Cal."

"I'd pay someone to manage her."

"Well, we don't have to discuss it now, anyway," Mary said, outwardly calm, inwardly badly frightened. Calvin did not mean it, of course; he had only a remote chance of getting the gravel filter agency in the first place, and no man wanted to burden himself with the responsibility of a restless baby in the second. But his suggestion showed that he knew what weapon lay to his hand, should he and Mary ever come to the crossroads.

He wanted her to drive south with him in February; Mary suspected that what he really wanted was her car. She could not flatter herself that her presence would mean anything to him. He had been drinking of late; whatever control she had over him lessened with every cocktail, every highball. The southern trip would be one long fruitless effort to influence him in that forced gala mood when there was no influencing him.

"LINDSAY'S going on that Piedmont house party, Cal; she's all excited over it. I wouldn't want to leave Betsey just with Peter and Chris."

"Let Lindsay give up her party. This is business; this may be damn' important to me. Tell her to go some other time."

"I can't very well. Take Larry Inglis."

"Larry'd have to take his kid. Well, then we might take Betsey too. Little Jean Inglis could keep an eye on her daytimes; we'll only be down there two days."

There was a pause. Mary ended it on a light note:

"Calvin, what ridiculousness! Taking a child of two on a five-hundred-mile run."

"Larry says he makes it in eight hours."

"Yes, and then you get to a hotel late at night, and there's no one but little Jean, ten years old, to do everything for Bets. It would be dangerous, Cal."

"With her own father along? How d'you mean—it'd be dangerous? Well, if you think it would be so dangerous why don't you come? Come along."

"I don't *want* — *to* — *go,* Calvin." Mary hated herself for the cold, ugly tone her voice took as she said it, for her own stupidity that would take him seriously over and over again when he was only baiting her idly, aimlessly, and she knew it.

In this case there was no southern trip, Cal's prospective job evaporated, and Betsey acquired a cold that made even her father uneasy, and so could not have gone in any case. Perhaps there had never been a possibility of Calvin or any other sane man taking a two-year-old baby on a thousand-mile run in the chilly, changeable spring weather. Calvin loved his daughter; he would never dream of running such a risk.

But these little encounters ruffled Mary. She did not quickly forget them; he might take Betsey somewhere; he might put her little coat and hat on some day and carry her off on some crazy scheme. Mary could not stop him, at least she couldn't stop him without physical force, locking doors and barring hallways and shouting, and eventually legal steps. It was heart-chilling merely to think about.

Quite suddenly, in some crisis of her disturbed cogitations, however, Calvin would baffle her by a return to the status in which she first had known him—a handsome, agreeable young man apparently alertly interested in getting on in the world. And seeing him so, and still feeling strongly in her whole being that she could not bear to have him anywhere in her neighborhood, that she could no longer be civil and patient without endangering her actual sanity, Mary would experience a sense of strange confusion, a feeling of being alive and not being alive, of having control of herself and yet being helplessly swept along in a current far too strong for her.

One day when she was feeling more keenly than usual this distressing unrest and uneasiness of spirit, Mary took a long walk in a soft spring downpour. She had buttoned herself into a mackintosh; a rubber cap of gray and red plaid was pulled down snugly over her head; she could plunge her gloved hands in her pockets and brave the weather with an actual enjoyment of its mood. Perhaps walking, she told herself feverishly, perhaps walking would cool her blood and shake her into a better frame of mind; something, at all events, had to be done to lessen the senseless fury she was feeling for the moment against Calvin. It was ridiculous for a sane woman, a woman who had known the realities of poverty and loss and change and need, to allow anything—*anything* to reduce her to this state of helpless anger!

Calvin's offense in this instance had not been serious; what made the whole situation maddening was that Calvin's offenses never were! Irritated, nervous, he had given Betsey a spanking. Betsey had been awakened before her nap had been finished, always a small tragedy. Instead of the dewy, happily conversational little girl whose face didn't mind being washed and whose hair came miraculously out of tangle, she had been flushed and weeping, irritable and naughty. Calvin had been sitting in Mary's room talking of a business matter that interested him: "Peter might put five thousand into this, not as a loan—my God, no! As an investment," Calvin had said, his ejaculation, as Mary instantly was aware, awakening Betsey, lightly asleep on the upstairs porch, safely shielded from the rain.

Betsey's wail and the naughtiness while Betsey was being dressed had followed; Calvin had presently grabbed her and given her two resounding slaps upon her soft little leg. Outraged, furious, a drenched tangle of frightened tears, Betsey had made for Mary's arms, screeching like a blotched and tousled little fury that she loved her Uncle Peter and she "din yike" her dad and and she hoped a doggy would bite him! And upon this evidence of undaughterly rebellion Calvin had caught her firmly again and administered two more slaps.

AFTER which he had departed, taking the car, and leaving Mary to quiet Betsey's and her own agitated soul as best she might. Now Betsey had entirely forgotten the unpleasantness, but Mary's heart still was burning. And as Alma Rossiter Kenyon's nurse and Alma's adorable three-year-old stepson had come over to see Betsey, and Lindsay was home, glad to keep an eye on the children, Mary was free to escape from the scene for a while.

She walked fast, trying to outwalk her still raging temper. All about her wet leaves shone and wet gardens lay beaten in the rain. Under the hawthorn trees that had been bursts of glory yesterday the pink-and-white petals floated on coffee-colored pools. The storm would stop for a moment and white clouds balloon wildly from the southeast; then the skies would darken again, and again she would feel the fresh sweet rush of the raindrops against her face.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you," Mary said fiercely half aloud. "It's weak, it's silly to let anyone affect you like this! You're yourself; what anyone else does doesn't matter. Pull yourself together! You have health and money and books and friends, you have your garden and your brothers and sisters—what difference does it make if one person does irritate you and disappoint you? Are you so weak—are you so contemptible—?"

She walked on, trying to tire herself; trying to quiet the tumult in her heart.

"As far as Betsey goes, she probably *is* spoiled. We all make too much of her. An occasional spank won't hurt her.

"Ah, but the poor little thing! She should have slept another hour. She was so bewildered and so cross, and perhaps I did rather go at her with the soapy wash rag! She looked so amazed when Calvin—his hard hand on her little leg—it was his fault too, his shouting wakened her up!

"This won't do. I'm getting madder and madder. 'Naval Air Base Three Miles.' I'm right near Green Oaks."

She walked past Sorenson's bakery, thought she would go in and say hello, decided against it, and took the familiar corner turn into Buena Vistita Avenue. It looked more draggled than ever in the now heavily falling rain; the Roberts' house, the O'Neills' house needed painting; everywhere were mud puddles—under the empty clotheslines, in the half-weeded gardens, at the earthy corners of the unpaved streets.

MARY stopped at the old gate, pushed it open hesitatingly and went around the corner of the house to the porch at the back. Doors opened easily; there was no need to lock this forlorn place. Mary stood in the center of the kitchen and smelled the dismal smell of rot and dampness and ashes that took her back across the years to the day when, with Aunt Joan and Peter and the others, she had come here to live. She remembered with what vigor they had attacked the stove; it had been rusty and choked then as now. She remembered the very shape of the chips on this kitchen floor, the sound of the faucet eternally dripping into the sink.

But those had been happy days—happy days! Days of power and thrill, days when in glorious freedom and youth and the consciousness of her family's love and trust she had felt equal to anything! Her job at the bakery, her own money to apply to the needs of the household, Aunt Joan to comfort, cats to feed, a wild little sister to control, an adored little brother to mother, Lindsay above all clinging and companionable and understanding—the sum total of it all had been good to live through; it was achingly good now to remember. Mary was conscious that her heart was sick with weariness.

A step on the porch brought her heart with wild terror into her throat; some tramp had followed her! This was no day to be found in a dark, abandoned house on the lawless outskirts of Green Oaks. Mary turned about frightened and faced the door as there came the sharp sound of a knock.

Only a beggar, of course! She went to open it, her pulses still beating fast. A man was standing there; a squarely-built man, with a brown face and black eyes and black wet hair uncovered.

For a full minute then she did not know what she did. She was in Jeffery's arms, and his cheek was against her cheek; their hearts were beating together and her eyes were drenched with tears, as they might have been in awakening from a too poignantly tender dream. Then she and he were at arm's length, their hands still locked, their amazed eyes riveted together, and shaken laughter breaking through their shaken words.

"But how—where—where are the others?" Jeffery stammered, when he had had time to glance at the disordered, empty kitchen and to catch his breath.

"We're not—did you think we were living here now?"

"You've moved? I'm just in. I took it for granted—"

(*Continued on page 42*)

Select YOUR pen point . . . *and screw it in*

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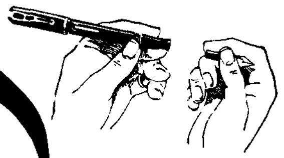


DURA-
CROME
ESTERBROOK
1550

(Continued from page 41)

"You had my letter? My September letter?"

"I've not heard at all."

"Oh, Jeffery, it was lost, then! I wrote you—oh, dear, there's so much to say! But you knew. You knew that my aunt died, and that there was an earthquake, and that I was ill?"

"I was here for all that. When I went away you were in the hospital, Mary, and she had just died. You remember?"

"Yes, of course, but then why—? Oh, of course!" Mary said as it all fitted itself together. "It was after that that we found Aunt Joan's paddysoy—"

"We can't sit down here; where can we sit down? I've a taxi waiting," Jeffery said, taking control of the situation as she paused in a sort of smiling despair over all there was to say. "Where could we go to have tea?"

"We could go home. But wait—" Mary said as they got into the dripping taxicab. "They'll all be there. Let's—we'll have it all to ourselves a day like this, let's go to the Allied Arts! I want—I need so much to talk to you before we see the others!"

Ten minutes later she led him into the rambling Spanish farmhouse where the little table was set by a fire that blazed against Mexican tiles, and where odd little windows with bottle-green panes gave views of a rambling Spanish garden. The floor was of irregular flags, the rooms led in and out of each other at all angles; old wooden Madonnas, jars, bowls, tapestries and rugs were scattered about. And everywhere were bursts of early summer flowers; blue spikes of delphinium, long-armed leafy pink and gold roses, phlox in tassels of white and blue and pink, lowly marigolds burning orange against the velvet white of Shasta daisies.

THE tea was smoking hot; the cinnamon toast thin; there were no other guests here on this wild, stormy day. Jeffery and Mary had the place to themselves.

She had taken off her wet raincoat and her drenched cap; the warmth of the fire curled the edges of her hair to tendrils that shone like copper wires in the candlelight and firelight. The plain brown woolen dress with the brown linen collar was not new; it fitted her snugly; its simple lines somehow made her look like a little girl. She sat back in a low chair; the tea table was between her and Jeffery, who was on a fireside settee with a flanged arm where he could set his cup.

They talked with the deep trembling eagerness of animals who have crossed leagues of dry desert to find a cool, deep spring. Question and answer, question and answer, her blue eyes fixed on his dark ones; the man sometimes frowning slightly, Mary's color fluctuating from ivory to rose. It was all significant, satisfying; it mattered not in what sequence it came nor how the course of it was altered and interrupted. They could not talk fast enough, thirstily enough; there was always a fresh bubbling spring of it waiting to be released.

The little Spanish tearoom, the waitress—a college girl, enchanting in an apricot smock—said, presently, they must close at half past five.

"Ah, well, then." Mary put on the stiff, dry raincoat, pulled the rubber cap over her hair. "Is it raining, Jeffery?" she asked.

"Yes, but we can call another taxi." Jeffery put his hands about a bunch of double white violets, fragrant and fresh, in a dull green bowl. "May I buy these?" he asked.

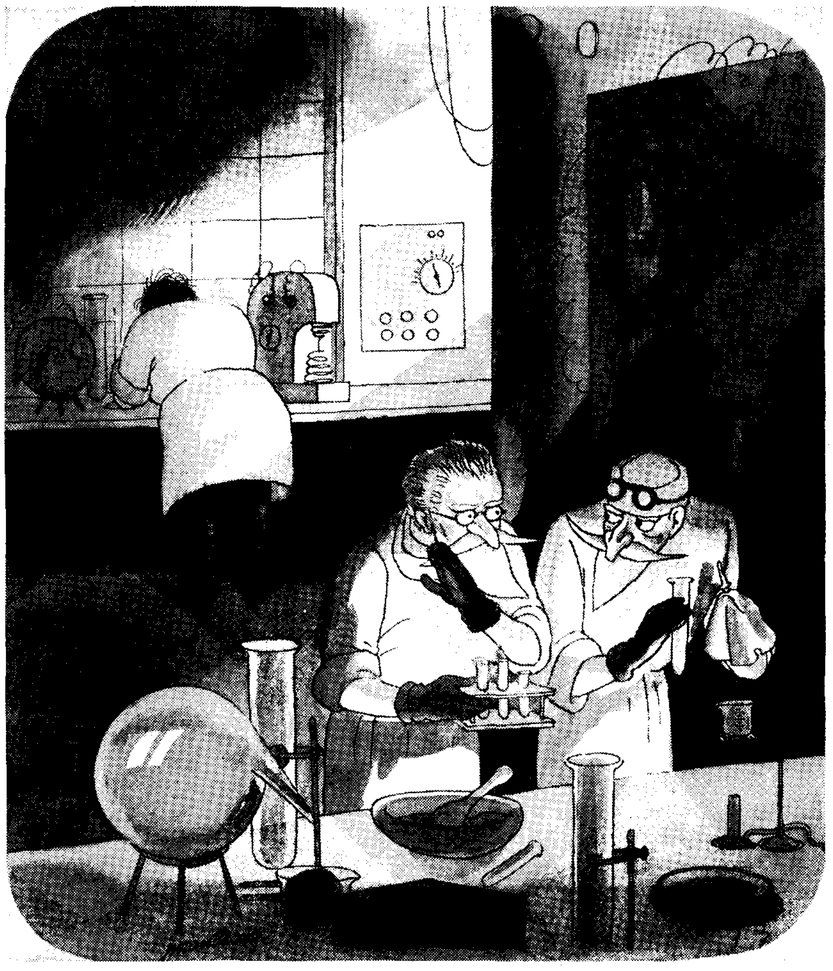
"I suppose you may!" The attendant put them into green glazed tissue paper. Pouring forth unbelievable sweetness, Mary held them close to her face. While she and Jeffery drove home her cheek was against them.

The old home was looking its loveliest; Lindsay was delighted to see him; Peter was cordial as he came across the big entrance hall and welcomed him.

"We thought you were in China!" Peter said. "Where's your bag? At the station? Bart, telephone over there and have it brought here. Come upstairs with me, Jeff, and clean up!"

MARY, walking on air, went to her own room. Betsey had had her supper, and was racing about in her quilted Chinese wrapper in that wild state of activity that children acquire only at bedtime. Chris, in attendance, was interested in the report of the old house on Buena Vistita Avenue.

"Did it look something awful? I'll bet it looks something awful! I'll bet tramps sleep in there."



"Albert is making peanut brittle again!"

J. M. ANTHONY

"Oh, I don't think so!" Mary said, busily soaping and brushing and changing her dress.

"Pete said he left the back door unlocked so that if any poor fellow did try to get in he could," Chris observed.

"GET in where?" Calvin asked, coming in from the hall without knocking.

"The old place in Buena Vistita Avenue, Calvin. I was telling Chris that I walked there in the rain today just as Jeffery Maclean—you know who he is?—arrived there."

"How'd you mean, I know who he is? Of course I know who he is!" Calvin said, faintly impatient. "You can ask the darnedest questions! I don't know why you do it; to hear yourself talk, I guess. That's women!"

It was not said unpleasantly. On the contrary, Calvin might honestly have claimed that he was speaking amusedly, humorously; it would have been sheer contrariety in Mary to take him up on it.

But her exalted mood, her hour of wild happiness and rightness, vanished as if it had never been. She was nettled again; she was snubbed and silenced and made resentful. Mary sat at her dressing-table in silence, putting the finishing touches to her appearance; old-fashioned fringed gold earrings to go with a ruffled, old-fashioned taffeta frock, a chain and locket in black enamel and red gold.

"Dressing up tonight?"

"Not especially."

"What's he doing here, anyway?" Calvin said, from the chair where he was glancing through a magazine. Chris had vanished, taking Betsey with her.

"Doctor Lewisohn, the head of the expedition, the owner, as he always calls him—"

"He?"

"Well, yes, Jeffery. Doctor Lewisohn no sooner got to Kobe than he was taken ill; some bone infection from an injury he had on his last trip."

"What's he got to do with it?"

Mary adjusted a wave of red-gold hair carefully with the tip of a hairpin. Her eyes were upon her own reflection in the mirror. She answered quietly:

"Someone had to bring him home, Calvin. Jeffery did. He's in a San Francisco hospital now; they may have to operate."

"Jeffery here for dinner?"

"Yes, but he's going back to the city afterward. He told Doctor Lewisohn that he'd see him late tonight."

"You knew he was coming?"

"I didn't, as a matter of fact. I was walking, and I happened to go past the old house, the Green Oaks place. Jeffery had just arrived in a taxi from the train, and he came there to see us."

"Thought you were still there?"

"Yes. He couldn't believe in all the changes. There!" Mary said, completing her toilet, rising to her feet. "Now, where's Betsey? It's almost half past six."

"How long's he going to be here?"

"I don't know, Cal. As long as Doctor Lewisohn is ill, I suppose."

Betsey, in answer to a call, came trotting in with the cat upsidedown in her arms. Calvin sauntered from the room.

"I don't like him, you know," he said in an undertone to Mary. "And if you knew anything about men I doubt if you would. Men don't like him!"

Mary put the baby girl to bed, went for a drink of water, heard prayers, hunted up the velvet duck. She put out the nursery light, left the door open just a comforting crack, uttered the usual warning: "Now, Betsey, remember, one shout from you and I'll close it!"

Then she went slowly downstairs, to find the three men gathered about the library fire with glasses. They got to their feet as she took her place among them, looking from one face to another as they talked, hardly speaking herself. Lindsay came down in crimson velvet, Chrissie looking her best in youthful white serge, and Bart, brushed and freckled and boyish, joined them just as Agnes announced dinner. Jeffery must take the nine-ten train back to the city; it was arranged that Peter, who was going to see his girl to take her to a nine-o'clock movie, should drop Jeffery first at the station. Mary's heart was beating lightly and swiftly, like a bird's heart; there was a strange electricity in the air tonight. She would not have another chance for a word alone with Jeff—Calvin would see to that—yet there was a swift communion eternally established between them; they need not talk together—it had all been said—it was all understood.

Decorously serving dinner, giving Chris the gravy bowl and reminding Barty to pass the biscuits in the old homely fashion of her mother's day, Mary was conscious of a wild excitement running in her veins. Jeffery would be in the neighborhood for weeks; somehow, somewhere they would meet again, they would have another hour as marvelous, as miraculous as that enchanted hour in the Spanish tea-room this afternoon. Every time her eyes met his she knew he was thinking of it, as she was—thinking of their next meeting.

AND as it chanced they did have a moment together just as he was leaving, for when Peter and Bart had gone for the car, Lindsay had gone out with Vivian and Keith Parker, and Chris was somewhere out of sight, busy with home work, there was a telephone call for Calvin. It was old Uncle Lew Thornton, who had a patent malaria specific in which he wanted to interest Calvin, and who always talked for twenty solid minutes at the telephone. Mary and Jeffery walked unchallenged to the front door and out into the darkness of the porch.

The rain had stopped; there were dark masses moving across the arch of the stars; a troubled moon rode high in a ship of clouds. But the storm was over.

"You'll let me know what the doctors decide about Professor Lewisohn, Jeff?"

"I will." Overcoated, pulling at his belt strap, he was a shadow beside her among all the shadows of the dark night world. "I think perhaps there is something *you* will have to decide in the next few weeks, Mary," he said briefly, not turning his face toward her, busy with his heavy gloves.

"I?" she asked, the world turning around.

"I think so. I think we will all have to abide by what you decide." He ran down the steps as the car lights made a fan on the drive, lifted his hat. "Good night!" he called back.

Mary stood looking down as Peter started the car. Barty, who had home work to do, came up to stand beside her, and she put her arm about him, glad of his affectionate little-boy nearness.

When the car was out of sight she and Barty went back into the warm house and closed the door.

(To be concluded next week)

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FOR FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF

The General's Orders

Continued from page 24

"Obviously," said Curley.

"Then—at noon? Will that be quite convenient?"

"Quite," said Curley.

But the general hesitated. He knitted his brows and drummed on the head of his magic cane.

"I am thinking, gentlemen," he said. "You are both foreigners?"

"Yes. But we have renounced the protection of our country."

"Of course." The general was silent for a moment. Then he smiled charmingly. "I have reconsidered. I shall make a *great* exception. To one of you I shall offer a commission in my loyal army. To the other—no. And you must decide between you which one it shall be."

The general bowed again with an air of finality.

"Until noon," he said and turned away. The prison door closed behind him.

Curley and Horse stared into each other's eyes.

"The dirty skunk!" growled Horse. "Why don't he shoot us quick?"

He kicked the breakfast tray from the bench, smashing the general's china. Curley sat down despondently.

"You're the one to go free, Horse," he said slowly. "You've got a commercial license. You can marry and support a bunch of kids. I'm just a bum."

"The hell you say," growled Horse. "You're young and good-looking. You've got a girl back in Dayton. But nobody'll miss a mug like me."

Curley took out his watch.

THE sun climbed slowly into the sky until it stood almost directly overhead. The shadows shortened and disappeared. There was no breeze and the palm fronds were silent and motionless. The little town of San Jacinto was wholly still. Then came the rhythmic tread of a squad of soldiers. A crisp command rang out. Rifle butts thudded on the ground outside the prison. The door swung open. Silhouetted against the blinding light stood General Espina, his three staff officers behind him and his magic cane in his hand. He bowed politely.

"The gentleman who is *not* to go free," he said, "will kindly come forward."

"Come and get us, you dirty greaser," growled Horse defiantly from the prison shadows.

Curley said nothing. He sat on the bench with his head in his hands.

"You have had two hours to choose the man," said the general a trifle harshly. "That is enough—and more than enough."

Curley sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"What do you think we are?" he shouted. "We've flown together in the States. We've fought in China and Paraguay. We've lived together like brothers. You can shoot us both and to hell with you."

"Is that your decision?" demanded the general sharply.

"Yes," said Curley.

"Yes," echoed Horse. "And to hell with you."

"Come out," ordered the general, "both of you."

CURLEY and Horse stepped through the door and stood side by side in the sun. For a moment the light blinded them. Then they opened their eyes. The ghost of a smile was playing around the general's lips. He bowed with extreme formality.

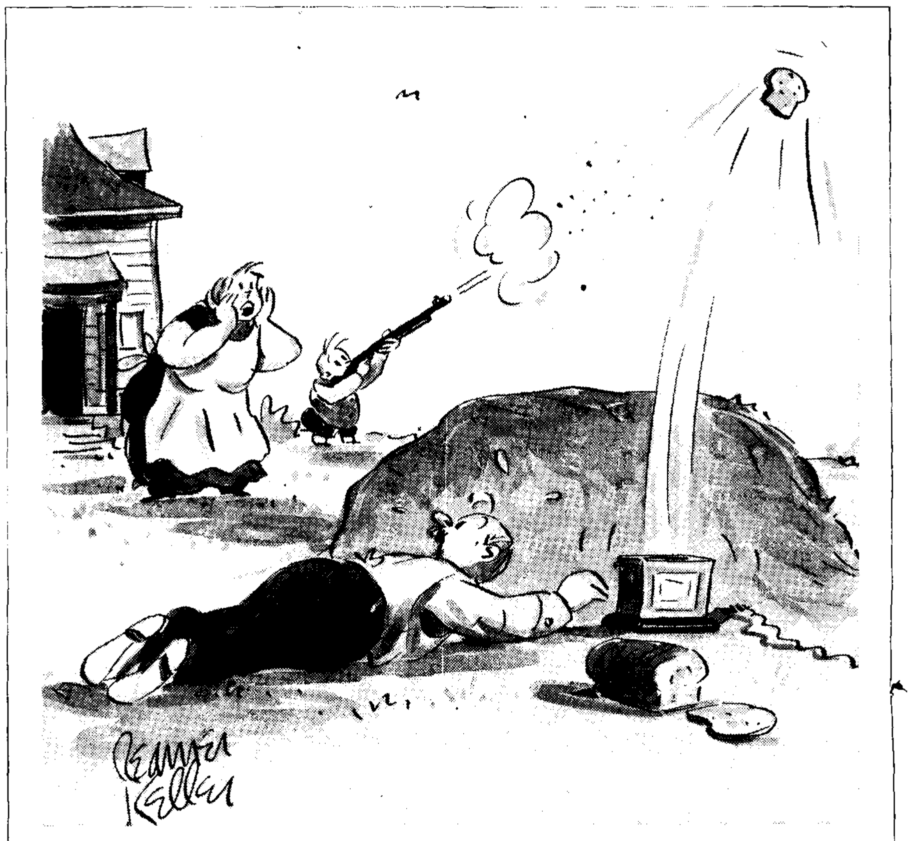
"I must apologize, gentlemen," he said. "You must have spent an extremely painful morning. But now I have the pleasure of offering commissions to *both* of you. You have been loyal to one another, and I think it likely that you will be loyal to me."

Curley's jaw dropped. He stared at Horse.

"You accept, my friends?" asked the general affably.

"Sure, we do," cried Curley. "But what if we'd decided the other way?"

"In that case," said the general, shrugging his shoulders, "I should have been forced to shoot you both."


Reamer Keller

"Have you seen anything of my electric toaster, George?"

REAMER KELLER

Looking Ahead With Roosevelt

Continued from page 8

men will be able to go to bed at night without wondering miserably what will become of them on the morrow. Any civilization that fails in these objectives, he insists, is not a civilization that deserves to endure.

The President is without apologies for the NRA. It had its extremes and absurdities, but the fundamentals were, and still are, as much commandments as though they had come down from Sinai. Majority rule is the essence of the democratic principle, and it *must* and *will* be applied to business. When the decent and honorable ninety per cent in an industry agree on a code of ethics, it should not be possible for an outlaw ten per cent, refusing to play the game of fair competition, to make the ethical majority choose between bankruptcy and the surrender of standards. The abolition of child labor, together with the establishment of standards for minimum wages and maximum hours, continue to stand as Roosevelt objectives.

There's No Absolute Ownership

It is not his intent to do away with the profit motive or to drive against the institution of private property. The wistful imaginings of More and Bellamy have their appeal to him, as they must to every man with any capacity for idealism, but he refuses to drug himself with ideals as an escape from reality. He does hold, however, that there is no such thing as absolute ownership, and that the right of private ownership cannot be permitted to operate against the general welfare. Following the same line of reasoning, he believes that the profit motive can be divorced from greed and brutal disregard of ethics and fair play. Courage, initiative and enterprise are to be preserved as precious heritages, but they must be the *real* article, and not mere masks for rapacity.

Neither now nor at any previous time has the President set a limit on size in business. It is not his thought that industry should be put back into rompers, but it is his determination that the big fellows must give up their loaded dice and play the game fairly and squarely with the little fellows. If there is no inclusion of false values in capitalization, and if growth is not accompanied by the strangling, smothering tactics of unfair competition, the size of a business will be left to the test of economic efficiency. A vitalized, vigilant Federal Trade Commission will establish these safeguards and see that they are heeded.

With respect to banking, there is no doubt in his mind as to the need of radical reform. With forty-eight state banking systems, a national banking system, and the super-imposition of a Federal Reserve System on both, unification must come and will come. For the present, however, he contemplates only such centralization of existing power as will enable the government to recapture the control of money and credit. All that pending legislation proposes is the concentration in the Federal Reserve Board of authority over discount rates, reserve requirements and open market operations. It means, however, the recognition of a *national* viewpoint rather than the *local* viewpoint, and that is the struggle.

In requesting legislation to bar gold suits against the government, nothing was more remote from his mind than to rob any citizen of a constitutional right. What moved him was anger against a new type of racketeer. No man now holding a government bond can prove loss, for the dollar today buys more than it did in 1926, a year accepted as an average for the period between 1920 and 1929. What these swarming litigants want, in the President's opinion, is $1.69 for their dollar, and he views it as an essentially dishonest demand.

The hue and cry against his tax program as a "soak the rich" drive has worked no change in his purpose, and he is equally unimpressed by the charge that it was a political move to gain the favor and support of Left Wing elements. The question of taxation has been in his mind from the first, and the message of June 19th represented the crystallized convictions that came from long thought and deep study.

A revenue measure in its essence, it is only in the manner of raising the revenue that there is an expression of his social philosophy. The principle to which his mind has run—the principle laid down in the bill—is that taxes must be levied in proportion to *ability to pay* and in proportion to *benefits received.* He has no firmer belief than that wealth does not come from individual effort, but through the coöperation of the entire community, from people in the mass. Income is the one true measure of benefits received and ability to pay, and the income tax, in his belief, must stand as the governing principle in federal taxation.

Another formed thought of the President is in connection with the debt burden. The new bankruptcy acts, encouraging reorganizations, point a way to reduction of principal, but it is equally important that interest rates be lowered. Usury has been, and is now, an all too common practice, either boldly or through the slick expedient of adding "commissions" to the legal rate. In a letter to James A. Moffett, under date of November 1, 1934, the President virtually commanded a uniform basic interest rate of five per cent as the start of a drive against pawnbroking methods. Today every lending agency of the federal government, operating in agriculture, industry and in direct contact with the home-owner, is being used, and will be used, to force interest rates down to a fair figure that takes cognizance of the debtor's ability to pay.

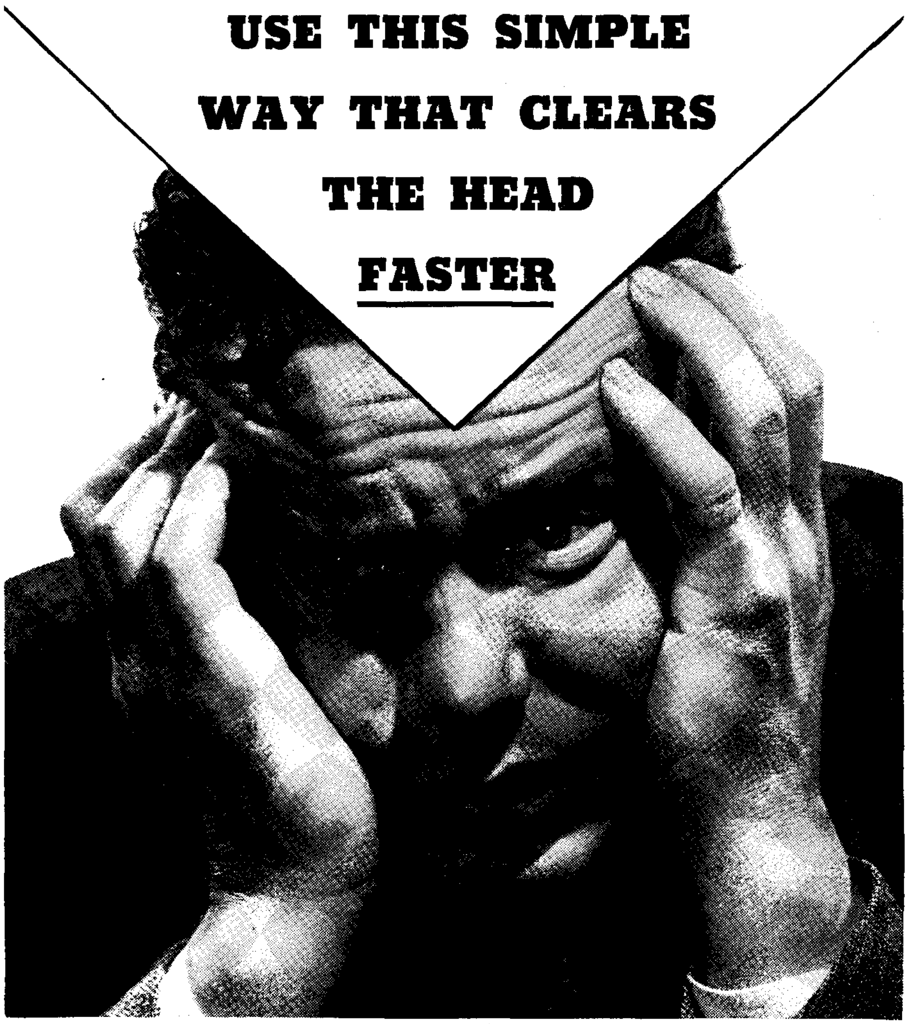
Peace on the Industrial Front

The real and true partnership of labor and management is another objective close to the President's heart. Industrial peace is as much a necessary human goal as world peace. Section 7-a in the National Recovery Act was the government's frank recognition of the right of workers to organize and to bargain collectively with their employers through representatives of their own choosing. The Wagner Bill, creating an independent and quasi-judicial National Labor Relations Board, is the necessary extension and elaboration of Section 7-a, and stands now, as it will continue to stand, as a Roosevelt fundamental.

What, he asks, is a corporation itself but the organization of capital? What of the chambers of commerce, the various manufacturers' associations, and the numberless groups of employers? He holds tenaciously to the conviction that workers must have the same right, and it is equally his insistence that an honest acceptance of the law will bring about a *real* partnership between labor and capital instead of the shoddy, meaningless phrase that is now the rule.

(Continued on page 46)

STOP that headache



TESTS BY DOCTORS *are proving that this remedy gives faster, more complete relief*

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BROMO-SELTZER

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Stops Headaches faster

—soothes stomach and nerves

(Continued from page 45)

If there is one New Deal agency that enlists the championship of the President more than another, it is the Securities and Exchange Commission. As a governor, he came to an exact appreciation of the evils of unbridled speculation, and knew sickness of heart by reason of the extent to which the credulous were robbed of their savings. In one year in New York State alone, $500,000,000 was filched from fools by get-rich-quick promoters and high-pressure salesmen. He stands like granite on the premise that it is a prime function of government to make the word investment mean what it was intended to mean, and at no point will he give an inch in his support of the SEC and its right to regulate stock exchanges and to drive against swindlers.

Toward a New Social Order

It is a somewhat common complaint against the President that his "sunny optimism" and "sophomoric enthusiasms" blind him to the grim facts of given situations. As a matter of truth, his "sunny optimism" proceeds from a deep and abiding faith in the resources, the courage and capacities of America and the American people. Out of his belief that we lead the world in invention, science, specialized skill and adventurous enterprise, he believes implicitly that we can lead the world into a new social order that will free men from their fears and miseries, and make them truly masters of their destiny.

In 1929, when prosperity was assumed to have been at its peak, some two and a half million men were walking the streets in search of work. Even if the country recovers in full measure, at least five or six million will be technologically disemployed. Jobs *must* be found for this vast army of idle. What the President conceives is a continuous and expanding program of public works that will not only provide employment for all, but lift American life to a new and nobler level. We have the resources, the brains, the energy, and all that we need is to rid ourselves of the fixations carried over from years of scarcity, the period of struggle.

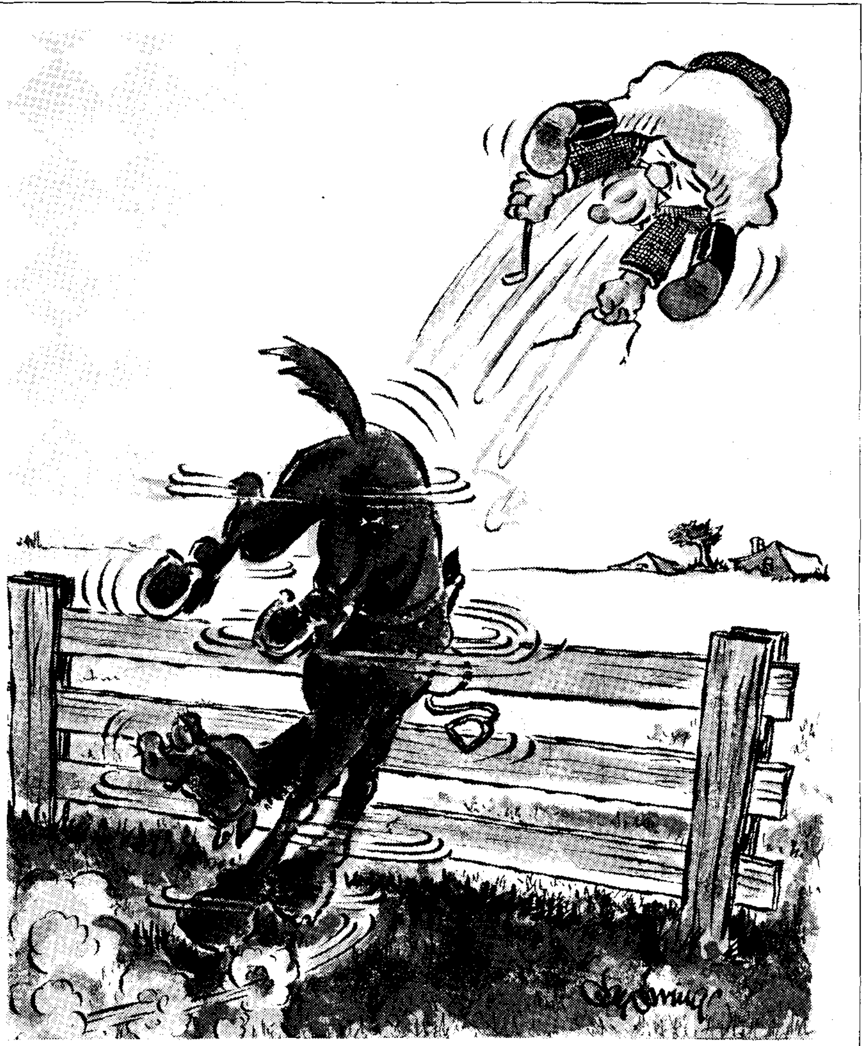
Our housing is a reproach. Half of the population lives meanly. There are existing cities to be rebuilt and new cities to be built. Not only slums must go, but tenement districts and drab, dingy neighborhoods, giving way to a loveliness that will permit a release of the spirit. Municipalities are without money for the task, and to say that the federal government cannot step in is to continue squalor and misery.

Thousands upon thousands are living under Daniel Boone conditions, and the whole great field of sanitation offers itself for exploration and advance. For years medical research has gone cap in hand, begging pennies. What better use for money?

Few nations have given greater lip-service to education than America, yet our illiteracy statistics are appalling. What more active poison can be poured into the wells of citizenship than ignorance? What the President plans is a continuance and intensification of the drive against adult illiteracy, and a vigorous campaign to make education a true thing and a vital thing. Already a start has been made in the creation of the National Youth Administration. One hundred thousand high-school students will be helped to complete their courses, and another hundred thousand college students will be aided. Exceptional ability will be rewarded with post-graduate years.

The President's imagination has gained force and sweep from his contact with the life and problems of forty-eight states. At the time the Constitution was written, men deemed America's fertility inexhaustible. If a farm petered out, there was new land to be had for the taking. Today, however, scientists declare that unless remedial measures are taken at once, another hundred years will see the reversion of part of the country to desert.

A great conservation plan, therefore, is in the making, based on Franklin Roosevelt's conviction that the federal government must have the right of control over all running water. Millions will be devoted to the fight against soil erosion, for the retirement of submarginal land, and for great reclamation projects, reforestation and the redistribution and resettlement of population. At no point, however, will this feature of the program be compulsory. Just as the republic offered homesteads in earlier days, so will the New Deal present unhappy, dispirited groups with the opportunity for a new start in a new environment, leaving it to them to accept or reject.



"Remarkable! He can turn on a dime!"

JAY IRVING

In this vast, far-flung plan, the development of water power will be emphasized to the limit. It is the last great natural resource remaining in possession of the people, and nothing will be permitted to interfere with its full utilization. As far as possible, development will respect private investment. Contracts will be made with existing companies for transmission in order to avoid duplication of facilities, and when competition is compelled by the exigencies, purchase of private plants will be made at a fair price.

Nevertheless, there is a job to be done and it will be done. A comparison bitter in the President's mind is that the Scandinavian countries sell current so cheaply that barns have electric light and running water, while here in the United States a full 90 per cent of the rural population live by oil lamps and pumps or wells. Already the Farm Home Electric Authority, operating at present with the Tennessee Valley Authority, has succeeded in cutting the prices of electrical equipment in half, and reducing interest rates on installment buying from 18 to 5 per cent.

It is inevitable in all this period of radical change that the question of sovereignty will be raised. Throughout his entire adult life, the President has been a champion of states' rights, but what he has been forced to see is that many festering evils lie within domains that the commonwealths cannot reach, and that there are needed standards in various social and economic areas that must be *national.*

The Lindbergh kidnapping law, the Mann Act and the Pure Food Act were direct invasions of state sovereignty, yet they were passed and have stood without challenge, because public opinion recognized the necessity for federal control. If it is constitutional for the central government to protect the nation against kidnappers and food poisoners, the President sees no reason why the children of America should not be guarded against exploitation, and the 90 per cent of honest, decent businessmen against the wolfish competition of an indecent, dishonest 10 per cent.

A Balanced Budget in Sight

With respect to a balanced budget, the President holds that the best and quickest way to balance the national budget is to balance the budget of the American citizen. Even so, receipts and expenditures are being given the ultimate in careful consideration, and the Treasury experts already see the day when the budget can and will be balanced, and that without ignoring an essential governmental duty or human obligation. Here are the figures:

The treasury receipts for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1934, were $3,116,000,000, and the deficit was $3,630,000,000. For 1935 receipts were $3,800,000,000 and the deficit $3,002,000,000. For the year ending July 1, 1936, receipts will be $3,992,000,000, and the deficit $3,892,000,000. For 1937 it is estimated that receipts will amount to $4,200,000,000 with a deficit of $2,000,000,000, and the estimate for 1938 is $5,000,000,000 receipts and a $500,000,000 deficit. In 1939, according to estimates, receipts will run well above five billions, and instead of a deficit we will be able to show a half-billion plus. The United States has not neared its debt limit, and another fact stressed by the President is that the cost of the debt structure is being steadily reduced. Two years ago a little over 4 per cent, it's cost is already down to nearly 3 per cent.

Turning away from domestic problems to world conditions, it may be said that the President is under no illusions as to the ability of a nation to live of itself and by itself in this modern universe. He knows, however, that under present conditions there is small possibility of international concert along constructive lines, but when the nations of earth come to their senses, we will play our part in disarmament, in world trade, and in currency stabilization.

In the meantime, the Administration will not give ground before the drive of the economic nationalists and their gospel of a self-sufficient America. The work of the Trade Agreements Section will be continued and supported. It is the belief of the President and his advisers that both agricultural and industrial recovery can be given no greater impetus than by the recapture of foreign markets for our surpluses. The basis of the effort, however, will be reciprocity, with emphasis always on the exchange of such products as will work the minimum of harm to our own domestic market.

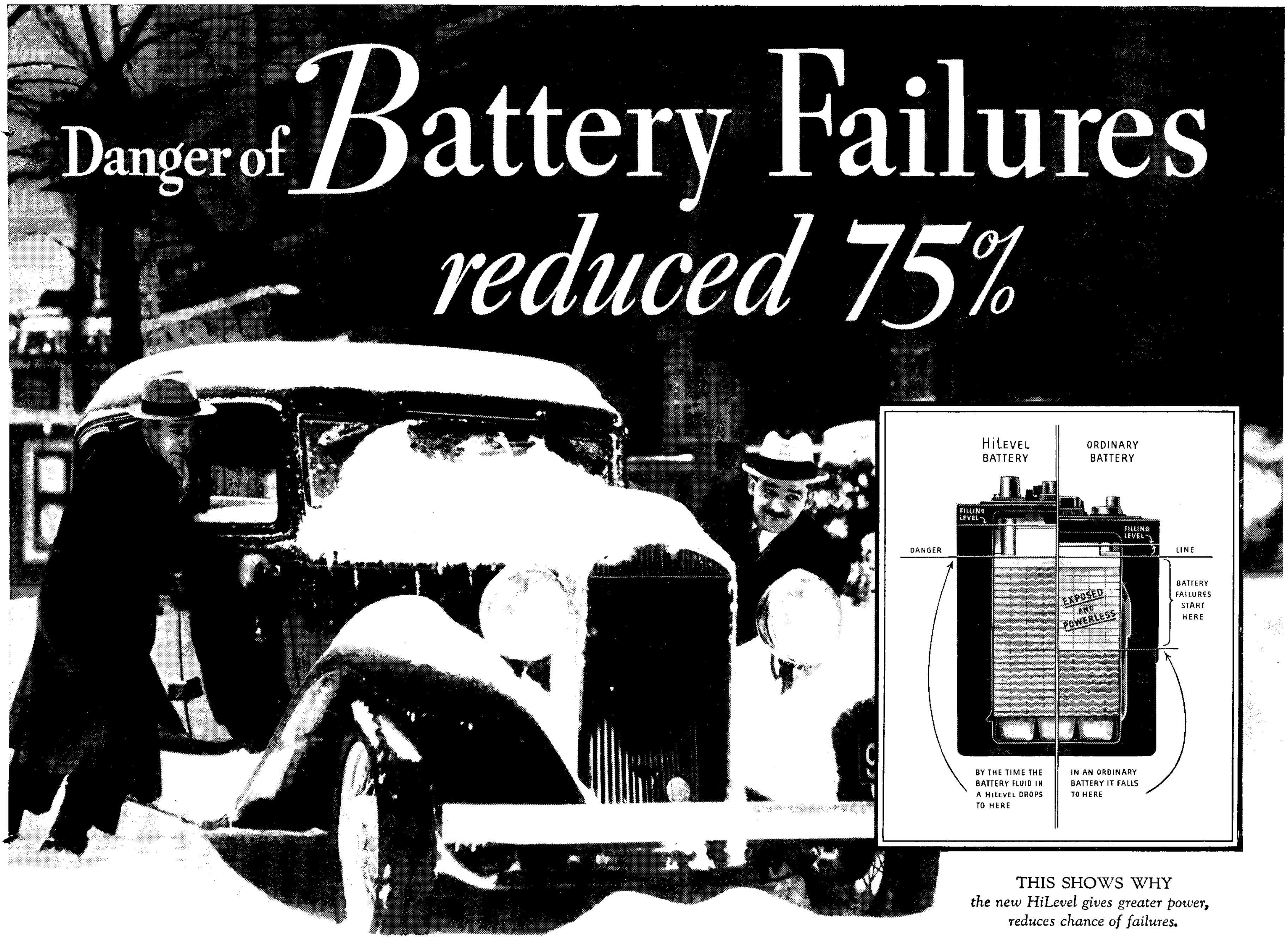
Intelligent Criticism Welcomed

Today, after the two most strenuous years ever experienced by any Chief Executive with the possible exception of Washington, Franklin Roosevelt has suffered no impairment of strength or health, and retains in full degree both the courage and optimism that have been his outstanding temperamental characteristics. It is true that he has evinced irritation in connection with certain attacks of the opposition, and this has been hailed as giving the lie to his own repeated statements that he not only invited criticism but welcomed it.

The answer to this is that the President's quarrel is not with the fact of criticism but the nature of it. Sincerely believing that no public official has the gift of infallibility, it is a fundamental of his political philosophy that nothing is more helpful and corrective than a strong and intelligent opposition. It is his complaint, however, that New Deal opposition has been neither strong nor intelligent, but merely abusive and obstructive, and in support of this, he cites the fact that never at any time have his opponents come forward with an alternative proposal. They attack what he has done, but not once do they say what they would have done or would do. To answer attempts to end child labor and wipe out slums by crying that it is the opening wedge for a dictatorship that will destroy free speech, free press, free assemblage, abolish trial by jury, and end in the quartering of soldiers in the homes of citizens, seems to him in no sense critical, but the last word in sabotage.

On the whole, however, he retains his amazing serenity, not underestimating his task, but addressing himself to it with all that he has of courage, conscience and ability, sustained by the thought that the American people, after all, are his sole judges, and that their judgments are based on results.

Danger of Battery Failures reduced 75%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THIS SHOWS WHY
the new HiLevel gives greater power, reduces chance of failures.

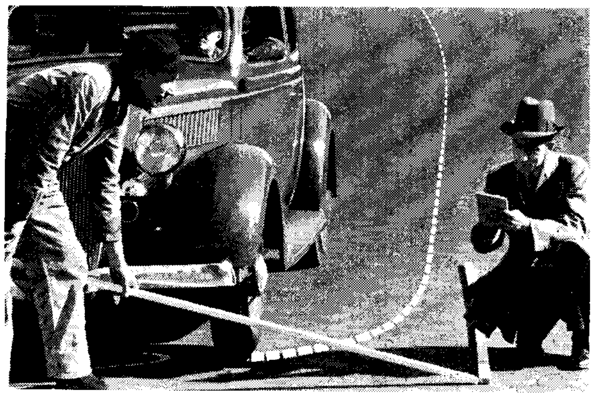
Revolutionary new extra-plate battery needs water only 3 *times a year.* Has four times the usual reserve water capacity

New Prest-O-Lite HiLevel shows way to reduce battery failures, assures motorists of long, powerful battery service

PREST-O-LITE now shows the way to avoid one of the greatest risks of battery failure—lack of water. A startling new development in battery construction—the Prest-O-Lite HiLevel principle—makes this possible. In normal service it will operate at peak efficiency for four months without the addition of a drop of water! Compare this with the twice-a-month re-filling of the ordinary battery. The extra water capacity means extra safety, extra convenience, insurance against trouble. It means extra power, greater reserve for those times when you need it.

HiLevel Batteries are built for power, endurance—built for months of dependable performance. But, despite a 24-month service warranty, the service record of thousands of these batteries proves that, in actual use, they outlive the warranty many months. On this proved basis of months and miles of service, *the HiLevel costs you less than any other battery you can buy.*

Drive in to your service station today. Ask to see this amazing new battery.



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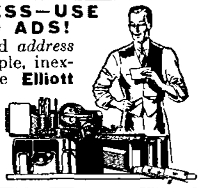

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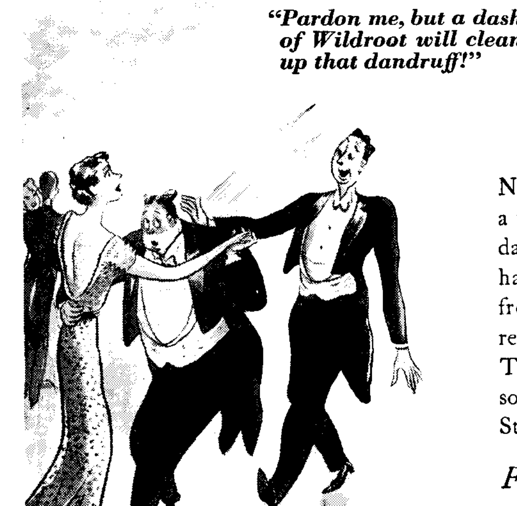
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For healthy hair use
WILDROOT HAIR TONIC
Eliminates dandruff

The Silver Desert

Continued from page 21

"We hit the beef hard as we can. We fire a round. They'll stampede. Ready?"

The breathing of the man on his nearest left quickened. Looking to either hand he saw all the Barrier hands moving into line. Thereupon he gathered his horse under him. Matt had already started to go. The rest of the line was swaying forward. He pulled back sharply then. He said, "Wait!"

Matt Strang turned, full of angry impatience. "What the hell—"

"Wait!"

The cattle had ceased moving forward. They were spreading out from the column, bawling through the dark. There was a rider sliding along that mass, detaching himself from it without haste. He stopped. His voice cut across the distance.

"Take your damned cattle, Sebastian. Come and take 'em!"

Matt Strang's arm dropped and rose. He made a snap shot through the shadows. The rider was wheeling back around the edge of the beef. He yelled: "Next time you'll need more help!" And he raced on, into the west. There was a flurry of other riders beating away from the herd.

"It was Duke DePard," said Sebastian.

"Damn you!" cried Strang. "Come on!"

"Wait," said Sebastian. "It was a trap—and it didn't work." He saw his men shifting with unrest in their saddles, but he held them another moment, ears weighing the dying scud of DePard's outfit. He said then: "We ram the herd and scatter it. That's all. We don't follow DePard. Do you understand? Come on."

He spurred his pony forward, meanwhile catching sight of Matt Strang's queer actions; the foreman made a wide circle away from the group—and stopped. The Barrier men left him behind, spreading as they galloped. Sebastian pulled his gun, alert to trickery on the dark side of the herd; but he saw nothing over there and his quick shot was aimed into the air—meant only to stampede the stock. He fired twice again, the men around him following suit; he let his horse strike the side of the herd and then he pulled in, calling swiftly out to the other men, "That's all."

There was no further need of action; for the beef, bawling and nervous, broke instantly out of that lumpy formation. Dust shot up; he could see the shapes of his cattle spreading in all directions. Bill Speel had come up.

"THEY'RE through for one night," said Sebastian. "The beef's scattered over five miles of country and they'll never try to collect it now. Duke DePard won't try two bluffs in the same game. He'll go home. So will we."

"The beef?" said Bill Speel.

"The beef will drift back to the hills," stated Sebastian. "We ride."

He turned homeward. At the beginning of the hill trail he dropped aside, letting the column pass, and joined Strang, who had remained sullenly in the rear. "Take this bunch back to Camp Four. Then drive Gib McChesney into Reno to a doctor. On your way, stop at the ranch and start Jim Kern and five of the boys up this way to reenforce Bill Speel. We're going to lay a heavy guard on these hills."

"You lost your great chance," Matt said gruffly.

"I'm not a killer, Matt."

"Then," said Matt Strang, not mincing his words, "Barrier's going to be nothing but a ruin ninety days from now and you'll be dead."

"Barrier can bide its time."

"I don't like that soft streak in you," said Matt, tone unsteadied by anger. "You're a marked man in this corner of Nevada. I've heard it whispered ten places the last two weeks. Get this straight: When men like Galt set out to kill, they do the job. They've set out to kill you. You may get clear of one trap but you'll fall into another. There's only one way to survive, which is to exterminate Galt and the DePards and that whole damned tribe. You've refused your best opportunity of doing that tonight. One of those very men you were soft-hearted enough to let go probably's got the bullet that's going to blow your lights eternally out."

"It was a trap. I don't bite that easy."

They were at the summit of the hills, passing through a park-like opening. Faint wind rustled the near-by pine tops and a resin scent moved aromatically with the mystery-ridden air. Some animal crashed away through the open timber, its echoes shocking the deep peace. Tom Sebastian pulled out of the line. "After you've done that chore, bring the car back to Camp Four. I'll meet you there sometime beyond sunup."

Matt called sharply, "Where you going?"

He rode silently into the pines. A quarter-mile from the trail, on a butte rising above the general level of the broken country, he staked his horse, rolled himself in a saddle blanket and fell lightly asleep.

JUST before dawn, an echo in the trees below the butte wakened him as effectively as an alarm clock. His purpose in remaining here, on the butte, overnight was to catch by first daylight any subsequent maneuver of the DePards. He had no assurance they would remain in the hills, but he did know that somewhere in this rugged terrain they maintained a hide-out. He wished to find it, for he was certain the DePards would again, as so often in the past, spill down from the broken land to drive away his beef.

All big ranches had suffered from the rustler. Barrier was suffering now as surely as in 1870.

Mounting, he rode down the side of the butte. His glance continually roving the floor of the forest, he came to a ravine cutting its way east and west through the hills. A small trail descended to the ravine's bottom, crossed it and climbed the farther bank, passing into a stand of brush. Sebastian stopped there, with his attention riveted on that brush and its possibilities, and presently he turned left to avoid the crossing and pushed his way a good five hundred feet westward. At that point he scanned the ravine again and urged his horse into it. The pony dropped down on stiff legs, picked its way through the depression's rocky bed, and lunged up the farther bank.

Not quite arrived on the top, Sebastian heard a swift rush through the bushes farther down the ravine; and when he heard it all his nerves warned him and he raked his spurs across the pony's hide and swung low in the saddle. Next moment the deep dreaming peace of the forest was shattered by a gunshot, echoes crashing all along the slopes and swirling around the pine butts.

The bullet struck a rock in the ravine bottom with a flat, small report. Sebastian smashed through the marginal brush and wheeled on into the pines, his own gun jerked up. The sorrel rump of a horse was just sliding into the brush a hundred feet to the eastward, the sound of its hoofs rattling across the ravine, crushing into the farther thicket. The ambusher was in retreat; but Sebastian, intently listening, heard the echoes die too suddenly, as though the man had come to a halt in the near distance. His own answer was to gallop deeper into the pines until he had some security from a chance shot. Then he swung to the right, made his way to a higher roll of ground and stopped to look fairly into the ravine and the little riffle of dust still remaining there.

He had a good view of the brush from this elevation, but the unknown marksman had meanwhile dropped quietly into some other hidden pocket. The game, Sebastian realized, had begun. Retreating again to heavier timber, he pointed eastward, labored up the side of a hill and in a few minutes came to the edge of a narrow, deep-slashed canyon.

"Crossing over to flank me," he thought, and studied the land beyond the canyon. Over there a rugged, irregular area marked by timber and dry creek beds marched on a quarter mile or so until it bumped into a sharp-rising butte on which timber stood thickly. "He wants to get up there to keep me in sight," considered Sebastian, and immediately pushed the pony into a narrow trail that dropped to the canyon's bottom.

DUST whirled up from the pony's stiff legs; first sunlight turned the day instantly warm. It was seventy feet to the bottom of the canyon, a dozen paces across it, and seventy feet to the top of the farther rim. Half expecting a long-range shot, Sebastian was dissatisfied with the brittle quality of the warm morning silence. Haste moved him faster and sweat started under the brim of his hat. "He's seen me," he grumbled, "but he's holding his fire to keep me on the defensive." That suspicion drove him rapidly across the broken area, once he had gotten out of the canyon. A windfall barred his direct advance; he circled it, the necessity of reaching the butte in advance of this unknown marksman making him more and more careless. The dry brush rattled. An antelope, quietly hidden, sprang to life at his very feet and boomed away, its dun-colored body scudding beautifully across the uneven ground.

Sebastian said, "Damnation," sibilantly and knocked the sweat from his forehead. He rode his horse into one of the dry creek beds, got down and went ducking forward around the pine trunks. A little ahead of him the timber ended and there was a wide, rocky strip along the foot of the butte—a hazard he had to cross before reaching the protecting forest again. Reaching this open spot, he crouched behind a rock slab and scanned the scattered boulders ahead of him.

After a time, a big arm lifted above a rock and a heavy shout sailed across the interval:

"I see you, Sebastian. Let's call this off."

It was the voice of one particular individual—to be recognized anywhere. Staring steadily into the rising brightness of the day, Sebastian saw the huge head and shoulders of Star Humboldt rise above the rocks like a grizzly rearing on its hind legs. His torso spread ponderously against the fresh sunlight. Sebastian even made out the swart, sullen cheeks pressed into fixed lines. The man was coatless; his shirt lay rolled back from his great hair-felted chest. He said again: "Don't fire, Tom."

It was beyond accurate revolver range. That fact alone prompted Sebastian to rise and walk from the thin timber into the open. He went on a dozen paces and stopped.

"Step out from the rocks," he ordered.

Humboldt took three paces to his left and stood fully exposed. His arms hung straight down. He tipped his head, hat-brim cutting some of the sunlight from his eyes.

"Reach over with your left hand and draw and drop your gun."

Humboldt's heavy arm crossed his stomach, obeying; the gun fell. He had no more to say. Sebastian walked on a half-dozen feet before a clear warning slapped him deliberately across the face. His quick glance went over to the timber along the butte, to his exposed rear. He said, sharply: "Come over here."

Humboldt twisted his shoulders and for a long moment held them rigid. Then his heavy voice lifted to a violent yell that had no meaning in it and he whirled and dropped behind the rock barricade again. As Humboldt did so Sebastian started his forward run—for he knew how schemingly Humboldt had drawn him into this trap. Humboldt's revolver lay useless on the rocks, but that meant nothing, as he was instantly to discover. Wrenching himself over the tricky rock footing, Sebastian had gained perhaps ten yards of the intervening distance when Humboldt raised his head, laid the black snout of a rifle across the rock parapet and hugged his heavy head against its stock. The distance was too great for accurate revolver play, which Humboldt had shrewdly figured. But the rifle balanced there was a deadly possibility.

Never stopping, never trying to dodge, Sebastian realized he had but a single chance, which was to cause the halfbreed to flinch his first shots. And so, already having lifted his revolver, he laid a rapid shot against the rocks. The explosion of his gun beat Humboldt's fire by a thin margin, both echoes running down the slope together. The muzzle of Humboldt's rifle yawed a little, throwing off the bullet. Instantly later that wicked muzzle came relentlessly back to its target. Sebastian fired a second time and saw rock flakes fly against Humboldt's face.

All this while his headlong charge carried him on and all this while he saw the fixed and brutal eyes of the man ahead cling to him. Humboldt was holding his shots, waiting for one utterly certain opportunity, and so there was nothing left for Sebastian but to keep spending his bullets, to keep creating a diversion. His third shot struck nothing but thin air, and that was the lull Humboldt waited for. Nothing but guesswork caused Sebastian to leap aside. Humboldt's rifle cracked; somewhere behind Sebastian the low-traveling lead ticked a rock and went whining on.

THERE was this moment, and this moment only. Sebastian checked his run; he stood dead still, taking a last aim. It was then that Humboldt, pumping a fresh load into the Winchester, did an odd thing. Some impulse caused him to abandon the security of his barricade, some carnivorous desire to destroy pulled him up to his feet till he stood fairly before Sebastian and became for that moment a bold shape against the flooding sunlight. His rifle patiently straightened on Sebastian and Sebastian's glance, running down the revolver sights, centered on the triangle of skin showing between the open edges of Humboldt's shirt. When he fired, he fired at that.

If there was a reply from Humboldt's gun, he didn't hear it. If Humboldt's bullet had hit him, he didn't feel it.

(Continued on page 50)

When they call you "Old Man" you want them to smile

E. Simms Campbell

NOBODY really wants to look old. But the world takes you at face value. To women and to employers you are always as old as you look.

Millions of men look older than they really are because their skin is prematurely wrinkled and dried out. They do not realize what harm shaving can do, when it robs the skin of its natural oils.

And millions of other men keep looking young and fit simply because they keep their faces in perfect condition with Barbasol.

Barbasol is no male beauty treatment. It is the most modern, the most scientific shaving method.

It needs no brush, no lather, no rub-in. And, so soothing and healing is its action that many people use it for windburn, sunburn and chapping.

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Barbasol has body enough to support each hair so the blade can snip it off clean at the base. This prevents ingrown hairs.

And finally the bland oils contained in Barbasol leave the skin in perfect condition so that premature wrinkles and old age lines cannot intrude.

Sooner or later you'll come round to Barbasol.

Already it's America's most popular shaving cream.

BARBASOL BLADES

now 5 for 15¢

For only fifteen cents you can now buy 5 of those scalpel-keen Barbasol Blades that make shaving a joy.

They're going like hot cakes, men. Step up and get yours today.

Shave the Barbasol way.

Soften your whiskers with Barbasol Shaving Cream and mow 'em down with Barbasol Blades. It's the perfect shaving combination.

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For Modern Shaving:
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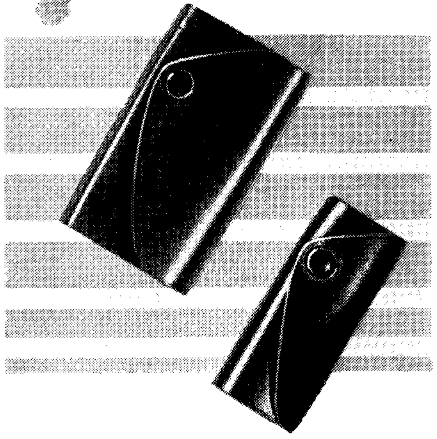

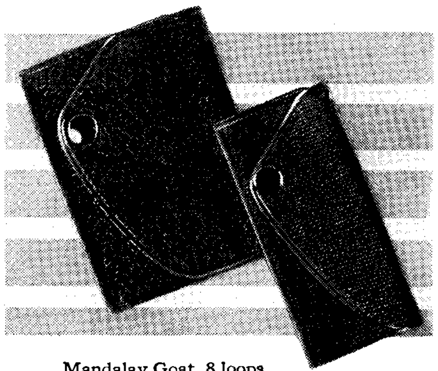

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(*Above*) Smooth Cowhide, 6 loops, $1. Smooth Cowhide in 2 loops, 50¢.

● SAY GOOD-BYE to spreading hooks, lost keys and clumsy holders. The patented Buxton Key-Tainer can be opened by a flick of the thumb, and used with one hand.

Mandalay Goat, 8 loops, $2. Others from $1 to $6. India Goat, 4 loops, $1.50. Others from 50¢.

● A NEW LOOP *locks* the keys into the Key-Tainer, yet both loop and key may be removed in an instant by pressing the automatic latch.

Auto keys and credentials together in one case in the Buxton Auto Key-Tainer. Silk Cowhide, 6 loops, $1. Others to $2.50.

Custom-packaged in the distinctive brown and copper box.

● AS A GIFT Key-Tainers get a big hand from the men. Cost little, but do a big job well. And almost every one carries the Buxton Key Return Service, which brings back your lost Key-Tainer FREE. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Buxton KEY-TAINERS . . . BILLFOLDS . . . POCKET CASES

(Continued from page 49)

Frozen in his tracks, without an atom of regret, he crashed another bullet at that triangular patch of bare flesh. . . .

Sebastian returned to Camp Four around nine o'clock of the morning and found Matt Strang waiting with the car. Bill Speel was there; the rest of the crew was out on scout.

Matt said: "Did I hear firing over toward Hermione Ridge?"

Sebastian crossed to Bill Speel. He spoke briefly to the man and went to the car. Matt moved over in the seat. They bounced across the bumpy road and swung around for Barrier headquarters.

WHEN Tom drove into the Barrier plaza Lily Tennant was on the point of riding away from it. She wheeled her horse over to the car.

"Could I interest you in a ride, or are you very weary?"

Sebastian called to Gath, crossing the plaza, "Gath, saddle up for me, please," and lifted his plainly approving glance to her. She was in breeches and boots, with a tan shirt covering her small, square shoulders. A borrowed sombrero, tilted back on her chestnut head, strengthened the liveliness of her features and he thought instantly that his first impression of her had been right. She wasn't something fragile from a picture book. The sense of buoyant, robust emotion was very strong in her. It was a vital warmth that struck him distinctly. He showed his reaction, for Lily's color deepened and she turned her horse away. Sebastian swung up on the pony Gath brought him. They cantered together across the plaza, into the rising blaze of sunlight.

"You do look tired, Tom."

It brought out his grin. "Sebastians are like St. Bernards. They look old and weary from birth. How have you made out? Been bored?"

"Not for a moment. I don't think it would be possible to be bored here."

They said nothing more for a while. The steady canter carried them across the undulating range out into pure space that, save for the nearing tree, would have had little to define it. The tree, when they reached it, turned out to be a massive-branched oak casting a solid patch of shade. They dismounted here. Lily sat down and hugged her arms around her knees and watched heat waves boil up from the earth. Sebastian built himself a smoke; then, seated on his heels, he drew patterns in the loose soil. The marks of the schoolhouse fight were still cut across his broad, heavy fists.

She said: "You had trouble up in the hills last night."

"Why?"

"You're still remembering it. In anger your eyes turn smoky."

"A little trouble," he admitted reluctantly. "Where's the rest of your party?"

SHE was smiling again. "Jay's tired, Kit's afraid of the sun, and Timmy is probably out following your men around like a beagle."

He dropped back to one elbow so that he might watch her slow gestures. To him the tilt of her head was indescribably gallant, and in the curve of her lips was something as anciently feminine as Eve. It hit him hard.

"You're a damned beautiful woman, Lily."

She said in a half-breath: "Are you always so frank?"

He punched his cigarette into the soft ground; he kept his head bent down. After a while she went quietly on: "I've never met anyone like you. You're as rash as the wind. I'm not sure you understand the effect you produce in people. No, I'll be very honest with you. I don't think you know the effect you produce in me."

He said: "I told you the other night you and I were the sort that could never be mild. We go to extreme ends."

She didn't answer until he lifted his eyes to her. Then she said, just above a whisper, "Yes," and suddenly and powerfully something lay between them. They were electric poles between which an exciting current raced. He broke the tension by brusquely pulling his eyes away. Lily Tennant's words were limpidly cool.

"It might be wonderful or it might be tragic, or it might be—" Her voice trailed off and then rose with a touch of skepticism, "—a summer night's dream, soon lost."

"People never know a drenching until they go over the falls, Lily. There isn't any philosophical detachment about love. It's a hard, compelling thing."

"I'm not sure I want to go over the falls, Tom."

"Not if you want fame."

"Not if I want fame," she echoed softly.

He got up and said, "Shall we ride back?"

Lily rose, still watching him. "I haven't made myself clear," she said. "Time without end women have abandoned everything for love. Some of them have been supremely happy. Some of them have been supremely miserable. The romantic tradition is that love always comes first. It isn't wholly true. Neither is it wholly true that women who choose careers are taking the wrong pathway. There's a lot of sloppy sentimentality, a lot of illusion around love. I don't want to do the sloppy thing. I want to be realistic about this. It isn't fame, Tom. It's being useful and happy. If I make mistakes, if I have to surrender some dreams—that's all right. It's all right if in the end I find the job I'm best fitted to do."

"Yes," he said and gave her a hand-up to her saddle.

"Above all," she told him soberly, "I don't want to be a person drifting aimlessly through life. I have to mean something to myself."

He was a man who covered his feelings when they were strongest. She could make out no answer on his face now. Nor in his carefully guarded voice. "You'll do what you have to do," he said. "That's the long and short of it."

"Bargains and compromises? Of course. Men do a lot of surrendering to reach the top of the ladder. Do you suppose women are any different? I know that men would like to believe women are different. But that's idealization. The code of morals set up for women was man's dream of what he wanted women to be. If the code isn't working so well now it is because women are not that way. They're human, too, Tom."

THEY struck out from the little patch of shade, into a light burning more intensely down; all the air was dry and scorched. Barrier's buildings made a low and dark streak against the desert, and the illusion was of a ship lying deep in a still sea.

Lily's quick and curious voice broke a long riding silence: "Does that philosophy hurt you?"

"You're an honest woman, Lily. You're not fooling yourself. That's the important item."

They raced the rest of the distance in silence and entered Barrier's plaza, dismounting and going into the grateful cool of the living-room. Timmy and Kit and Jay Stuart loafed there.

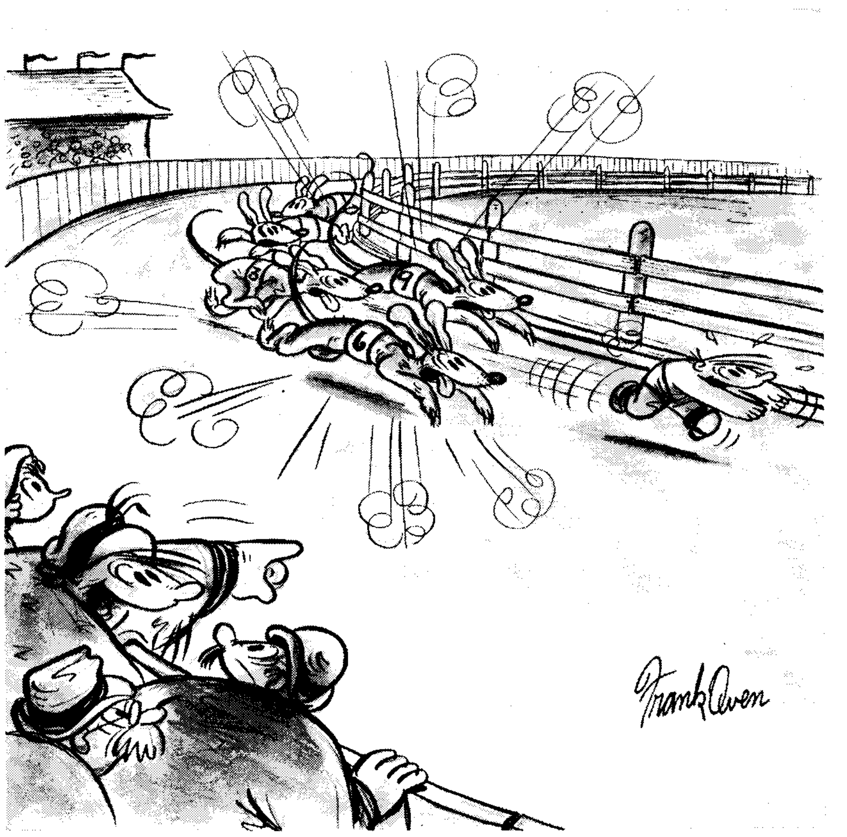
Kit's alert eyes ran from Lily to Sebastian and absorbed what was to be seen. Charm came quietly from another room. "Judge Sillavan phoned from Reno, Tom. He wants you to call him."

Sebastian walked to the phone and lifted the receiver. The crackle of the operator's plug made a thin echo in the room. He said, "Judge Sillavan at Reno, please," and waited, resting his elbow on the wall. The dining-room door swung open then and Charm's boy came

Philbert

By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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forward on his uncertain legs and stood looking at the group without much confidence. He was a plump, extraordinarily grave youngster with black hair faintly curly.

Charm said, "Tommy—" But Tommy saw Sebastian and crossed the room, hitching his shoulders to help balance himself. He got hold of one of Sebastian's legs and hung to it, tipping his head to watch the tall man. Sebastian put an arm down to Tommy and spoke into the phone.

"This is Sebastian, Judge," he said and then listened. He winked at Tommy. He said, to Sillavan at the other end of the line: "What are you so mysterious about? When? Now? . . . All right." And afterwards he hung up. He pulled Tommy up to his chest, meanwhile talking to the rest of the party. "I'm driving in to Reno. Anybody care for the trip?"

Both Kit and Jay Stuart looked at Lily. Kit said: "We've got to end this vacation sometime."

But Lily was seeing something which, visible to her before, had never been quite so clear. Sebastian's affection for that child of Charm's was plain and deep on his face—plainer than any emotion she had ever noticed to be there. She turned her eyes to Charm and observed the faint aggressiveness of that dark girl's manner. Charm was looking directly at her, at Lily, and something in her eyes said to Lily: "Look and see for yourself."

"Shall we go?" urged Kit.

Doubt crept reluctantly across Lily's mind and made the room less pleasant. She wasn't as sure as she had been; her faith in Sebastian minutely wavered. "Yes," she said, and noticed the faint flare of satisfaction reach Charm Michelet's manner. Her doubt and her curiosity made her a little bit cruel, for she instantly added: "But not for good. I'm not ready to say goodby. Let's run into Reno, have a party for Jay, and come back."

"Will you never make up your mind?" exclaimed Kit in despair. She turned to Jay Stuart for support.

Jay grinned. "If she's having fun," he said negligently, "let her have it. providing the hospitality of our host isn't wearing out."

"I'd be happy to have more guests like you," replied Sebastian and made a wicked face at Tommy. "Kid, you go shoot a couple Indians for supper." He laid the youngster flat on the floor.

"Tommy," said Charm.

LILY, all this while watching inexpressiveness creep across Charm's cheeks, knew the girl was disappointed in not being rid of her guests. It was something she could not quite hide. It was something, too, that betrayed her real feelings toward Sebastian. She was in love with the man. That realization kicked a queer, cold feeling through Lily. She spoke to Charm:

"Why don't you come with us?"

"Thank you—no," said Charm, and got Tommy and walked back into the dining-room.

"So it's a party?" said Jay.

"A party in Reno, for you," agreed Lily.

"Sounds like something good," reflected Sebastian. He started for the porch, and then turned and went into the dining-room, carefully closing the door behind him. Tommy was flat on his stomach, under the long table. Charm stood in the center of the room, looking strangely at the floor, her small hands clenched. When she heard Sebastian she turned to him. There had been strong expression on her face, but it vanished instantly.

"Why not come with us?" he said. "It will do you good to get away from here."

"No."

"No reason to tie yourself down to this ranch, Charm."

Her black eyes showed a sudden proud resentment. "They are not my kind of people. I wouldn't fit in."

"You're good enough for anybody," he told her sharply.

"It isn't that," she said, and went on to the kitchen.

Puzzled by a situation he couldn't quite understand, Sebastian watched her go. He remained here a moment, trying to analyze the impalpable attitude of resentment she had left behind. A car came off the desert and coughed consumptively in the yard. Sebastian shrugged his tall shoulders then and went back through the living-room to the plaza. Sheriff Lot McGinnis stood in front of his flivver's boiling radiator and rolled a cigarette with a mild disgust. He said:

"It's scandalous the way I have to wrestle this dumb hunk of balin' wire around. And it only twelve years old. I bet I scare hell out of every jackrabbit inside of ten miles—she's that noisy. You'd think it was the wrath of God disturbin' the earth. Machinery just ain't natural to this country anyhow."

HE SAT on the running board and cocked his hat. His eyes ran idly around the Barrier yard, and came back to Sebastian with a gentle interest. His body went slack; he seemed only a harmless, disinterested old man.

"You had trouble the other night. I hear it was the DePard boys that did the shootin'."

"I didn't identify anybody. They were out in the dark."

"Buffalo called out a name. It was the DePard name, I understand."

"It escapes my mind," said Sebastian.

"Funny thing about this country," observed Lot McGinnis. "Practically nobody can remember names of folks a sheriff's after. Been like that for the forty-six years of my experience. Must be in the air, or something." He chuckled faintly; then turned sober. "Nevertheless, my boy, it was murder."

"I can't help you, Lot."

"I ain't expectin' you to."

Sebastian said: "It would do no good for me to complain. You might arrest the DePard boys—if it was them—but you couldn't pin anything on them."

"That's right. But watch your step. You've got some mighty clever enemies, Tom. Don't let 'em pin anything on you."

"Is that the plan?"

The sheriff got up. He said, enigmatically: "I don't know as it was anything I heard. Maybe it's just a guess. The boys working against Barrier are smart enough to cover up their tracks. You be smart enough to keep yours covered. It's your business if you got to fight fire with fire—but don't let anybody catch you with the matches in your pocket. I don't want to come out here with a warrant somebody's swore against you."

Sebastian grinned. "You'd have to catch me first, Lot."

"That's a point, too," admitted McGinnis. He crawled into his car. He said shrewdly: "You can hear me comin' five miles away. So if your conscience bothers you and you make out this coffee mill clunkin' towards Barrier, use your own judgment."

The engine caught on with an alarming racket. Lot McGinnis made a gesture of resignation and drove the machine around the plaza and struck out for Tumpah, the ancient fenders waggling like the ears of a hound dog. Sebastian went around the house and found the Reno crowd waiting. He got in and sent the car southward under the full, blistering blaze of the sun.

(To be continued next week)

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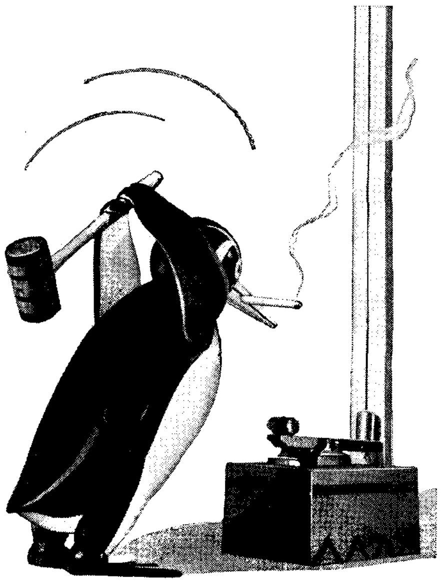

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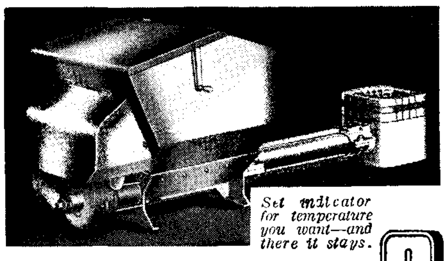

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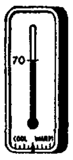

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Be Thou My Good

Continued from page 15

Mrs. Halsey wouldn't let him send her Ham to a private school. No. That wasn't democratic. And Ham darn' well knew he got bawled out nine times as often and as bad as Jam did. He lived in this kind of moral greenhouse. Well, Ham was fifteen in December, '95. The governor slipped the boy twenty for his birthday, at breakfast.

That afternoon Ham came home from high school. The house was full of tut-tutters—some ladies' club for finding evil in things. Mrs. Halsey said she smelled cigarette smoke on the kid. She bawled him out for keeps, in front of all the hens, and locked him in his bedroom to repent. Instead of repenting he skinned down the rainpipe next to his window and left home. That's in December, '95. He clean disappeared.

SO THEY sent Mr. Halsey to the Senate pretty soon. In January or February, 1902, Mrs. Halsey came to New York to make a speech at some tut-tut convention. She was in the newspapers. The day after she spoke, a kid smashed up a barroom off Herald Square. He told 'em he was Senator Halsey's son and they could send the bill to his old man in Washington. Ham Colt had erupted like a volcano.

Well, Jam Halsey was in bed with mumps up in New Haven. But I bet he lost some of his rep, that year. Ham Colt smashed up four or five bars—Coney, Saratoga, the Tenderloin and one in Brooklyn.

Back then, you didn't arrest a U. S. senator's son unless you had to. I don't know how it is now. You were careful in 1902. Well, somewhere in October, 1902, a couple of young Yale graduates were in a place when Ham did his stuff. They undertook to wire the head football coach at New Haven that this was disgraceful, a pup on the team breaking training on Broadway, and so on. Young Jam was in bed in New Haven, of course, and could prove it. But these aforesaid complainants knew Jam on sight. His old man saw light. So Senator Halsey asked George Castaigne what about private detectives on a very private matter, and George turned my stepfather on.

Ed told us as much of this as he knew on the train coming down from New Haven. When we hit Forty-second Street he gave me five dollars and says, "*En avant, wunderkind! Circulez!*" And so I began circulating, looking for somebody just like Jam Halsey, but handsome and older. We all scattered. I grant you, New York and suburbs was smaller, then, in those ancient times, but it was a big order. Well, here was where I hit it lucky, first crack, 'cause Ham Colt got the news from New Haven 'bout his kid brother making two touchdowns. So he waited till 'round eight o'clock and then he was James Hiram Halsey, Junior, tight in the bars on Broadway. I picked up the news in the lobby of the Casino.

"Simply disgusting," says this dressed-up guy. "A man on the team! Well, too much money. Shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations."

Remember that kind of drool, back then? If a poor kid was tight, he was just tight. If a kid in nice clothes was tight, that just showed you! Well, so I sloped for the nearest bar and there was Jam Halsey, sloppy drunk, leaning on the bar. It just was James Hiram, Junior! It made me cold, looking at the pup. I knew it wasn't Jam, but it *was*. Then I got so mad I could of brained him for stinking up Jam's rep to hurt their mamma.

"No, sir," says the barkeep, "you've had enough. I'm sorry."

" 'Ish ish a shwell dump," says Ham-Jam. "Treatin' a gelmun like 'at. Hey, I'm James H. Halsey, Junior. I'm James H. Halsey, Junior! M'old man's a damn' U. Esh shenator. I'm—"

The manager says, "Yes, Mr. Halsey, but—"

Well, there I stood. A new light dawned on what mind I had, when I was eighteen. I stood there till they decided it was time to get Ham out. Oh, about his looks. He was just six feet. Weighed a hundred and eighty, naked, most of it arms and shoulders. Had the same kind of face as Jam, too flat and too short in the nose. But he was awful handsome. Big black eyes and a mop of black hair. He got heaps of attention. So, came the moment when the manager winked, and they gave Ham the bum's rush into a hansom they'd sent for. In the mix-up I lost him.

Yes, and what Ed Schroeder said to me when I got home!

"Crétin!" he says. "Sheep's head!"

I said, "All right, Ed. But he wasn't any more drunk than I am. He was acting. He'd had three or four beers for a breath, but he knew all he was doing. He said he was the senator's son as plain as anybody. That's true, Ed."

"You listen to William," says Mamma. "He ain't half as dumb as he looks. You listen to him, Eddie dear."

Mamma was no fool. Ed thought about it. He says, "In this lunatic country, anything is possible. A lady insults her big son because she don't like cigarettes. He hides for seven years and now pretends to be his young brother in cafés. Oh, what a country!"

So I went on circulating. I did the town, day and night, looking for Ham Colt. 'Course, he was a steamfitter, daytime, and boxed in a gym in Brooklyn a lot, nights.

Well, the one kind of sport I wasn't crazy about was boxing. I've never been. And here's where Ed hit. He always read every newspaper from front to back, every day. All of 'em! Middle of December he says, "A light heavyweight shows himself in the prelims, tonight. His name is Devil Colt. Last week he fought in Philadelphia. *Vas y!* Here is money for a ticket. *Circulez*, mooncalf. Go and regard, *wunderkind!*"

IT WASN'T a swell fight. The preliminary bouts were sour. Now, down by the ring was a mess named Aaron Grimm, a wine agent. He tried to imitate Diamond Jim Brady. Wore ruby shirt studs and had a cane with pearls in the handle. Old Brady was interesting. This Grimm was just a noise in the bars. So he was there. Then two lightweights quit beating each other and they announced the next was Sailor Magrue versus Devil Colt. So two things climbed in the ring. I sat up. Ed had hit it. Being determined to do everything his mamma had ever said was just too dreadful, Ham had gone in for being a pork-and-bean fighter. So the big fool strips off his old ulster and it was a yell. Honest, they howled! His mamma'd said she didn't know how any human being would sink so far as to be tattooed. So, was the big pup tattooed? I wonder what he's done about it. The worst was this big red devil a foot long down his chest.

"Hey, picture gallery!" old Grimm yells. "Ten to one you don't last two rounds!"

"I've got twenty in my coat, there," Ham said.

"You're on," Grimm says, being tight. "Two hundred to your twenty, Devil!"

Well, I don't remember Sailor Magrue. Ham Colt couldn't box much. Slow on his feet. But he could slug. He got in the Navy, spring of '98. Didn't see any fighting or anything. But he boxed, to keep from being too damn' miserable. He had to stay in till he was twenty-one. It's why he didn't bust out and begin a scandal till he was discharged in December, '01. So they boxed. It was pretty low comedy. This Sailor Magrue was just a man that was willing to be knocked 'round for ten a night. But Ham was being all serious about this. He waded in and slugged and slugged. Yow, but he slugged! End of all that was that Sailor Magrue lay down on the canvas and the crowd had a thrill and the referee held Ham's glove up.

WELL, he got a good hand. So he gave 'em this grin—the ton of sunlight. And then he got a yell. A real yell, down from the gallery. And I was awful proud to be trailing Devil Colt. I was eighteen. I changed sides, right there. I'd despised him for stinking up Jam's rep, like that. But then he did his grin, and so I was the first or second person Ham Colt saw when he came out of the dressing-room door with two hundred seventy in his pocket. But the other person he saw was Harry Rubens.

Or Harry Black, or Harry St. John, or Harry Johanssen. Not that it mattered. He carried ten cards so as to have the right one in his pants, theatrical manager, publicity, prize-fighting. Well, when he saw Aaron Grimm counting two hundred dollars into Ham's hand at the ringside Harry Rubens says to himself, "Be thou my good!" So he was right there when Ham Colt came out of the dressing-room with a kid he'd known in the Navy. He was a steamfitter, too. A nice, dumb donkey. And we went off to celebrate.

Well, this is how I phoned Ed around one in the morning.

I said, "Ed, you got to come here! I'm at the Coligny."

He says, "William, you come out of that *maudit* hotel!"

I said: "You come here. I'm scared. That trio from the Metropole's working. They've got Ham half stewed and his friend's passed out, and Harry Rubens is pretending to be a fighting manager. I'm scared!"

Ed says, "Go back and keep your head, son! I'm coming!" But I didn't go back. Here's how I helped to ruin Senator Halsey. I wasn't at the Coligny. I was in an all-night lunch dump around the corner. I piled more quarters in the slot and told central I'd got to get Senator Halsey in Washington. Well, I got him. He told Ed what I said was: "You got to come here to the Hotel Coligny 'cause it's Ham and they're going to murder him, or something." It don't matter what I said. The senator says, "All right, sonny. I'm coming!" So he just left his wife dying and came.

There was a plain-clothes cop in the lunchroom, eating something. He ran along with me back round the corner to that darn' hotel. It burned in '09. This plain-clothes boy knew me. He got some facts out of me, while we were getting there. Ugh, that hotel! They had Ham up in this pink silk parlor on the second floor. Two men out in the corridor talking to the waiter. Ham was in there, so happy. Rubens had bought three quarts of champagne, on top of whisky. Deadly! The nice steamfitter was trying to eat a chicken sandwich. Harry Rubens was telling just how he'd build up Ham's career, and the blonde was saying, "Let's have another drink!" and this other guy was waiting.

We were coming upstairs when they sprang it on Ham. Other guy says, "Let that lady's hand alone! She's my wife!" So Ham said he hadn't touched her. Then they cracked, back and forth, till it was time to slap Ham's face. But they didn't know how hard the kid would slug. It was their slip-up. Ham landed his left on the man's chin. We heard the crash, coming up the hall. The girl didn't have to pretend to scream. She screamed! And nobody had to pretend Ham had hurt this cheese bad and they'd have to send for a doc. The plain-clothes man walked in and took a look and told me, "Ambulance!" But when the ambulance came the kid doctor on it knew he mustn't move that man.

They were fine about it downtown. The chief would do plenty to oblige Ed, and this was a senator's son. We got a suite and Ham stayed in the bedroom.

Well, the senator got there, with snow on his black slouch hat and his fur coat. Threw his hat at me and says, "You get the palm for eloquence, young man. That was the most impassioned appeal I've listened to since '96!" I was awful pleased. You didn't know when he was kidding. So he gave a plain-clothes man his coat and walked into the bedroom. Ham leaned back on his hands on the bed. He'd got his shirt open now 'cause he was hot. That big red devil showed. So what's the senator say? I knew he'd be kind. But what did the old boy say? Said, "Boy alive, how long did it take them to tattoo all that on you?"

In a minute Ham says, "Two days, Papa."

He had to kind of grin. He grinned and the old boy grinned—that ton of sunlight!

"What've you had for breakfast, Ham?"

Ham remembered he'd been a hell-raising hound, out to make her and them ashamed of him. He crossed his ankles and said, "What the hell do you care?"

"I bet you haven't had any," says the senator, not mushy and sweet. He talked all this as light as a feather. "A man your size has to eat regularly, Ham."

HE WALKED around and found a bell and shoved it. But he'd said "a man." Get it? He just, you know, emphasized it a little bit. A *man*. You could see the boy try not to like it. And then he tried to hate the senator. You could see him try to.

"I'm afraid," he says, "if that man I punched last night goes and dies, it'll come out in court I'm your stepson, Senator!"

"I suppose so, Hammy."

"And her son!" Ham says, not knowing she's near dead, down there. "Her son!"

"Well, quit worrying about it, old horse," says the senator. "You fret about things too hard. I'll never forget how you fussed when Jam had the measles. Quit worrying."

That stopped Ham for a minute. He had to wriggle his feet and think how to be nasty. The senator was punching the bell, all this time. It was busted, by the way. Then Ham says, like a kid, "Yes, but if I get out of this, I'm going on fighting! I've got a start now. I don't care how she hates it. Yes, I'm going on fighting!"

"Well," says the old man, placid as a piece of watermelon, "you've made a start and you certainly have the right build for it, Hammy. Remember Mamma having a fit when I let you and Jam have boxing lessons?"

And that stopped Ham again. And he cracked. His feet wriggled. He had to ask, "How's Jam, Papa?"

"Oh, fine!" says the senator, punching the damn' bell. "He's down in Washington. Say, Ham! Some boy welted him one in the last game, on the chest. He's still got the bruise."

Then he did the damnedest thing. They'd told him down in the lobby, Ed and the doctor, it was touch and go if this fellow upstairs would pull through. His heart was rotten. But listen to what he did. He quit the bell and walked over to the phone.

"Good morning," he says to the girl downstairs. "This is Senator J. H. Halsey. Please inform long distance that if Washington inquires for me I'm here. I'm in my *son's* rooms—Mr. Hamilton C. Halsey."

THEN he walks back and starts to punch the bell for breakfast again. We saw all this through these darn' white and gold folding doors. Like a proscenium. Ed had come in. Here were Ed and the plain-clothes men and I, watching. And that got right under Ham's skin. Been gone seven years, pin boy in a bowling alley, done road work, swinging a pick—it's where he got his shoulder development—and three years a gob. No questions. Adopted—now!—in arrest in this stinking hotel. Yes, but he fought it. He got up and walked at the old man.

"Needn't think I'm going to go down to Washington and be lectured and prayed over and—and— Needn't think I'm going to—to—to—" It kept giving out on him. He began again. "I want you to know I'm—" And then it was, "And I was in jail a week, out in Chicago for swatting a man in a pool parlor!"

"Say," says the old man, "now, honest, son? Were there bedbugs? You hear all this truck about jails and sanitary conditions. Were there, Hammy?"

"Oh, say!" Ham yelled. "Can't you be *serious*, Papa?"

"Quit that, son," says the senator. He reached out and flipped the kid's nose. "Quit play-acting, Hammy. You remind me of your mamma when she gets up on her high horse and says she smells liquor on me. Quit play-acting. Quit. No. I won't be serious. I'm so glad to have you back."

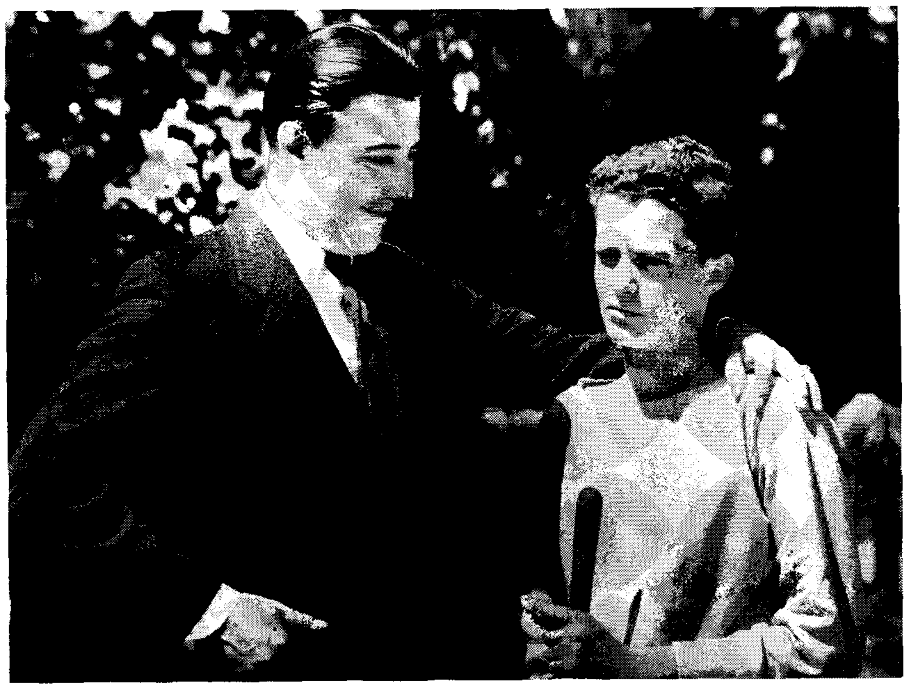
I think it's true he liked Ham more than his own kid, in a way. Serious people amused him a heap. Ham was awful serious. He'd tried to be what a kid thinks is bad. Evil, be thou my good! But papa wouldn't bite. Ham all blew up. He gave kind of a yawp. Then he rolled down in a ball against the old man's legs. He just rolled down in a lump. I never saw that but once. He curled up in a heap, and says, "Aw Papa, I'm sorry!"

So we went out in the hall and the plain-clothes men planned how we'd get the kid on a freighter for Cuba, if this cheese he'd slugged *did* die. Which he didn't. If he'd been a nice fellow, that slug would have killed him. Being a Broadway cheese, he survived. And Ed got a lot of breakfast up for the kid, and the senator made him take his shirt off and show all his tattoos and where the barracuda bit him at Nassau in swimming, and admired him like you got to admire your kids when they need it.

I wasn't 'round when the senator had to tell him his mamma was dead. Maybe it didn't matter much, to either of 'em. Last time I saw the senator was up at the farm in Connecticut, at Hamilton C. Halsey's wedding in '08. The old man mixed this green punch out of curaçoa and champagne and brandy and seltzer. He didn't mix much or we'd of had to stow all the Connecticut plutocracy in the barn to sleep. He was grand. The senator was fine.... Oh, Don! Let that pup out. He's been in here too long. He'll catch cold if he don't get out. Thanks, kid.

UP in the Sierra-Nevada Mountains

of California, in a town of 800 people, 18-year old Carl Atchinson is getting ready to leave home for his first year of college. Carl's mother is busy packing his bag while his dad, Dr. Raymond Atchinson, gives the boy a little added encouragement on the eve of his departure for one of the big universities of the state.



"I know you are going to make the most of college, son."

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CARL is the oldest of Dr. and Mrs. Atchinson's three boys. A few days before he left to continue his education, Dr. Atchinson received an Investors Syndicate maturity check for $2,637.00 to take care of Carl's college expenses. The money was ready when Carl reached college age. There was no last minute scrimping.

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† This is one of the many actual experience stories related to us by our clients. The real names are not used for obvious reasons.

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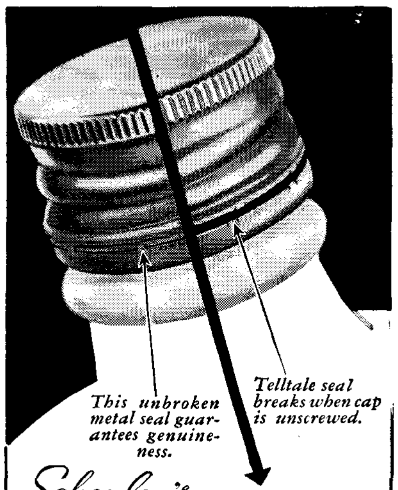
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The Sign of the Fishes

Continued from page 13

in with crooks. They took the money, and I took the rap! Or would have, if I hadn't jumped to New York. What ought I do, Mr. Dyce?"

"Go to my attorneys and tell your story, so that they may be ready if you are picked up again."

"It's certainly fine of you, Mr. Dyce. I want to work for you."

"My own idea, Triglar. You are intelligent and quick-witted; I shall find you something. What time have you there, Gregory?"

"Quarter after ten, sir!"

"I have an appointment in the York State Building at ten fifteen. Come with me, Triglar; in this neighborhood you are not safe on the street."

HE LAY back against the cushions. Rex Triglar looked at him furtively but with veiled insolence, as a lively schoolboy at a solemn and heavy master.

The car stopped before the towering York State, in midtown; John Dyce and Rex Triglar rode up to the forty-ninth floor and went to the sky-blue door on which, within the yellow outline of a sphinx, was in black-letter type the single word TARAT.

"Mr. Dyce," said the astrologer, who chanced to be in his outer office as the men entered.

"Tarat," said John Dyce, walking straight to the astrologer and offering his hand. He had heard Tarat on the radio. While not an amiable person, John Dyce was a habitual handshaker.

"Wait here, Triglar." He followed Tarat past the faintly creaking library door.

The door closed behind him. He knew, from the echoes, that he was in a room approximately twenty-five feet square, furnished, with high ceiling and with windows on one side only.

"You have many old books here," he commented, going toward the sound made by the chair that Tarat had drawn for him. "Your library? You must see mine; though it is weak in astrology."

"MARCH fourth," said Tarat, scanning the twelve-parted wheel that was a map of the heavens at his visitor's birth. "You are a native of the sign of the Fishes, Mr. Dyce. And favorably aspected; Jupiter, the Greater Fortune, was dominant. It is true that Neptune, the shadow planet, is the ruler of your sign."

John Dyce listened rather to the voice than to its message.

"Natives of the Fishes, which is a watery sign, are commonly gifted with imagination. In pursuits having to do with water, such as shipping—"

"Or stock-promoting?" interposed John Dyce dryly. "Water and imagination! You have hit on my business."

"You are frank, Mr. Dyce," said Tarat cordially. "I shall be equally so. I know your business, and your history. You have employed great talents to very ill purpose and have abused the good fortune that is yours from Jupiter. Your present course must lead to disaster. Your sign, the twelfth of the zodiac, is the mundane ruler of the twelfth house of the horoscope, and in that house you may expect a major problem of your life to fall."

"The twelfth house?"

"The house of sorrow, of imprisonment and secret enemies."

"I have knocked on its door," said John Dyce lightly. "But I bring you today a more pleasant problem. It concerns my—"

Tarat glanced at the calendar.

"May I guess your problem? At the present hour the Sun is unfriendly to Jupiter. Your business judgment is not as good as usual; you may be more generous than wise in dealing with a business associate. If you are concerned about money—"

"No."

"Then a domestic matter—"

"That is it," said John Dyce. "But please talk my language. I know nothing of your science. I am here because, having heard you and held your hand, I know you to be a man of brains, experience and honesty. The problem concerns my daughter, my only child. She is in love."

"You disapprove?"

"I do not know the young man, as yet. I have even thought that he has been avoiding me. You have eyes to see; there is her picture." He tendered an unmounted photograph to the astrologer.

Tarat's gaze dwelt for several seconds on the photograph, which was of a smiling young couple strolling on a seaside boardwalk. "Your daughter is beautiful," he said slowly. "They look happy."

"'They?' Is she not alone there? I told my man to bring me her picture, and he brought this. But no matter.

"This man with whom she is in love is named Herbert Heber, and is a federal agent of some sort, working out of Washington; the Department of Justice, I inferred. There is a twofold problem, for her and for me—my daughter in love, and with an agent of the Department of Justice. He cannot be investigating me; he has told her his profession, and he has asked her no questions. As it happens, she knows nothing of my affairs, except that I edit a financial newspaper."

"The situation has possibilities. What is the hour, and the minute, of your daughter's birth, Mr. Dyce?—Thank you.—Get me, too, the birth date of this Herbert Heber, as accurately as possible. I shall erect the horoscopes and compare them with each other and with yours, when I shall be prepared to advise you. Are you chiefly concerned for your own prosperity or for your daughter's?"

"My daughter," said John Dyce, "is all I live for."

Tarat rose, ending the interview. He walked beside John Dyce into the outer office, and held the outer door as the men departed.

When they were well advanced down the hall toward the elevators, he called out. They halted, and Rex Triglar turned. Tarat beckoned.

"Mr. Dyce forgot this," he said, displaying the photograph to the salesman. "Give it to him, kindly."

He paced back into his library, his tall figure stooping in thought. The black eyes in his pale and handsome face glanced at the horoscope of the notorious John Dyce, who, by native cunning and by adroitly availing himself of his affliction, had for so long defied the law. A bitter and sinister person; and a fond father! The situation, decidedly, had possibilities.

His gaze went at times to the telephone, evocatively; it buzzed at last.

"A Mr. Triglar is here. The gentleman who—"

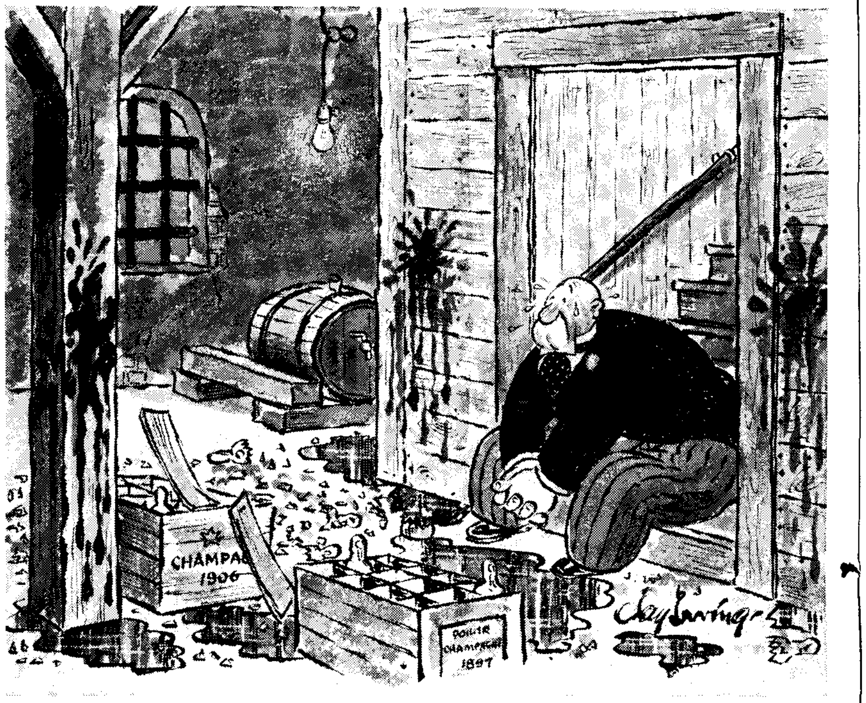
"Send him in," ordered Tarat with a saturnine smile.

JOHN DYCE, alone in the rear of the car, continued into the financial district and into Broad Street, a brief and crooked thoroughfare that begins glamorously in Wall Street and ends in the East River. At the first lurch in the street's suicidal course, where Wall Street was yet in view and the river not yet but soon, was the shabby office building that housed in two rooms the Wall Street Guidon.

John Dyce ascended to his editorial sanctum.

The Guidon, a weekly rag, had a national circulation. John Dyce published and distributed it to get a sucker list for the use of his boiler room over the garage uptown. He was also the owner of Aladdin Coalition, the worthless stock that was being touted by the Guidon and shoved by the boiler room. His machine for the redistribution of wealth was adequate and standard; we are not concerned here with the details of its operation.

On an evening ten days later he had



"Rehearsing! Rehearsing, she said she was . . . rehearsing for a ship christening she was invited to. . . ." JAY IRVING

Tarat to dinner in the Park Avenue apartment. The men dined alone; Emily was not at the table.

The butler served the coffee and cognac in the living-room, and withdrew. The men lit cigars.

"Since knowing you, Mr. Dyce," said the astrologer, suave of tone but with his usual realism, "I have wondered what turned you to swindling."

"Pity," said John Dyce, unmoved. "I was pitied."

"It must have been most annoying. And yet you could succeed in honest business. It is in your stars."

Dyce jarred the ash from his Havana into a receiver.

"Do you care for pictures, paintings?" he changed the subject adroitly. "Tell me if mine are good. I buy them by ear, and see them"—he waved a supple hand toward his shelves of tall books in Braille—"through the eyes of great critics, as any amateur must."

They strolled into the picture gallery.

"I have erected those horoscopes, of Miss Dyce and Mr. Herbert Heber," said Tarat. "You are sure that they are in love?"

"I am sure that she is. And still I have not met the man."

" 'The planets,' " said Tarat, " 'in evil mixture, to disorder wander.' The aspects show, Mr. Dyce, that a marriage between these young people would be very advantageous to Herbert Heber, would save you from a financial disaster, and would be a great calamity to your daughter. You must choose between your child and yourself."

"Ah! That is your advice? I dare say it will be confirmed when I meet him." He seemed disinclined to the subject at the moment.

"Tell me," said Tarat, "who was that young man with you in my office? He had an interesting face; he should be quite your ideal."

"Rex Triglar? A business associate."

"You are associated with a great rascal, Mr. Dyce."

"And he?" shrugged the blind man. "But Triglar is a very able fellow."

"Miss Dyce seemed friendly toward him too—"

John Dyce turned his head from the astrologer.

"My daughter does not know Rex Triglar."

"How? But he is with her in that picture that you showed me."

The blind man turned abruptly and returned into the living-room; his gait, as always, was rolling and lurching, with barely audible slither of feet. Following him at leisure, Tarat saw him snap open a cabinet.

"Is that the picture?" John Dyce displayed the photograph.

"Yes. That is Miss Dyce, whom I met for a moment this evening; with her is the young man who was with you in my office."

"THAT," said Emily, when she had been summoned, "is Herbert and I, Daddy. A boardwalk photographer snapped us that afternoon that we were at Coney Island. Daddy, can't you get Herbert something to do besides that terrible government work that keeps him jumping around? Just think how I'll feel when we're married, and—oh, pshaw; I've said it."

"Tell me."

"Yes, I might as well drop my maidenly reserve now!" she said. "He's asked me to. But I didn't say yes; truly I didn't! You're my sweetheart, Daddy. Would you give me up if you liked him very much?"

"Whatever is best for my little girl."

Tarat struck a match to rekindle his cigar, breaking the silence that followed Emily's leaving the room.

John Dyce stirred. "Is she in love?" he queried, almost roughly. "At present, no doubt," said Tarat gently; "but time may cure that."

"Time," said John Dyce with an impatient shrug, "can be had. But—"

He lurched to his feet and went to a telephone booth that was a discordant note in the elegant and harmonious room. "I wish to send a telegram," he said, and then the door closed.

Tarat moved about the room, viewing its ornaments, noting the occasional lapses that indicated the blindness of its tenant, tracing idly with forefinger a line of the raised dots in the volume on the bookrest. The trap had been sprung; John Dyce would resign himself or break free with disrupting violence. Tarat watched him, hunched over the telephone in the booth.

Tarat had displayed the photograph to Rex Triglar, that morning in the York State Building, as an experiment. Triglar had returned, alone, curious, alarmed; when Tarat had readily drawn from him the story of his secret courtship, and his pretense to government service to explain his avoidance of the father. Triglar's plan had been to marry the girl and to present John Dyce with the accomplished fact; Tarat had expressed approval of that, but had urged him to get his hands also on the vitals of his employer's illicit business—so that to pluck him out would be to pull John Dyce's scheme of things apart.

INFORMED that day that Triglar had filched the necessary evidence, Tarat had called on John Dyce at once.

The blind man came now from the telephone booth.

"I have spoken to young Triglar. He has occupied himself to fine purpose in my office. He threatened me. He knows that I can send him to a Boston prison, but—he knows, too, that they would rather have me."

Tarat waited.

"I can save myself only at ruinous cost," continued John Dyce in a musical monotone. "During my last trial the district attorney offered to quash the indictment and to take no further action against me if I would discontinue my business and make what restitution I could. To beggar myself, saving almost nothing. And I could never resume; they'd see to that. The alternative is to consent to this marriage."

He lifted his hands, and let them fall. "I must do it," he said.

Tarat started. "I have misjudged you, Dyce! That fine child—"

The doorbell rang. The houseman answered.

"Telegram for Miss Dyce, sir. Shall I give it to her?"

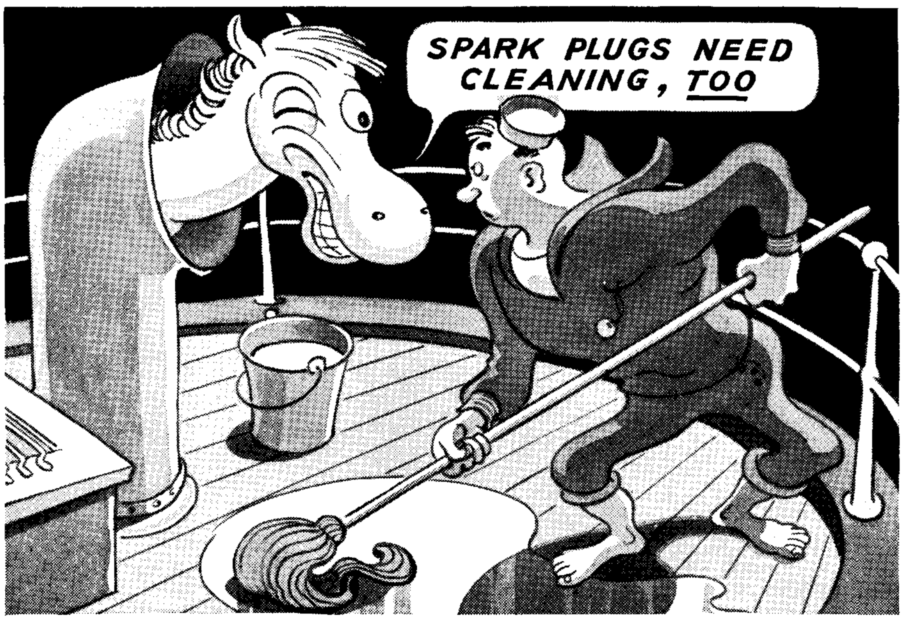
"A moment." John Dyce slit the yellow envelope and tendered the message to Tarat: "Must leave at once for Boston. Will be detained indefinitely. Herbert Heber."

The houseman went with the telegram to his young mistress.

"Ah, those 'G' men," said John Dyce. "Government service, Tarat! The gentleman will be detained, I venture, for several years. After sending the telegram—being resolved on that, in any event—I talked to Mr. Triglar and then to my lawyers. We meet the district attorney and accept his terms, tomorrow morning."

"Bravo," said Tarat curtly, and he strode to the blind man and grasped his hand. By the visible gods, a rascal and a gentleman! "Although, my dear Dyce, your practice does not square with your principles. This very able man, this highly promising young man—"

"This thief!" spat John Dyce, suddenly livid and shaking. "I'd beg with a tin cup in the street first; I'd sit beside him in jail!" He fought back the fierce thrust of feeling. "Pardon me for dwelling on my little troubles. Shall we return to the pictures?"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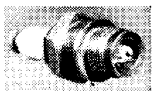
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More Red than Black at Monte Carlo

Continued from page 26

with everybody in the principality, from the prince down to his humblest subject. Monaco's ruler is called, to this day, His Most Serene Highness; but serenity, one may assume, has not been his long suit for some time.

The world depression has struck cruel blows at the gambling business. Those who run the Monte Carlo Casino complain—as do Europeans in other lines of business all over Europe—that customers nowadays not only come in smaller numbers but spend far less money than the customers of yesteryear. "At the Casino today," I was told by a disgusted inhabitant of Monte Carlo, "a gambler thinks himself a sport if he stakes five francs!" On the day he said this, five francs was worth around thirty cents. Think if François Blanc had lived to see such a day! Moreover, the swift and perilous game of roulette, of which formerly Monte Carlo had a monopoly in Europe, is now played at casinos in France and Italy and Germany and other European lands. This fact, of course, has robbed Monte Carlo of much of its glamour.

And another thing: the breed of wild gamblers, afraid of no stake, however high, seems almost to have vanished. Russian grand dukes no longer cover the tables with gold pieces in the grand pre-war Russian manner; and other fearless tempters of fortune—plunging Austrian noblemen, American captains of industry, Argentine cattle kings, audacious French spendthrifts and spectacular British wastrels—where are they? That is the question being sadly asked nowadays by the "Society of the Sea Baths and of the Strangers' Club of Monaco," which is the innocent official title of the world's most renowned gambling concern. The present, so far as gambling is concerned, is a pikers' age.

Moreover, the "class" which Wizard Blanc made a tradition at Monte Carlo is almost forgotten. He always believed firmly in making his gambling rooms exclusive. Not only was there a charge for admission but those wishing to enter were subjected in his day—and long afterward—to a haughty scrutiny, an inspection of passports and questioning as to antecedents, which, one would have thought, would have sent most of them to the right-about, and scared other thousands from trying to get in.

But it did nothing of the sort. In this, the Wizard showed his keen sense of psychology; the more he raised the barriers of the Monte Carlo Casino, the more people fought to get past them. Before the war, would-be gamblers who were not in evening dress were politely excluded and, at any hour, attire of a considerable degree of formality was required.

Bank Breakers Not Wanted

But now admission to the main rooms is free. And men of all nationalities slouch around the Casino in sport shirts, open at the neck, and flannel trousers, and tennis shoes! And women, in free-and-easy costumes, designed for the most informal basking on Riviera beaches, breathlessly stake five francs at tables where duchesses, in silk and diamonds, used to risk five thousand. Incidentally, when some member of the Ancient Order of The-Sky's-the-Limit *does* put in an appearance nowadays, the Casino magnates are only too likely to pray for his early departure. This summer, when I was there, the town was still buzzing with comment about a reincarnation of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," who had walked nonchalantly into the gambling salons and cleaned up a fortune in the most sensational manner.

Like the plunger who inspired the famous song, he did not actually break the bank. He merely made a dent in it. But whereas the first dent was made in the legendary era of Monte Carlo's gambling glory, when yearly profits at the Casino ran as high as five millions of dollars, the second one happened in the melancholy fiscal year 1934-35, when Monte Carlo was out of luck financially.

Mussolini Takes the Winnings

The original "Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" was an Englishman. He sat down at one of the Casino tables some fifty years ago and played with such phenomenal good luck that the managers had to send out several times for more money, in order that the bank might keep its end up, and some of them began trembling in their shoes at the thought that payments might have to be suspended and the bank declared officially "broke."

But the bank weathered the storm—as on many earlier occasions. In those days, when gamblers were many and profits huge, the "Society of the Sea Baths and of the Strangers' Club" was quite ready to meet all comers. Moreover, Monsieur Blanc had instilled into his successors the belief that, if players now and then made big clean-ups, it was a good thing, since their success would make many others from all over the world flock to the tables, and go home in the form of shorn lambs, to the great advantage of the Casino's annual report.

But now that the golden days have yielded to the world crisis, there is little desire, among Blanc's successors, to pit themselves against first-line gamblers. So, when Incarnation Number Two of "the man who broke the bank" bobbed up at the Monte Carlo Casino a few months ago, he was, to put it mildly, unwelcome.

He appeared in the form of an Italian financial magnate—a man whose success in business is only equaled by his passion for gambling. This individual proceeded, with uncanny good fortune, to win and win and win. Time and again he staked immense sums, almost invariably with success. Soon the piles of chips in front of him toppled over from sheer unwieldy height; and people from all over the Casino, to whom rumors of his good fortune had been wafted, gathered around him three and four deep, quivering with excitement and thrilling with envy every time the ivory ball dropped into a compartment of the wheel which meant additional tens of thousands for him.

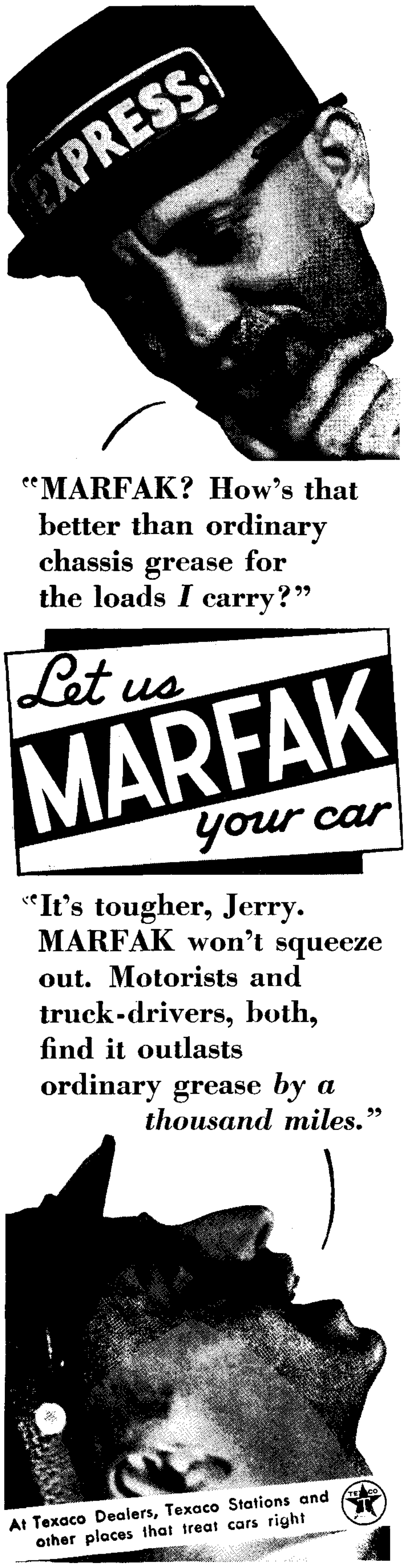
"Enough!" he announced finally. His stacks of chips were counted. It was found that he had won something like twenty million francs, or considerably over one million dollars. He had made a dent in the bank with a vengeance! The Casino directors, however, though considerably shaken, refused to acknowledge defeat. Remembering Blanc's theory that few plungers know when to stop, they waited confidently for a return bout with the Italian. But here is where we come to the part of the story which is still making those financially interested in the Monte Carlo Casino run around in circles, gnashing their teeth and tearing their hair.

It seems that Mussolini, supreme boss

EXHIBITION BY PICASSO
ANDERSON

"Winesaps, don't you think?"

C. W. ANDERSON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of Italy, hearing of that Italian's exploits, peremptorily ordered him to recross the border into Italy—only a few miles away from where he was having such a grand party. The Italian obeyed, according to the habit of ninety-nine per cent of the Italian nation when Mussolini utters a command. And now he does his gambling at San Remo, Italy's own little Monte Carlo, into which Mussolini introduced roulette a few years ago (to the great disgust of the Monaco gambling magnates) and, if he is destined to lose his huge winnings, he will lose them to Italian home talent and not to the Monégasque concern from which he extracted them.

In 1931, for the first time in the long history of the Monte Carlo Casino, the stockholders were stunned to hear that there would be no dividend. The directors announced that, though a profit had been earned, it would be used for the creation of a reserve fund to meet the depression, which was getting its claws into businesses of every kind in every country. Despite the howls of the stockholders, the directors were adamant.

At the next meeting, in April, 1933, the stockholders learned, to their consternation, that net profits had shrunk to around $700,000. Though a dividend was declared—the directors were unwilling, for the time being, to face another howling mob of stockholders—it offered little consolation. The quota for each share ran to about four dollars, a mere four per cent.

At the next meeting, in April, 1934, a similar tale of woe was told. Again net profits, instead of amounting to millions, had hovered around a meager $700,000. Again, to be sure, there would be a dividend, the hungry stockholders were informed. But what a dividend! Three and one-half dollars per share!

But worse still was in store. At the next meeting, held last April, a bomb like that of 1931 was dropped. Once more the ominous words, "no dividend," fell from the lips of the directors. Net profits for 1934, the stockholders were informed, had been only $150,000!—thanks largely to the awful dent made in the bank by that Italian millionaire.

The disgusted stockholders filed out of the board-room with dragging footsteps. Never before, in the whole seventy-two years of the existence of the Monte Carlo gambling enterprise—which, at times, had paid dividends of 165 per cent—had there been such a poor showing. "Are we to be informed, in April, 1936," the shareholders mournfully asked each other, "that the Casino is being run at a loss?"

A Salvo of Hoots

This state of affairs at the Casino makes itself felt on every square foot of the Principality of Monaco. Business of all sorts is languishing. On premises occupied a few years ago by world-famous restaurants, the shutters are up. "To Let" and "For Sale" signs are conspicuous features of the Monégasque landscape.

If this continues the revenues of the Prince of Monaco will dwindle, which may mean—horror of horrors!—that he will tax his subjects. If he does, the said subjects, who, several times during these recent lean years, have grumbled and demanded reforms, may get actually rebellious. Once already, soon after the crisis hit the principality, they gathered at the Monaco railway station and greeted His Most Serene Highness, when he stepped from the Paris train, after one of his long absences, with a salvo of hoots.

It is felt by some of the Monégasques that he should take the reins of government more firmly in hand and do something really effective to improve the situation. In the opposition party there is dark talk of establishing a dictatorship; and, if things continue as they are, we may see yet another slice of Europe pass under the control of another Hitler-Mussolini.

Some people in Monaco object to the enormous influence in local politics of the Casino gambling concern. Of the total of those who are actually Monégasques, only 800 have the right to vote on local affairs; and, of these, no less than 450 are employees of the Casino. When it is taken into consideration that only about 600 of those entitled to vote avail themselves, as a rule, of the privilege, the gambling concern's great political advantage is obvious. Some Monégasques feel that, even though the Casino is the main source of revenue of their native land, those running it must realize that gambling is one thing and governing another.

Just Another Resort?

When I was in Monte Carlo, the "Society of the Sea Baths and of the Strangers' Club" was trying to float a loan of a couple of million dollars. Mystery Man Number One—who has a big stake in the concern—had been approached and might be willing to come across. Meanwhile, everybody was grumbling, and those optimistic about the future were far outnumbered by the pessimists.

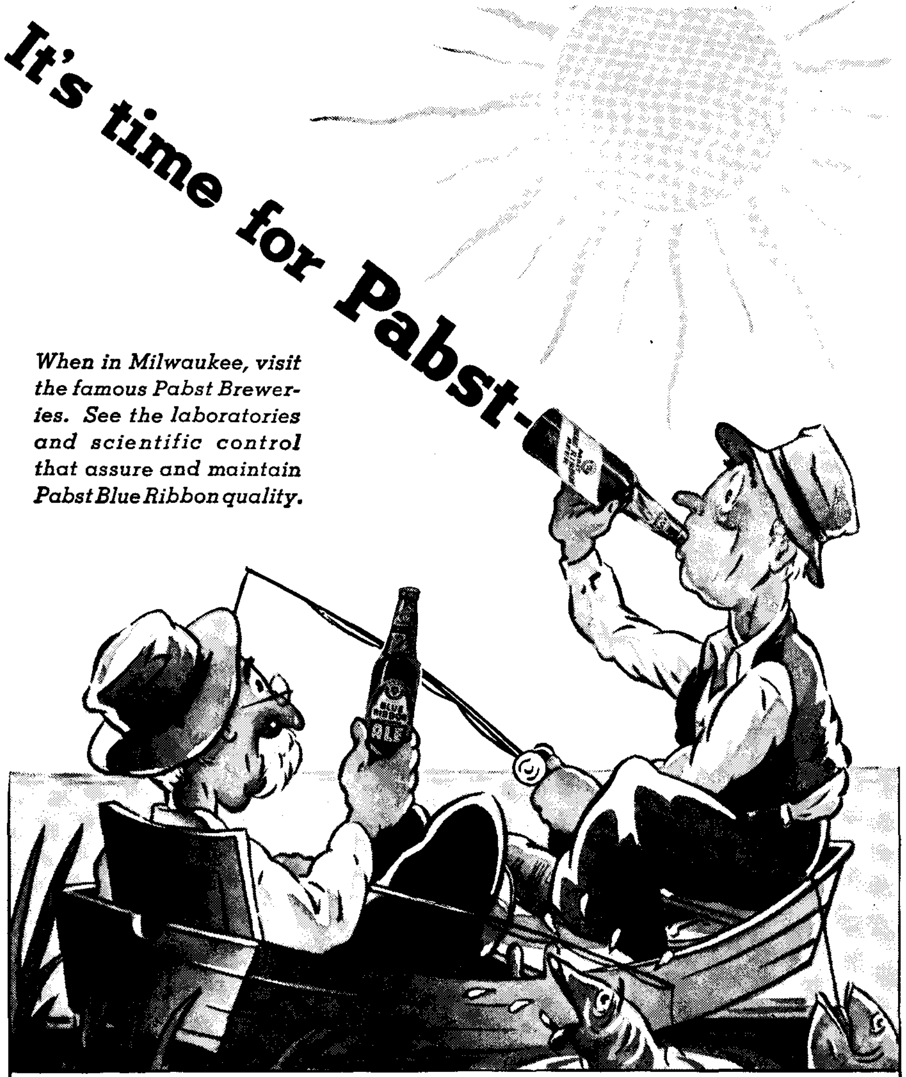
In an endeavor to swell waning profits, the Monte Carlo gambling concern recently opened a second gaming club within a stone's throw of the famous one founded by Wizard Blanc—a second Casino in the town of the *supreme*, the *only*, Casino! Also, a big swimming pool was built on the shore—as in other resorts. Also, by industrious carting of sand from elsewhere (for there is scarcely any in the principality) a bathing beach was created—as in other resorts. Also, a country club was opened, with a whole lot of tennis courts—as in other resorts. And a few Monégasques, casting about desperately for revenue, are talking about the advisability of turning Monte Carlo into a European Reno, by making things there as easy in the future for those who want divorces as they are now for those who want roulette.

These changes, their champions insist, will bring a big business upswing. They may be right. But there is no getting around the fact that, with each concession to the crisis, Monte Carlo loses a bit of its unique tang. And lovers of its unrivaled blend of littleness and independence, roulette and beauty, are turning their backs disgustedly on all these innovations of the present, and concentrating their thoughts, in mournful retrospect, on the past. They want Monte Carlo to remain unreal; and everything reminding them of its unreality in other years is so much to the good.

Improbability—impossibility—unreality. If they go from Monte Carlo, the soul of the place will go with them. And it looks as if that is what is destined to happen, irrespective of whether prosperity returns to the diminutive land of the Monégasques. The dream quality of its yesterdays seems to have fled forever. And, without that quality, what will Monte Carlo be? Just another Riviera resort? Just a smaller Nice?—a less dissipated San Remo? Probably.

Meanwhile, a leading conscientious objector to real life put the situation in a nutshell when, gazing upon the dazzling welter of sea and sunlight which frames the princely palace and glittering Casino of the Paradise of Unreality, he murmured, with a pensive sigh:

"I've seen people go mad. I've seen people go native. But may I never live to see the day when Monte Carlo goes real!"



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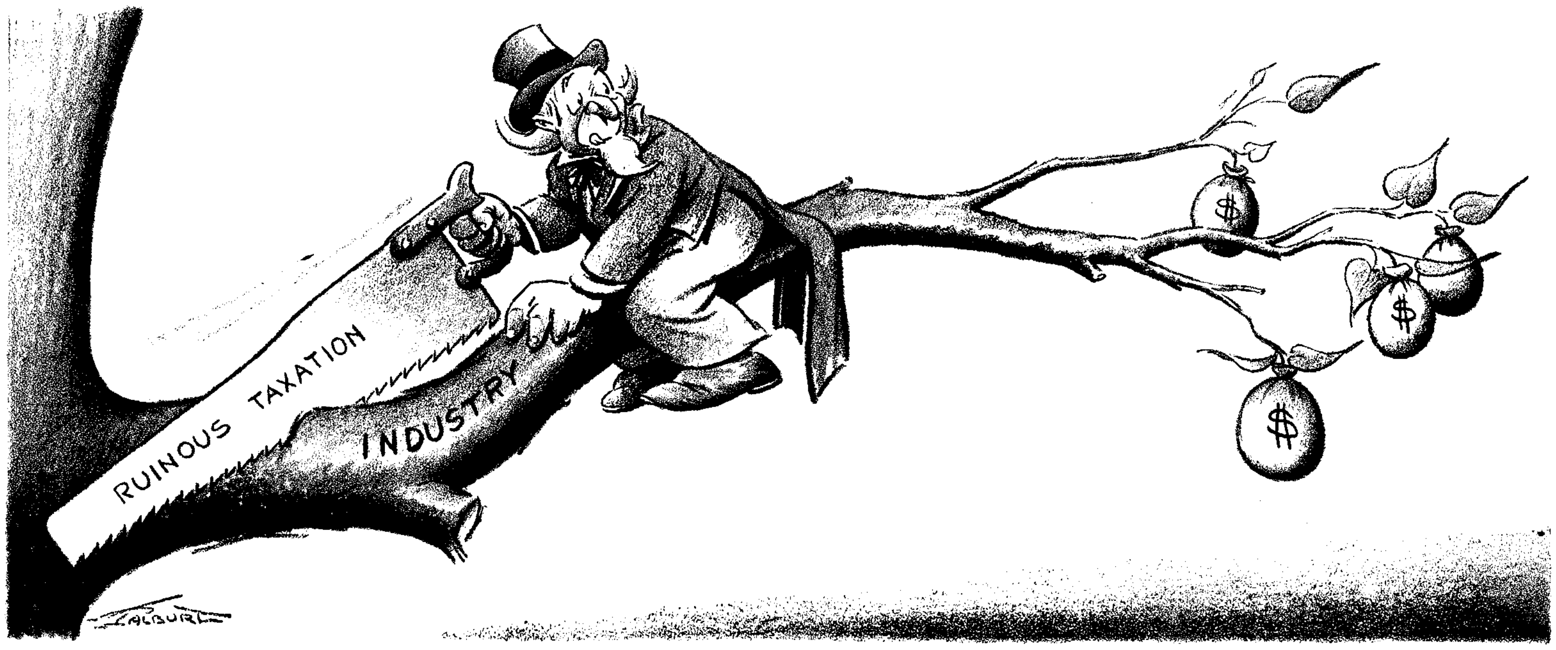

Let the Expert Decide

FEDERAL taxes are destined to be the chief political issue of the coming presidential campaign.

Taxes paid to the national government are going to be high for a long time to come. What has been spent and what will be spent must be paid.

The national debate concerning taxes will demand decisions on some principles which are fundamental to our national life. The power to tax is the power to destroy.

Perhaps everyone, of all shades of political thought, agrees that it is important not to destroy or even to decrease our productive capacity as a nation. Certainly, the amount which any individual gets and the amount which any Administration can take as taxes depends first on what we produce. The strongest dictator among the Eskimos could not collect lamb chops from his people. The Eskimos don't raise sheep.

We are agreed that a decrease in our national production is undesirable. So we have at least one important test of the various ideas suggested for the reformation of our taxing system. What effect will a specific proposal have upon the national production? Will we produce more or less?

It is much easier to ask such questions than it is to answer them. But we have ways of finding answers to hard questions. We use this technique of inquiry and research in private business, in medicine, in science. It would do no harm to try it in politics. Maybe we should find some right answers.

It is perfectly plain now that we won't find the right answers by accepting without scrutiny or consideration hastily improvised generalizations about tax policy. Robert H. Jackson, counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, is the author of a number of remarks about tax policy to Congress which can be only guesses and perhaps not well informed guesses at the best.

For example, Mr. Jackson made to the Senate Finance Committee these remarks: "It is a commonplace that such taxes as are proportional to consumption hit poorer classes hardest and rest with greater weight upon large families with small incomes than they do upon small families with large incomes."

This is mere opinion. Much depends upon the commodities taxed. Moderate gasoline taxes have been found satisfactory by all who drive motorcars on good roads. Consumption taxes on yachts or diamonds don't grind the faces of the poor.

Consumption taxes on liquor and tobacco have never been considered especially hard upon widows and orphans. It is pure moonshine to make the general statement that consumption taxes hit the poorer classes hardest.

The truth is that much more heat than light has been generated so far in the tax debate. Perhaps the excessive temperatures of an unusually hot summer in Washington frayed men's tempers. Possibly, also, the echoes of the raucous voices of demagogues disturbed the processes of orderly consideration. Whatever the explanation, so far new national taxes have been argued in an atmosphere of prejudice and irritation.

Unfortunately, political considerations have always played a large role in our tax affairs. Even in the fixing of assessments on land local authorities are too often moved by politics. The determination of our national taxes has been thoroughly political.

The politician seeks to obtain the governmental revenues in ways least objectionable to the largest number of voters. If Congress could find enough money by soaking one supremely rich man, doubtless we should have a tax which touched only that man and left all others exempt.

Unhappily, the entire tax load cannot be borne by one man or by a small class of very rich men. If all of the income and even all of the accumulated wealth of the very rich were confiscated, it would still be necessary to tax some of those in modest circumstances.

In this country, for political reasons, income taxes begin at relatively high levels. Not more than one voter out of thirty in this country pays income taxes. We exempt from such taxation all married men whose incomes are not more than $2,500 a year.

The British, whose tax necessities have long been greater, manage these things differently. A married man in Great Britain pays a small tax—$5.63, to be exact—on an income of $1,000. The highest income rates paid by the British are only slightly larger than those levied in the United States, but the middle-class incomes are taxed far more heavily than in the United States.

So far our tax discussion has been focussed on new ways of taking more from the very rich. The man of large possessions is, for the present, certainly not a popular figure. It is good politics to take as much from him as is possible. There are practical limits, however, and we are unquestionably approaching the point at which unpayable inheritance taxes will destroy the present form of many productive enterprises.

Any tax system which slows down the productive machine will not long be popular, however much it may "soak the rich." Once the voters become convinced that a particular tax makes jobs fewer and wages smaller, that tax is doomed, regardless of whom it hits directly or seems to exempt.

What we require before any responsible policy can be made is calm and thoughtful inquiry into the entire subject of federal taxation.

Such a study should be made by economists and other technicians who are selected without reference to their political opinions. A study which assembled the relevant facts for the use of Congress, the Administration and the country might well provide a satisfactory solution for a problem which is now badly confused by anger and prejudice.

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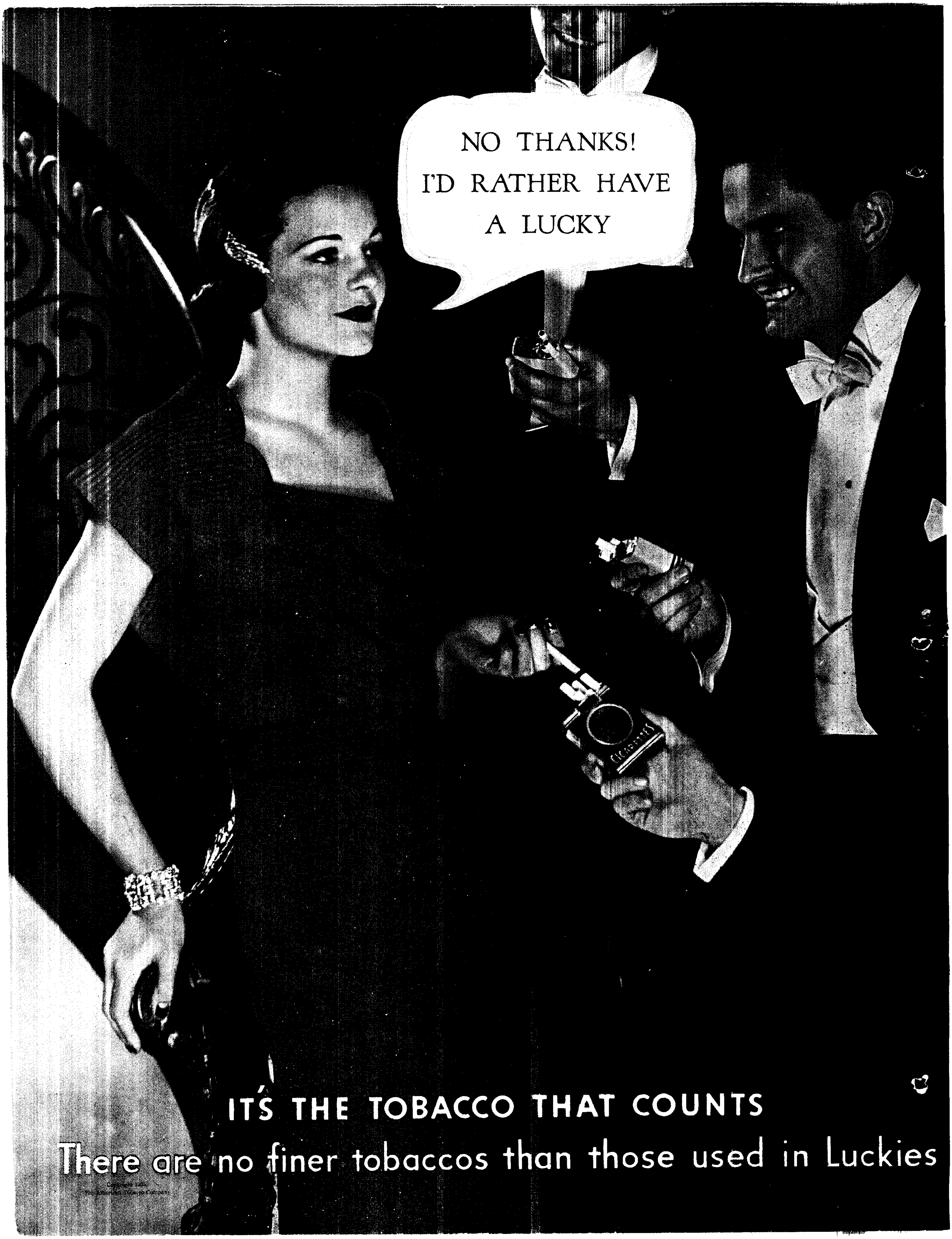
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